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Magazine Articles  
of the Month



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Edited by  
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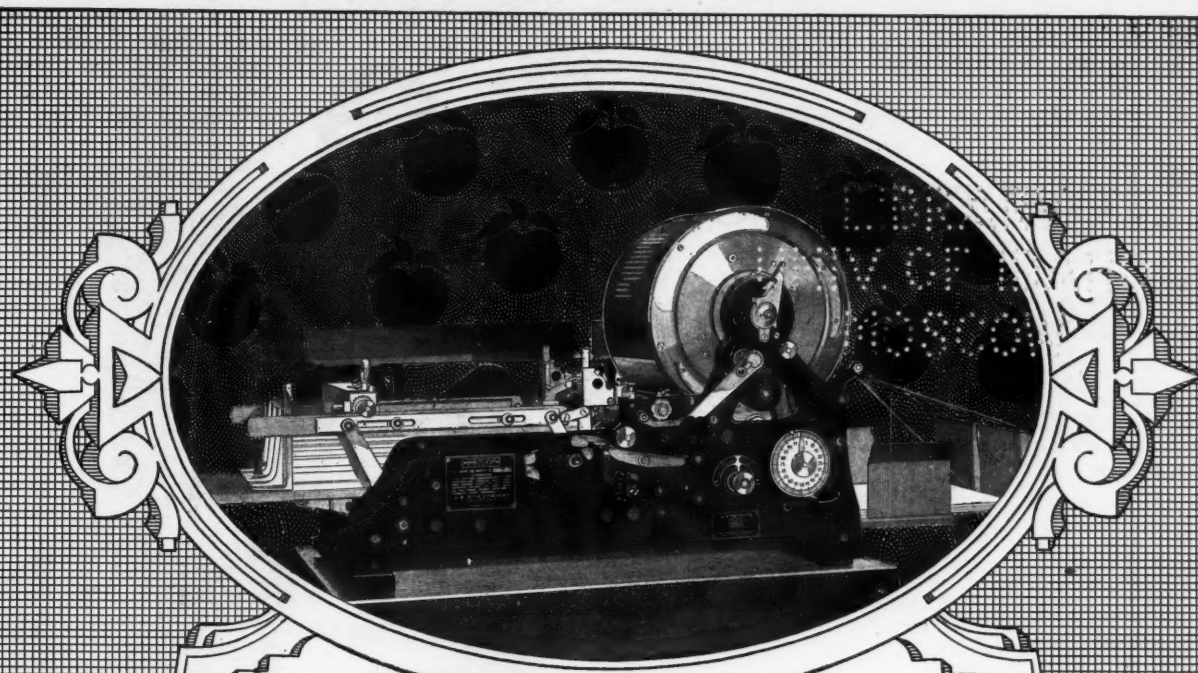
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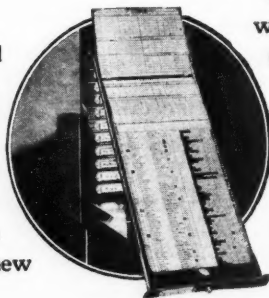
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Edited by Albert Shaw

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Vol. LXXXII. No. 4

TERMS:—Monthly, 25 cents a number, \$3.00 a year, two years \$5.00. Entered at New York Post Office as second-class matter under Act of March 3, 1879. The REVIEW OF REVIEWS is on file in public libraries everywhere, and is indexed in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.

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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
ALBERT SHAW, President; ALBERT SHAW, JR., Secretary and Treasurer

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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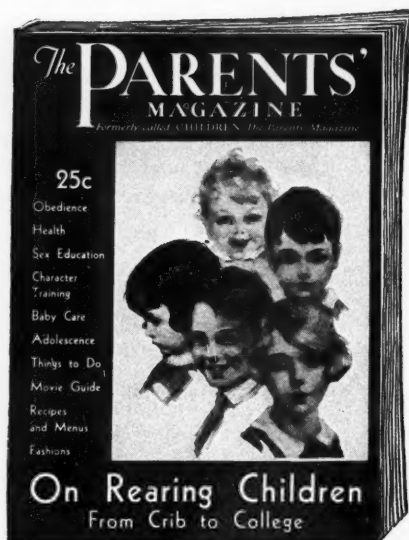
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What a Parent-Teacher Association Can Do  
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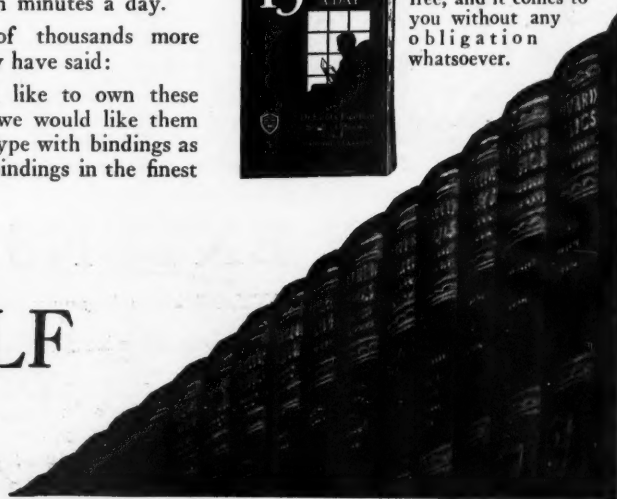
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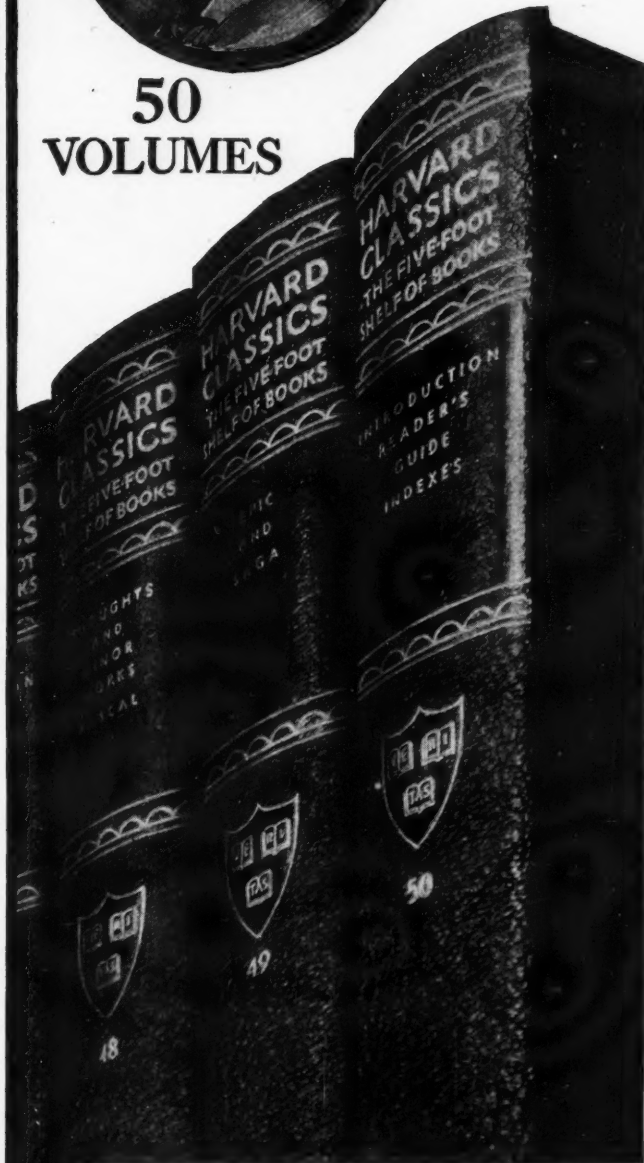
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# THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By WILLIAM B. SHAW

## The Question of Book Distribution

IT IS A HEALTHY SIGN in any branch of business when those in charge of it unite in a searching investigation of merchandizing methods and available markets. The book trade is just now engaged in such a survey, which may take months, under the direction of Mr. O. H. Cheney, a well-known New York bank official. Early in the year, under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation, a study of book publication and distribution in the United States was undertaken. The results of that study have already appeared, in the form of a little volume on *Books: Their Place in a Democracy*, by R. L. Duffus. This author, in his first paragraph, makes the striking assertion that the American public buys annually not more than two books for each man, woman and child in the country, and pays for these books not more than one-half of one per cent. of its income. Compared with our national outlay on motor cars, movies and radio, book purchases do not seem to bulk very large. Some have replied to Mr. Duffus that people who live where books are not readily obtained cannot be expected to buy them; but of course, that is the very thing in question: Are there places in this country where books are not supplied for prospective buyers? Have the publishers failed to reach, through their distribution systems, large sections of the population? That is one thing that Mr. Cheney hopes to find out. Somehow we do not seem to hear many complaints, even from remote regions, of any difficulty in buying automobiles or seeing motion pictures. Is the book trade ready to confess that it lags behind other industries in adapting itself to modern conditions?

The young woman in the story already had a book, so why give her another? Mr. Duffus is interested in finding how generally we are already supplied with books in one way or another. Besides the two volumes that the statistical citizen buys every year, there are the two that he borrows from the public library (and either returns or pays a fine), two that he is supposed to hire from the rental libraries, and one that he begs (on promise of return) from some unsuspecting friend or relative. That would give a total of seven books a year to be read by that elusive average American, whom we are always hearing about but never actually encounter. At any rate such is the estimate reached by the Carnegie Corporation's statistical methods, and we have to admit their guess is as good as anybody's. Making due allowance for



By Klein in *Collier's*  
Young Bride: "Can you imagine, Aunt Minnie sends us books, when she knows we have a radio."

possible error, Mr. Duffus feels warranted in concluding that we are not a book-reading nation.

That, however, is not as serious an indictment of American intelligence as it might seem. Mr. Duffus himself is free to admit that to discuss America's reading without taking account of the development of magazines and newspapers would be unfair. He says: "The higher type of magazines certainly have more to do with raising the level of our thinking and feeling than have perhaps 50 per cent. of all the books published." Yet he assumes (safely, we think) that a nation's rise in literary culture is revealed in books. The purpose of the Carnegie Corporation's inquiry was limited to "the publication and distribution of serious, non-technical books." The survey disclosed wide variation in methods of distribution—from the "obsolete or obsolescent" to the "strikingly modern." "The book trade is practically standing still at some points and is developing rapidly at others." Specialized bookstores do not seem to be keeping up with other outlets in distribution. There seems to be no marked increase in mail or subscription sales, although something may be expected of the book clubs. The real growth of late has been shown in the distribution of reprints and cheap editions. Indeed this phase of the book trade seems to be developing a new book-reading public and is certain to give an impetus to the sale of standard-priced books.

The sales possibilities of cheap editions, whether as new books or as reprints, have never yet been fairly tested in our rural or semi-rural communities.

The time may come, Mr. Duffus thinks, when such books will be sold at filling stations. Why not? One dollar will then be the top price—the equivalent of five gallons of gasoline.

The rental library has only recently figured as an important channel of American book distribution. It is now estimated that it buys about 8 per cent. of the books handled by the trade in this country. In England the sales to such libraries come to more than 50 per cent. Rental library books consist chiefly of the latest titles on the market. The appeal is to a public that indulges sparingly in the classics. The business is largely tending to the chain system. One Massachusetts chain has 300 branches—in a state better served by public libraries than any other in the Union!

Accustomed as most of us are to thinking of books as symbols of intellectual life, we are disturbed when we do not see the book-reading habit making rapid gains everywhere. Perhaps we do not always keep in mind the competition that it meets in modern life. There was a time when many resorted to reading as leisure permitted. Then there were fewer attractive ways of spending one's time. The activities of city and country groups today have pushed reading farther and farther into the background. "Bridge, dancing, listening to the radio, going to the motion pictures; motoring, the increased use of the telephone—all these open ways of least resistance in the spending of leisure time," says Mr. Duffus. The most strenuous efforts of publishers, booksellers, librarians, and teachers will be required to rouse to consciousness millions of Americans who either do not know that they want books, as Mr. Duffus says, or do not know how to use them.

After all is said, this is no time for counsels of despair. Admitting that our machinery for getting books to readers is not all that it should be, there are many encouraging facts in the situation. Thousands of communities are cheerfully submitting to taxation for the support of public libraries. In well-settled regions bookstores also are supported. In the cities there are rental libraries. Yet in some states neither of these agencies is covering the field. Articles of dress and even of luxury are distributed everywhere. Sooner or later the book trade will become as aggressive as other industries in marketing its wares. The book-distribution problem is on the way to a solution.

(Continued on page 12)

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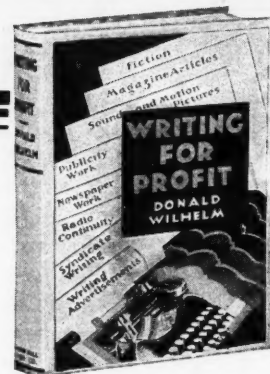
THE OLD QUESTION whether historians may write histories of their own times is once again suggested by the appearance of *The Great Crusade and After, 1914-1928*, by Dr. Preston William Slosson of the University of Michigan. One way to dispose of the matter is to point to the fact that many historians of admitted standing have dealt with contemporary events without, apparently, undermining their reputations. Two instances come to mind at once—Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Times" (1880-1897) and Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (1925). Those writers achieved sufficient detachment to enable them to relate many events that had come under their own observation quite in the manner of historians writing of things that had occurred before they were born. To a great extent they got rid of the personal, reminiscent attitude. Dr. Slosson has succeeded in doing the same thing. His methods do not differ widely from those of his predecessors, but the tendency in his writing is to give relatively less attention to politics and to stress such topics as "Prosperity," "The Changing Countryside," "The Saga of the Motor Car," "The Business of Sport," "America at School," and "Journalism and Advertisement." A chapter on "Science, Mistress and Handmaid," is contributed by Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, the author's father, who sums up the scientific advance of recent years in a peculiarly effective way.

Another history professor, Dr. James C. Malin of the University of Kansas, attempts to cover much of the same ground in a college text-book, *The United States After the World War*. The selection and arrangement of materials by this author bear slight resemblance to Dr. Slosson's scheme, but the end in view is essentially the same, save that Professor Malin is more inclined to stress national and international politics in his survey.

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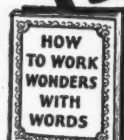
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Such a book as *The American Road to Culture*, by Dr. George S. Counts, of Teachers College, Columbia University, is likely to open the eyes of many to defects in the machine, and perhaps it is not too much to hope that it may point the way to an education system that will do something more than "reflect the drift of the social order." At any rate it voices the demand of a few progressive leaders that education, in the words of Dr. Newlon, director of the Lincoln School in New York City, he made "socially more effective." This group of educationists, headed by John Dewey, is courageous in facing and exposing facts in American school conditions. It is only by taking such a course that a start can be made in any worth-while improvement.

In a more limited field, former President C. C. Little, of the University of Michigan, has employed like methods. His book, *The Awakening College*, verges on the sensational in its picturing of today's college and university life from the inside; but it is not for the sake of producing a sensation that these disclosures are made; adults who may lay claim to a fairly accurate knowledge of pre-war college conditions need to have their ideas radically revised, and without some such revelation of present-day facts as Dr. Little gives alumni and other friends of the colleges can have no intelligent sympathy with efforts to better the situation. A few of the problems that have invaded the academic groves are suggested by Dr. Little's chapter heads: "The Dean's Office," "Fraternities," "Automobiles and Liquor," "Co-Education," "Military Training," "Pseudo-Professional Schools," "Politics, the State and the University," "Athletics," "Religion in College." College officers may find much food for thought in the comments on the professional scholar and teacher-training.

If the man from Mars ever gets down to cases in his study of American life and institutions, he will learn that important contributions to what we are pleased to call our civilization have been made by groups of unconventionally reared citizens, to whom most of what we have been saying about education would have meant little. For instance, the cowboy on the Western cattle ranges, gleefully breaking most of the conventions that obtained in the East, gave a distinctive tone to the life of the border. No one can really know the United States of 1900 who does not take into account the unique social code that dominated our last frontier. The danger is that before we know it the records of that swiftly passing phase of our history may be largely lost. That is one reason for welcoming *Lone Cowboy: My Life Story*, by Will James. Another reason, perhaps equally compelling, is the fact that the book is a first-class autobiography—the story of an orphan boy with an artistic ambition that no adversity could thwart. How Will James became an artist and the kind of artist he became are both shown in this book,



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As on the land, so on the sea, the romance of American history is closely related to trading ventures. It has almost been forgotten that our New England seamen, a century ago, had won at old Canton a volume of trade exceeding even that of Britain's East India Company. Many thrilling episodes in that commerce are recalled in *The Old China Trade*, by Foster Rhea Dulles. Joseph Hergesheimer's "Java Head" reveals old Salem's intimate relation to the China trade of those days.

## Four Significant Biographies

THE ELDER Pierpont Morgan, one of the most masterful figures in American history, died in 1913, after more than half a century of battling in Wall Street. He had been born in the panic year of 1837, had his baptism of fire in the panic of 1857, and fought triumphantly against odds through the panics of 1873, 1893, and 1907. In his lifetime his wealth was exaggerated, but his personal power was greater than that of any other financier and has not been equalled to this day. To find a foeman worthy of his steel he had to go outside the sphere of finance. Only in Theodore Roosevelt did he meet an antagonist who could thwart him in the pursuit of his aims. *Morgan the Magnificent*, by John K. Winkler, can hardly be considered a sympathetic biography, yet there are in it not a few passages that are likely to lead the reader to sympathize with the hero, for in spite of Morgan's ruthlessness and disregard of accepted standards in life, his downright adherence to truth and the common good as he saw it and his naïve way of stating his position make an appeal to Everyman's inherent instinct for fair play.

When "J. P." told a Congressional committee that character, not dollars, was the true basis of credit, the country believed that there was more than a mere idle preachment in his words. Abhorrent as the free-silver propaganda was to him, he stoutly defended Bryan's loyal Americanism and just before the Wilson administration entered office he

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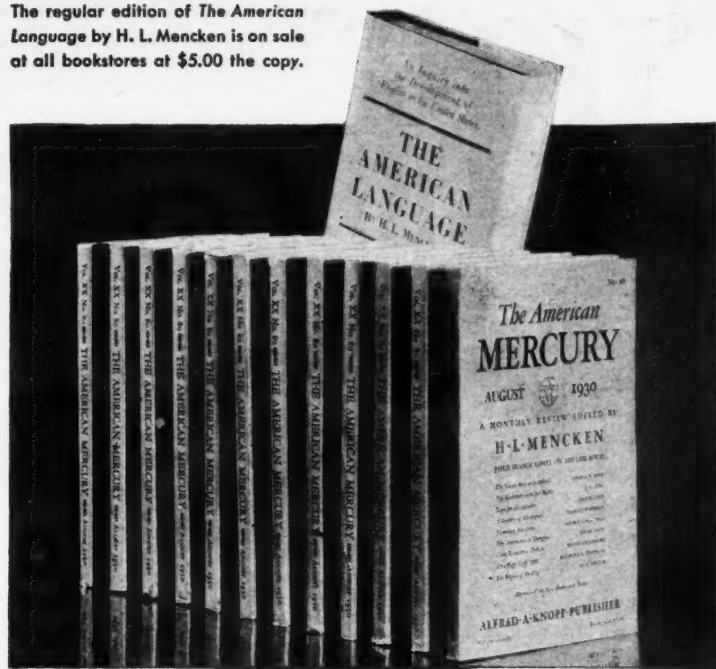
said to Col. George Harvey: "When you see Mr. Wilson tell him for me that if there should ever come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country, they are wholly at his disposal." Mr. Winkler concludes, with reason, that "a better banking system has made another Pierpont Morgan no longer indispensable in time of panic" (as in 1907) and that "better corporation laws, backed by more enlightened public sentiment, have made another Morgan impossible in the field of industry." It is to be hoped that this is true, for such power as Morgan had cannot safely be entrusted to any one man. The nation may well be thankful that it fared as well as it did throughout the Morgan dynasty.

A former Premier of New South Wales, Sir Joseph Carruthers, has partly reversed the formula for present-day biography in his *Captain James Cook, R. N., One Hundred and Fifty Years After*. The English explorer, whose exploits were never adequately recognized by his own government, has suffered in reputation for a century and a half because of misinformation and misconceptions that gained currency shortly after his death at the hands of a few Hawaiians who had borne him a grudge. Until now no one seems to have taken the trouble to investigate the facts. Captain Cook emerges with a cleared name and Americans may well rejoice that the discoverer of Hawaii, for whom, in the midst of the Revolution, our own Franklin asked a safe-conduct at the hands of American and French warships, in the name of science, is at last to take his rightful place on the roll of the world's great navigators.

That heroine of the French Revolution who is remembered for her utterance on the scaffold: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" is the subject of a sympathetic biography from the pen of "Tiger" Clemenceau's daughter, Madame Clemenceau-Jacquemaire—*The Life of Madame Roland*. The translation from the French is excellent prose and the reader has little to regret save perhaps the author's taking for granted a more detailed knowledge of the French Revolution than most Americans possess.

A new biography of D. L. Moody has appeared. It was written by the evangelist's son, William R. Moody, who not only had abundant data supplied by friends on both sides of the Atlantic but was his father's confidant for years and in his own memory retained a great store of vital, human material more important to the biographer than mere documents. The remarkable work of Moody and Sankey in England and Scotland during the '70's and '80's of the last century would in itself be a sufficient reason for such a book as this. Drummond, Grenfell, and scores of other university men in Great Britain have testified to the rare personal power of the plain, earnest lay preacher from Chicago. The results of those mis-

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HOG—an omnivorous suoid mammal having a mobile snout with flat expanded end containing the nostrils; specifically, any domestic variety of the wild boar (*Sus scrofa*) kept for its meat.

Can you truthfully say you understand every word of this definition? What is *Omnivorous*? Or *Suoid*? Even words like *mammal* and *mobile* may stop you for a moment. Such words waste many precious minutes in further search!

Suppose you try again, with another dictionary. Its definition of "Hog," we will assume, reads like this:

HOG—1. A gelded pig, a barrow-pig.—2. An omnivorous non-ruminant mammal of the family *Suidae*, suborder *Artiodactyla*, and order *Ungulata*; a pig, sow or boar, a swine.

Not much better! Here you find little more than a choice of confusing scientific terms—and another word, "non-ruminant," calls for definition itself!

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## World of Books

sions were quite unprecedented. The schools at Northfield, Mass., Mr. Moody's native place, were built and largely endowed from the cash proceeds of sales of Moody and Sankey hymn books.

### Still Reviewing the War

ANOTHER WAR NOVEL, *Baron Fritz*, by the Austrian Karl Federn, is perhaps the most entertaining of the recent overproduction in battle literature. Translated from the German, the book consists of an epic cycle of yarns centering around the humorously romantic figure of Fritz Talbot Latour von Saint-Aubin, a South German artillery officer with an Irish mother. Needless to say, no Austrian would laud a Prussian hero!

Federn has used a wealth of anecdotes of adventures which befell German and Austrian soldiers; weaving them skillfully together with the vivid *Freiherr* as prime mover. He is at the Marne, in Poland, Turkey, the Berlin war office, and Flanders fields. His convivial meeting with an English officer in the desert, both sick of their respective Arab and Australian commands, is one of the high spots.

In treatment the story is realistic without unnecessary morbidity. It is mildly pacifist. The Baron himself is a decent Don Juan, a humorist, a humanitarian, and a sturdy front-line fighter. Incidentally, you are given a few Allied atrocities to think about.

Probably there never was a battle in which errors were not committed on both sides. Post-mortem examinations conducted by general staffs ought at least to forestall repetition of the same mistakes. Unfortunately, human experience fails to confirm such a hope. The histories of the World War have all revealed glaring failures in high command on every front, and now Mr. William Seaver Woods, editor of the *Literary Digest*, has written a book entitled *Colossal Blunders of the War*, which is likely to convince readers of the next generation that the commanders of all the armies had lost their heads. It must be said for Mr. Woods that he distributes the blame impartially. Nobody escapes censure. The optimist may take comfort in the reflection that Allied blunders cancel out German, so that the general result is not affected, but that in no way atones for the needless slaughter of brave youth—literally by hundreds of thousands, we are told—with no compensating gain.

Besides the positive and costly mistakes made by our officers (only one-sixth of whom were trained), there were contributory conditions, for which no individual or group may have been responsible, that invited disaster. We went to France in great haste in 1918 and were dependent on England and France for a great part of our equipment. That was understood and does

(Continued on page 21)

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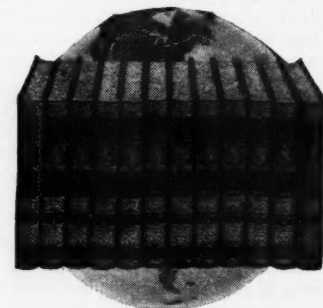
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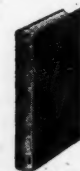
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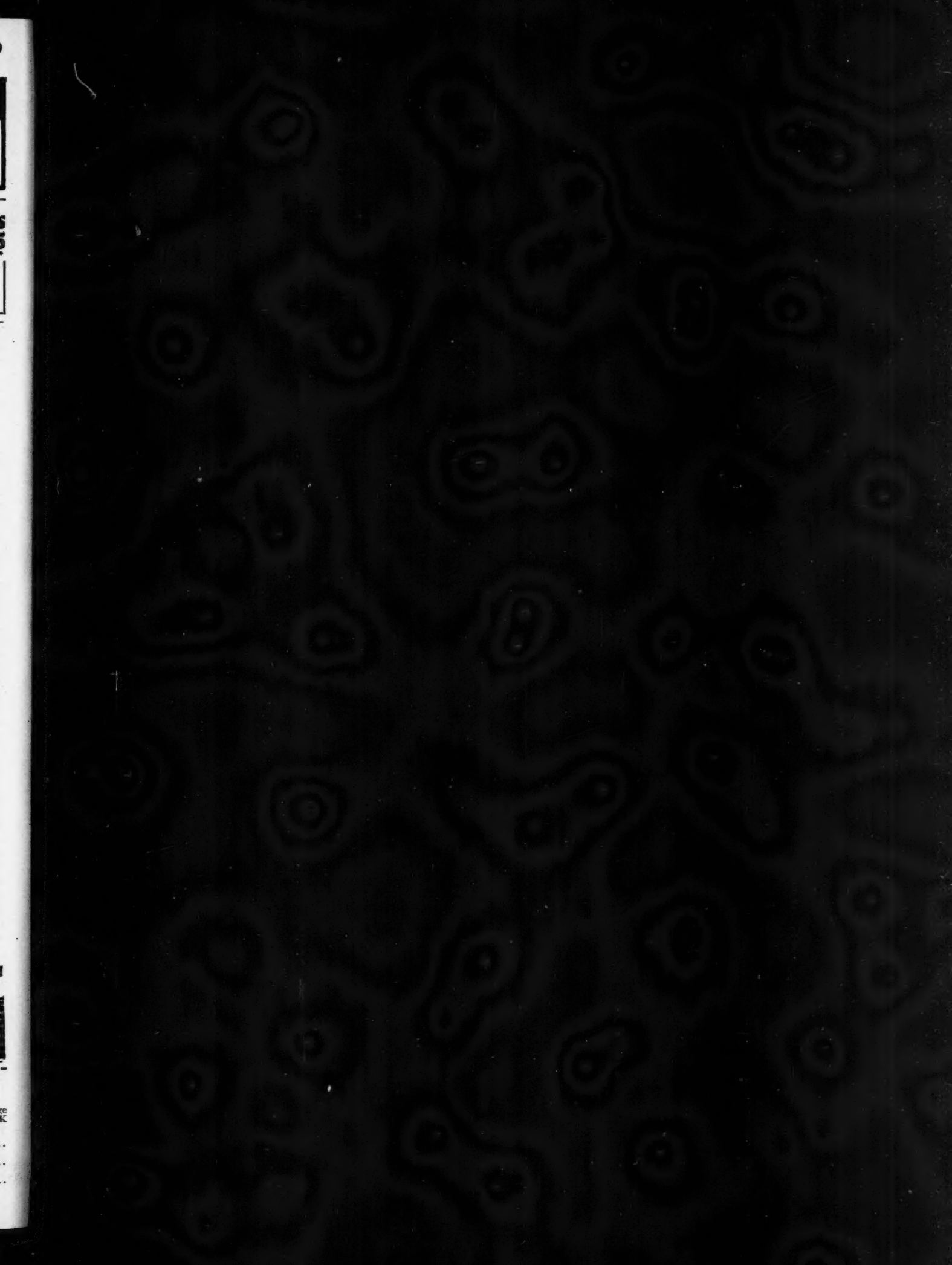
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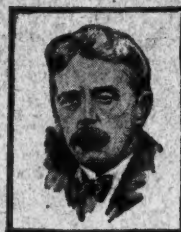
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## World of Books

not seriously reflect on anybody, but it is disturbing to read that in the contingent of raw troops that we put into the drive against the Germans there were boys who had never fired a rifle, that many of the bombing planes piloted by our lads were without firearms even for defense! Errors abounded in every branch of the service, on Allied and enemy fronts, but far greater in magnitude than any of these is the truly colossal blunder of war itself.

### Boston Incarnate

SOME newspapers are recognized civic institutions. The Springfield Republican, the Kansas City Star, and the Baltimore "Sun papers" are so completely identified with their respective communities that nobody thinks of either journal apart from its constituency. Each paper, in a very real sense, is the voice of its city. Boston, too, has a faithful and accurate spokesman in its *Transcript*. It happens that this year, while the New England metropolis is celebrating its tercentenary, its representative newspaper is observing the completion of its first hundred years—presumably the hardest. The mid-Victorian Boston that has been embalmed in its literature mothered the *Transcript*, a paper that at first eschewed politics and sought to reflect the literary, esthetic and social ambitions of the hub of the universe. Between 1830 and 1930 Boston passed through stirring times. The abolitionists and the Civil War forced the dear old *Transcript* to take sides on national questions. Its evolution into a real organ of opinion is well told by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin in *The Boston Transcript: a History of its First Hundred Years*. But the paper has rendered distinctive services to its city in more ways than one, as Mr. Chamberlin points out. It has been a strong support for Boston's music and art interests, glories in one of the best book sections in the country, and has long maintained a genealogical department—distinctly a Bostonian touch! The *Transcript* could not be successfully duplicated in any other city. It is a Bostonian institution through and through and has a good right to be proud of the fact.

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(Continued on page 24)

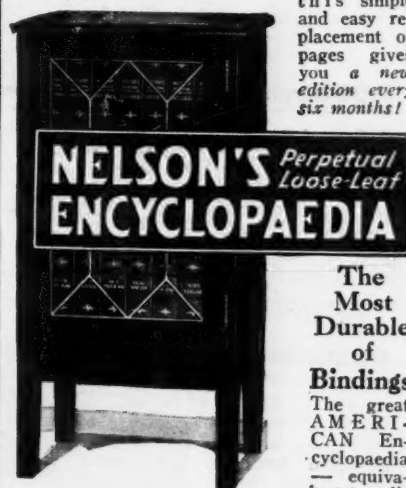
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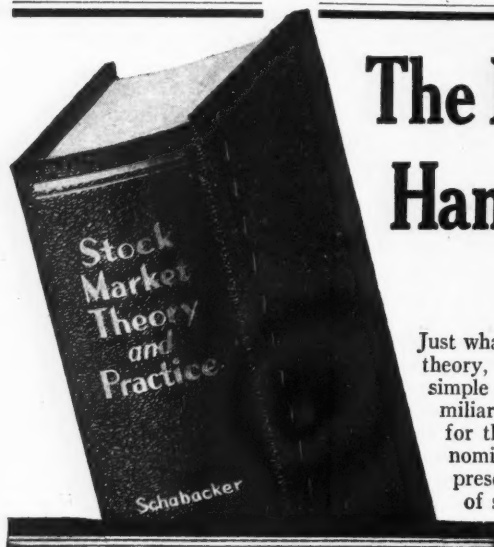
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gineers, etc. Almost half the students are women—housewives, secretaries, artists, professional women.

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Christian Psychology is the crowning work of the eminent psychologist, author, lecturer and jurist, Judge Daniel A. Simmons. It is the result of years of study, teaching and application of psychological principles. As a psychologist Judge Simmons is internationally known. He is the author of many books, magazine articles and courses on practical psychology. For more than fifteen years he has enjoyed the distinction of serving as a judge of the highest trial court of his state.

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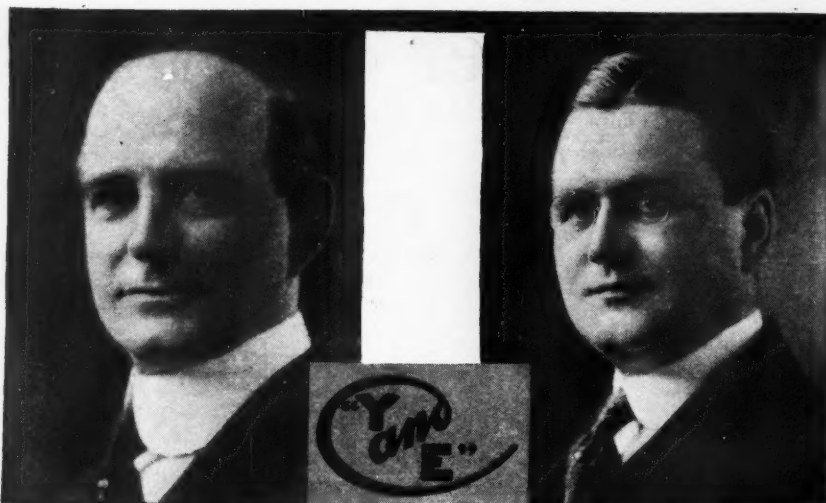
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The growth of this company parallels the growth of American business. It was founded in 1880—a full half century ago—and it has seen office equipment develop from the days of high stools and hand-written letters to the present era of steel and speed. It has kept pace.

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students in this organization who have studied their courses and are reaping large benefits accordingly."

Frederick G. Erbe has taken two courses with the I. C. S., Mechanical Engineering and Electricity, both of which he studied as supplementary work after completing his work at Rochester University.

"Your reference books cannot be excelled," says Mr. Erbe. "I have three of your handbooks on Building Trades, Mechanical Engineering and Electrical Engineering. They are marvels of condensation, and provide accurate answers for usual and unusual problems. Through the years, too, I have had opportunity to watch quite a number of our employees who were I. C. S. students. The majority of them studied the lessons faithfully and were rewarded with increased efficiency."

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## World of Books

(Continued from page 21)

ward sadism, or some similar perversion. He rallied loyally to the cause of Jeanne d'Arc, fought for her, and suffered a severe loss of faith upon her downfall. He turned to the supernatural, disgusted with the Church, though filled with fear for his immortal soul and safety. About him billowed gathering clouds of madness.

The story is a gripping one, and this famous historical character is well depicted in *The Black Baron*, by Tennille Dix. The author is fortified by a wealth of data, well versed in the curious period, and has a peculiar charm of expression. The verified horrors of the story are treated with delicacy, and the biography has the appeal of a novel. Here is sensational history, rationally unfolded.

## New Books Mentioned in This Department

BOOKS: THEIR PLACE IN A DEMOCRACY, by R. L. Duffus. Houghton Mifflin Company. 225 pp. \$2.

THE GREAT CRUSADE AND AFTER: 1914-1928, by Preston William Slosson. The Macmillan Company. 486 pp. Ill. \$5.

THE UNITED STATES AFTER THE WORLD WAR, by James C. Malin. Ginn and Company. 584 pp. \$3.40.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT, by James M. Beck. The Macmillan Company. 511 pp. \$5.

THE AMERICAN ROAD TO CULTURE, by George S. Counts. John Day Co. 194 pp. \$2.50.

THE AWAKENING COLLEGE, by Clarence Cook Little. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 282 pp. \$3.

LONE COWBOY: MY LIFE STORY, by Will James. Charles Scribner's Sons. 431 pp. Ill. \$2.75.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL, by R. L. Duffus. Longmans, Green & Co. 283 pp. Ill. \$5.

THE OLD CHINA TRADE, by Foster Rhea Dulles. Houghton Mifflin Co. 228 pp. Ill. \$4.

MORGAN THE MAGNIFICENT: THE LIFE OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN (1837-1913), by John K. Winkler. The Vanguard Press. 313 pp. Ill. \$3.50.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK: ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AFTER, by Sir Joseph Carruthers. E. P. Dutton and Company. 316 pp. Ill. \$2.75.

THE LIFE OF MADAME ROLAND, by Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire. Longmans, Green & Co. 345 pp. Ill. \$4.

D. L. MOODY, by William R. Moody. Macmillan Co. 556 pp. Ill. \$3.50.

BARON FRITZ, by Karl Federn. Farrar and Rinehart. 296 pp. \$2.50.

COLOSSAL BLUNDERS OF THE WAR, by William Seaver Woods. The Macmillan Company. 274 pp. \$2.50.

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT: A HISTORY OF ITS FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. Boston Houghton Mifflin Company. 241 pp. Ill. \$3.50.

THE BLACK BARON, by Tennille Dix. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 362 pp. Ill. \$3.50.

# Mostly About Our Authors

**G**ANGSTERS FEAR an honest man. Since he will not be bought, they cannot understand him, and treat him with respect. If he happens to be a newspaperman, they gladly boast to him of their achievements. For should he report their activities in his paper, they acquire "muscle"—prestige in the underworld.

Both the gangster's respect for the honest citizen and his willingness to talk to the press have given HOWARD McLELLAN, author of "Gangs, Bosses, and Judges" in this issue, an understanding of the modern gangster. This first-hand understanding lends weight to Mr. McLellan's present story of how the gangster, no longer a mere underworld hoodlum, has won sinister power in our cities through politics—as exemplified by recent events in Tammanydom.

Mr. McLellan's interest in crime and criminals goes back to his boyhood, and his career as an investigator begins with the *Los Angeles Times* explosion in 1910. Since then he has done newspaper work with particular emphasis on crime, and is now with the *New York Evening World*. He will be remembered for his "Boys, Gangs, and Crime" in this REVIEW for March, 1929, and for his more recent "The High Cost of Nullification."

• • SIXTEEN YEARS ago the first Battle of the Marne was being fought. FRANK H. SIMONDS was called upon by this magazine to clarify the then confused issues of that tremendous conflict. Since then he has carried on in our pages, month by month, the story of world affairs.

• • Two other authors known to regular readers appear in this number. WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, freelance writer and interviewer of the prominent, introduces Henry P. Fletcher, soldier, diplomat, and now chairman of the Tariff Commission. ROGER SHAW, a member of the staff, writes on "Britain's Undominated Dominions," apropos of the biennial Imperial Conference in London.

• • SEVERAL MONTHS ago EDWARD JEROME VOGELER was glancing through the diary of his great-grandfather, who came to the United States on the same vessel with the original John Jacob Astor in 1784. These memoirs contained frequent mention of Astor's activities in the fur trade of that period, some of which are incorporated in Mr. Vogeler's "King Musquash and His Empire."

Mr. Vogeler was born, raised, and educated in Baltimore and worked on the newspapers there for five years. Since then he has written feature articles for newspaper syndicates. Thanks to his work, he reports, he "met two Presidents, five world champion prizefighters, fourteen film stars and a representative gath-

ering of murderers, burglars, and bandits, all of whom provided copy of one type or another."

During the War Mr. Vogeler was commissioned lieutenant in the infantry and later was transferred to the Air Service. One of his sons was born on a flying field. For the last five years he has lived in a small Pennsylvania town. Mr. Vogeler finds his neighbors interesting. There are still those who are ardent followers of the Pow Wow, and who recommend the spider-and-thimble treatment for erysipelas. Among their idioms Mr. Vogeler quotes:

"I knock und I knock, but your bell don't make bump so I run up your back," which means—your doorbell is out of order so I came the back way.

• • CARL B. ALLEN covered the recent National Air Races in Chicago in his capacity as aviation editor of the *New York World*. While there he obtained the interview with Clarence Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce in charge of aviation, on which is based "Aviation's Best Bad Year." Also he won a gallon-and-a-half silver cup on his own account when he beat Hoot Gibson and others in the sportsman pilots' race.

Mr. Allen learned to fly in the army, and is one of the few newspapermen to hold a transport license, the highest type issued by the Government. He was the first passenger to fly with the air mail from New York to San Francisco without layover or delay, and since then has made four round trips across the continent by plane. During the last, earlier in the year, he piloted Colonel Lindbergh's blue Curtiss Falcon to California to cover the Army Air Corps' annual maneuvers. Mr. Allen is co-author of Clarence Chamberlin's "Record Flights," written after a tour of Europe with Chamberlin and Levine.

• • LEWIS R. FREEMAN, author of "Power from the Sea," is a traveler, explorer, sportsman, and author. He was born in Wisconsin, attended Stanford University, and immediately after college began a nomadic life of adventure. Between 1899 and 1912 he had traveled extensively in North and South America, Asia, Africa, and Islands of the Pacific.

He has been newspaper correspondent in two great conflicts, the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, and the World War. In the latter capacity he covered the British, Italian, French, and Balkan fronts, was a correspondent attached to the British Grand Fleet, and finally member and historian of the Allied Naval Armistice Commission sent to Germany in 1918.

Since the War Mr. Freeman has been special correspondent with the United States fleet on several occasions, and has

published more than a dozen books on travel, war, and exploration. At present he is wandering about Cuba, the Canal Zone, and the Caribbean.

• • WILLIAM A. BREYFOGLE is the former Rhodes scholar who speaks out in the Education Department this month. He is in a way a man with two countries, through the accident of having been born in Toronto of American parents.

Mr. Breyfogle was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1928 with a Phi Beta Kappa key. He entered Magdalen College, Oxford, the following fall and studied there for two years.

• • MISS KATHERINE DRIGGS, author of "Panama, Gateway to the Past," is a New York City girl. She graduated from Pine Manor, Wellesley, three years ago, and since that time has been traveling and writing. Her present article was inspired by the sights and stories of Panama on a recent visit.

• • A LENGTHY but friendly letter of criticism takes the REVIEW to task for statements about wheat in the September Progress of the World, and for William H. Crawford's interview with Chairman Legge of the Federal Farm Board in the same issue. Mr. E. C. Hillweg, secretary of the department of public relations of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, objects particularly to Mr. Legge's statement that no one is particularly interested in what becomes of the middleman. He says:

"The pity of it all is that in the process of developing the super-coöperative, which Mr. Legge now visions, many individuals and firms are certain to be driven out of business even before it can be determined whether his dream is possible of realization.

"Mr. Legge doubtless referred only to the grain middlemen in his interview, but the Farm Board's activities already are directly affecting other groups of reputable middlemen and processors; and . . . if the farmers are finally brought together in the great coöperatives proposed by Mr. Legge they will find that they can save little or nothing in the cost of marketing."

After several other specific criticisms Mr. Hillweg concludes:

"We are rapidly reaching a stage where we may be forced to wage a final battle to avoid extinction. We believe the [Farm Board] law is unconstitutional. We believe the activities of the Board will be radically changed. It has undertaken more than any small group of human beings can hope to accomplish. Yet there seems to be a general disposition to permit it to blunder on, regardless of consequences, because its intentions are obviously good."



# Conquerors of the Roads

## The Business Romance of the Five Studebaker Brothers

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

IN THE YEAR 1736 there came to Philadelphia from Rotterdam, in the ship *Harle*, a family of Studebakers, comprising Peter, Clement, Henry, Anna Margetha and Anna Catherine. The men were wagon makers and blacksmiths—master craftsmen in a preferred vocation that called for the technique of the engineer. Two hundred years ago the wagon maker wrought his own iron and designed his wood parts.

Of Swiss origin the Studebakers were, but the family had lived in Holland, pursuing their calling from generation to generation—wagon making. The fabricating of road vehicles seemed firmly fixed in their traditions, and their given names persisted likewise.

It was not strange, therefore, that sixty years after this family disembarked at Philadelphia there should be another Peter Studebaker and Peter Junior, living in Pennsylvania, and carrying on this master craft of wagon making.

After another lapse, this time 40 years, we find John Studebaker, son of this Peter Junior, living near Gettysburg in a brick dwelling-house that stood as one of the best in the county, while close at hand, perforce, was his wagon shop. The records reveal him not only as a skilled builder of road vehicles—but a citizen of high repute and leadership.

This was the father of the five boys—three of whom were born later—who were destined to be synonymous with the best traditions of the motor age. Henry, Clem, John, Peter and Jacob Studebaker they were; and perhaps their parental training may be characterized by the legend over the door of their home: "Owe no man anything but to love one another."

Rebecca Mohler Studebaker, mother of these boys, likewise came from a family of distinction, the Mohlers having been honored by William Penn with a grant of land in Pennsylvania.

The flow of population was westward, and in 1834 John Studebaker sent a man into Ohio to acquire for him 160 acres near Ashland, and to get agricultural operations under way. Meanwhile he built a large wagon of the Conestoga pattern, having enormous carrying capacity, with its bent bows covered with stout duck. A four horse-power wagon it was—but having reins instead of gears.

When the family emigrated to Ohio, after one hundred years in Pennsylvania, they needed two additional wagons, one to carry Rebecca and the smaller children. This youthful contingent comprised Henry and Clem, quite small, and four girls.

Over the Alleghany Mountains went the wagon train, to the "far west" as Ohio was called. Here a somewhat pretentious home was established with the wagon shop

adjacent; and here John, Peter, and Jacob were born, and another sister. Financial misfortune befell the family, however, arising from the endorsement of notes, and some years later all of them were living on a small rented tract at Pleasant Ridge, near by.

Let us touch this rueful period lightly. The boys fell naturally into the trade of wagon-making, and for them there was no compromising with this aristocracy of vocations and its warrant of perfection. Their father was unrelenting in this respect.

From "sun to sun" he toiled, and in the evening still labored at his anvil, making horseshoes and nails. One duty of the boys was to hold the candle. When one of them chanced to nod and drop the flickering tallow, the parent would seize upon the culprit, adjust him in suitable posture, and paddle him not too vigorously, finishing with the admonition, "I'll tell you when it's time to go to sleep. Duty comes first."

As the sons approached man's stature their father taught them the necessity of establishing an independent position in life, through proprietorship, and accordingly Henry and Clem went still further west about 1851—to Indiana. Clem taught school for a time at South Bend and worked as blacksmith for fifty cents a day.

John, the third brother, soon followed them, while Peter afterward became a merchant at Goshen, Indiana. In time, came Jacob, the youngest.

Henry and Clem in 1852, confident of their mechanical skill, took an epochal step when they pooled their capital of \$68 and established the firm of H. & C. Studebaker, blacksmiths and wagon builders, with two forges. Their ages were twenty-six and twenty-one. Peter gave up his store at Goshen and joined them, considerably later.

John, who was nineteen, had intended to work in his brother's shop, but soon his eyes were cast toward California's gold-studded mountains. Henry and Clem regretfully helped him build a special prairie schooner, into which, as usual, they put all their craftsmanship.







#### LANDING AT PHILADELPHIA

In 1736, the Studebaker family brought to young America a valued gift, their skill as wagon makers and blacksmiths.

A special wagon it proved, indeed, though they could not guess what was to come of it. John traded this wheeled tent for passage in it to the Pacific Coast.

At the Missouri River the young adventurer fell in with a "shell game." From his leather belt he extracted the \$65 his mother had given him when he left home, and from John in turn the shell sharks neatly extracted the cash. This was good education, his friends said. He reached Hangtown in California—now Placerville—after working for his keep along the trail to the setting sun. Fifty cents reposed in his pocket on that day in 1853 when in Hangtown a man stepped up to the arriving wagons and called out, "Is there a wagon maker in the lot?"

John kept still, but some one pointed him out.

"Yes, I'm a wagon maker," he admitted, "but I came to California for gold. Please keep your job."

Then a wise man took John aside, confiding the news that prospecting was not always so rosy. "Take that job, quick," he advised.

John agreed—but the job was making wheelbarrows, not wagons, for the miners. When the first one was finished and John's employer saw it he asked, "What's that?"

"A wheelbarrow. I'm a wagon maker, not a wheelbarrow manufacturer, you know."

"You'll improve, I guess," conceded the boss. And John did. He made hundreds of wheelbarrows at \$10

apiece, and worked at stagecoach repairing and the making of miners' picks, and the like. To his brothers "back east" he sent his ideas as to how a prairie schooner should be built for the transcontinental haul.

**M**EANWHILE, in South Bend, Henry and Clem had been fostering the growing demand for the Studebaker covered wagons, and for farm wagons too.

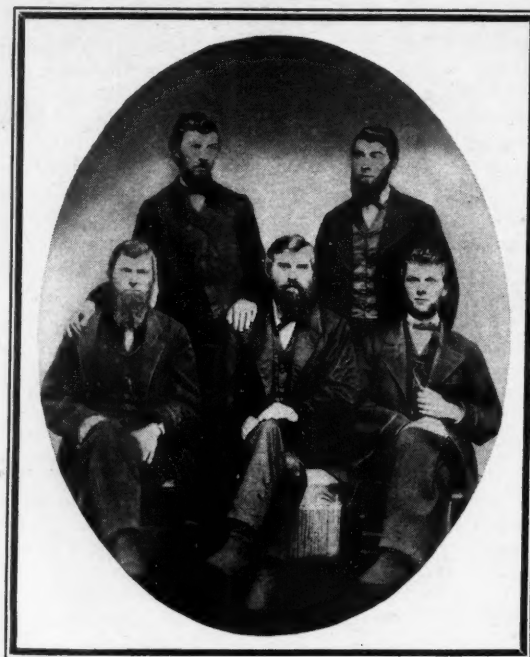
Yet actual cash was as scarce as hen's teeth, Clem protested. A promissory note for a year or two was all that passed usually; or goods from the hardware store or sometimes a horse, or a few cows or sheep. Clem observed that they'd soon be trading in for skunks.

The early sales methods of the Studebaker brothers, nevertheless, were high-powered for that era. They would hitch up a team of horses to an old wagon, behind



**A FAMOUS QUINTETTE**  
One of the few existing photographs of the five Studebaker brothers. They are (left to right) Henry, Jacob F., Clem, Peter E., and John M.

At left is shown one of the early Studebaker products, an 1857 model buggy.



which they towed a new one. Arriving at the farm of some settler, Clem would call out perhaps:

"Morning, Jake! I'm going to sell you this wagon today."

"I reckon not—if you're calc'latin' on cash."

"What sort of horse have you got to trade in?" Clem or Henry would parry. Then possibly they would swap; but the problem of getting rid of the horse for cash was sometimes more difficult than selling a used car today. At South Bend they tell a story of a certain unprofitable trade of this sort.

"I'll swap you this wagon for that horse," said one of the boys, admiring a noble looking white steed.

"I wouldn't want to trade you *that* horse," said the owner. The others were persistent, and they got the animal, who turned out to be blind with "moon-eye." However, a bargain was a bargain to the Studebakers. They were game, but they put up a little joke on brother Peter, who had not been a party to the transaction. They sold him the blind horse, but presently they exploded with laughter and confessed, offering to call the sale off.

"You can't make sure a horse can see by the fine way he holds his head," Clem explained. "He was only listening. Here's your money back, Peter."

"Not by a darn sight," Peter said. "I bought him, didn't I? A bargain's a bargain—I take my medicine."

They wanted John to come back from California and join them in business, and John set forth after five years on the Coast. By this time he had \$8,000 in gold dust and nuggets, the profits from wheelbarrows and wagon work. Remembering the swindlers on the west-bound trip, he went by ship to the Isthmus of Panama, and after another tough voyage on a cattle ship, and a journey by stage, he arrived in South Bend, declaring that he hadn't had his clothes off since leaving Hango-town. His belt was sewed to his hide, and he had no notion of exposing the prize to the gaze of shell men.

He was now convinced that wagon making was a business that offered a future, and into it he put all the gold acquired in California. Henry wished to engage in farming, and John bought his interest.

Clem, John and Peter—and later Jacob—were an unbeatable combination, especially as Peter developed extraordinary abilities as a salesman. He went after the wagon and buggy business of Indiana pioneers, and expanded the sales of covered wagons. Then he visited St. Joseph, Missouri, chief gathering place for west-bound wagon trains, and established an outfitting post there; and this became the first Studebaker branch.

The Mormons in Utah took a fancy to these prairie schooners and became large buyers; and thus spread the Company's fame. As freighting interests became active all over these regions, thousands of wagons were required, and in Studebaker was found the endurance necessary for the heavy frontier hauling. Buggies and carriages followed.

**T**HIRTY MILLION horses populated the stables of the United States at the beginning of this century, with other millions of their near-cousins, the mules. Colossal was this industry, and the vehicle

makers matched it. A mighty, colorful cross-section of American life it was—this creative art and master craft of providing the highway transportation of that period. Into it the Studebakers put all their contrivance, skill, capital, their lives. They built a huge plant, as plants were measured in those days, and saw it wiped out by fire shortly afterward. Undaunted, they built again, still more imposing.

For the agriculturists and the *bourgeois* of our democracy they made wagons, buggies, phaetons, meeting the popular purse, but always holding to the tradition that the name Studebaker was a guarantee of the best for the money. The dust or mud of every road or wagon trail in the United States fell upon Studebaker horse vehicles, just as today every road bestows at least a touch of its soil or grease upon Studebaker automobiles.

For the rich, the modish, the aristocracy of military and political life, the Company dealt lavishly in equipages ranging from coach to runabout. A great romance it was—this gorgeous output of vehicles representing the carriage kind. The victoria, brougham, cabriolet, landau, barouche; the tally-ho, brake, rockaway, dog-cart, trap, spider, wagonette. There seemed no end to this line of production; no end to the potential markets.

Again and again, the capital of the business had to be increased. First modestly; then a million—many millions. They took on other lines of wheeled machines, too, such as sprinklers, flushers, street sweepers, dump wagons. Harness fell their way, naturally, and they undertook its making on a great scale.

Peter, the salesman, sales manager, master of selling branches all over the world, saw no sign for many years that augured ill for the horse vehicle. John, the manufacturer, felt no omen. The Civil War came, and they turned all their efforts and facilities to its needs, erecting and equipping buildings without regard for expense. Wagons, ambulances, gun carriages—a great miscellany of military equipment went out from their plant, just as it did long afterward for the World War; just as it did for the Spanish War, and Indian wars, and all needs in times of disaster.

Builders of a million wagons, buggies, carriages, back through the generations! Horse-drawn equipages for the aristocracy, for kings and presidents and the discerning populace. Vehicles that have carried many

Advertisement.



times the number of people who live in the United States. And as builders of automobiles when the equine era faded, Studebaker has meant the same mastery of the roads, with the new splendor and luxury.

Anyone who studies the lives of these rugged pioneers of the American vehicle industry will understand that their aptitudes and predilections, their skill and tenacity, their native insistence upon workmanship, precision and strength, must be the essence of the Corporation's products today—the superb automobiles that bear such outstanding names as President Eight, Commander Eight, Dictator Eight, Studebaker Six.

"EXPERIMENTING with a horseless vehicle," was an entry in the minutes of a directors' meeting of the Studebaker Company in the '90's.

This laconic sentence contained within it the flavor of tragedy, hope; the gropings of blank uncertainty, of dark doubts, of the realization that the transportation world might be turned upside down by this gasoline obsession of the inventors.

Jacob had died in 1887, at the age of 43, but the other brothers lived to see the beginnings, at least, of the metamorphosis. John, last of them to go, survived until 1917, when the revolution of the roads was in full swing. He was then 84. John was well along in life, therefore, even when experiments began with the still unnamed "horseless vehicle," as recorded on the historic pages of

including the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company and the Underwood Typewriter Company. He was treasurer of the first and vice-president of the other. Earlier, he had been a Certified Public Accountant.

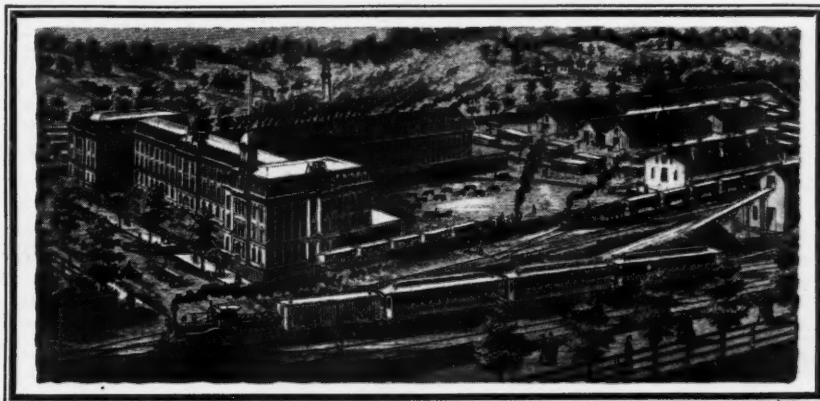
Together, these two executives guided The Studebaker Corporation through the monumental difficulties of the transition period, when production was completely transformed from horse-drawn vehicles to automobiles. The last horse conveyance was made in 1919.

The five brothers finished their work and have gone on the last journey, and this of itself lends a poignant interest to the vast plant at South Bend. The factory of today has a capacity around 200,000 automobiles a year, and at full tide can furnish employment for nearly 25,000 persons. More than 100,000 Studebaker Eights are in use today, and a supreme achievement of this Company in 1930 is "Free Wheeling." The driver may shift from high to second, back and forth, at forty or fifty miles an hour, without touching the clutch. Another recent consummation was the acquirement of the super-eminent Pierce-Arrow car and business.

In this monster South Bend automobile plant, representing an investment of \$65,000,000—with net assets of \$105,000,000 back of it—all the precepts of Henry, Clem, Peter, John and Jacob Studebaker still live. The name is the hallmark of worth and endurance, as it was when horse-power meant the clattering of hoofs instead of the song of gasoline.

#### STUDEBAKER IN 1870

A drawing of the great plant of the Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Company in the popular manner of the day. Among vehicles of this period preserved in the Studebaker Museum at South Bend is the carriage pictured below, used by President Grant during his second term, 1873 to 1877.



the directors' book. One may guess what heartburnings rankled within these brothers who had put their very beings into the wagon and carriage industry, which fate was ready to sweep away.

Within a few years both electric and gasoline cars were under production, partly manufactured in outside plants. Afterward several small automobile factories were acquired elsewhere, and consolidated at South Bend, and from this nucleus the present plant has developed.

All this was not done by the Studebakers alone. Frederick S. Fish, now Chairman of the Board, and Albert Russel Erskine, President, symbolize achievements impossible to express here.

Mr. Fish, who married Grace Studebaker, daughter of John M., joined the business in 1891—when vast organization problems were uppermost, and when the shadow of the gasoline age was beginning to darken the skies of carriage makers. He had been a lawyer of prominence in New York and New Jersey, and was President of the Senate and Lieutenant Governor of New Jersey. His genius for industrial organization carried the Corporation through the economic storms of that cycle, and brought it into the luster of a new greatness. Somewhat later, Mr. Erskine came as Treasurer, bringing a conspicuous industrial experience,

*Advertisement.*

John, who presided for forty-five years over the manufacturing end of this business, was intolerant to the last degree of incompetency. He was a stickler for precision, strength, perfection. In the Studebaker plant in which his spirit still roves, more than 1600 mechanical operations are condemned if they are not accurate within one-thousandth of an inch.

More than 500 operations are held within limits ranging from one-thousandth of an inch down to half that, and 135 operations must not vary more than half a thousandth of an inch. Divide an inch into a thousand parts, and you will marvel at John's definition of "precision." It eclipses the split-hair measurements of the watchmaker.

Even the specially constructed gauges are continually tested by super gauges to guard against natural wear.

Thirty-five formulas of steel are used in the plant, each delicately alloyed and treated for its particular job; and instruments are used for testing these steels.

In its own immense foundry, covering more than eleven acres, Studebaker produces all its gray iron castings—assuring unvarying quality. Samples are continually taken for laboratory tests. Here are cast the cylinder blocks, pistons, water pumps, oil pumps, cam gears, flywheels, and the like.

Springs are too important to be delegated to an out-



side source. This company has specialized in spring design for three-quarters of a century.

Eighty years ago the Studebaker boys set up two forges in their blacksmith shop in South Bend. The mighty forge shop of today, virtually on the same site, has reached staggering proportions. Where Clem struck with his sinewy arm, a mechanical giant now hits with a blow of six tons. It is here that axles, crankshaft, camshaft, connecting rod, steering parts, transmission gears, and numerous other parts are forged. Many are the devices the inspectors use for detecting flaws, and ruthlessly they discard the unfit and the misfit. Better to discover shortcomings in the plant than on the road.

Herculean presses in the stamping plant transform strips of heavy steel into fenders or body parts. Elsewhere in the grounds are the immense body plants, representing \$10,000,000.

Everywhere is a bewildering array of machinery, and in the end each group of parts comes to its own assembly, and then to the final assembly of the automobile as a whole. This is done as the growing vehicle moves slowly on a conveyor, with workmen swarming over it. Conveyor systems produce the right parts at the right time and place.

Harold S. Vance, Vice President in charge of production and engineering, has the vast responsibility of making these cars. He began with Studebaker in overalls. Paul G. Hoffman, Vice President in charge of sales, who started as an automobile salesman in Los Angeles, takes the great responsibility of passing them along to buyers.

**I**N THE EARLY DAYS Clem and John, and sometimes Peter, Henry and Jacob, tried out their famed Studebaker wagons by taking a vigorous course through the mud or over the chuckholes encompassing South Bend.

The earlier trial models of the Studebaker automobiles were put through a preliminary test of 20,000 miles on the hard and soft roads of Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Canada, with preference given to sand, gumbo, chuckholes, mud, and hills. Then after the cars had been torn down, examined and re-assembled, they were run continuously on the open

Chicago Speedway, frequently making eight hundred miles in twenty-four hours, through heat or snow or whatever other weather prevailed.

Today if Clem and the others should appear in their astral shapes at the Studebaker Proving Ground, twelve miles from South Bend, they might see with astonished eyes—if ghosts can be astonished—the amazing spectacle of Studebaker experimental cars under the torture of the research engineers. The open roads are used frequently, too, for particular purposes, and Studebaker models go down to Arizona in mid-summer, or into the bitter cold of the north in winter. But for the real gruelling tests, for speed and devilish mistreatment in the interest of safe and fast cars, they are driven out to the Proving Ground. Like a park it looks from the outside, with a high iron gate, and having picturesque wooded portions, level stretches, open spaces and both gentle and steep hills.

Speed! Seventy or eighty miles an hour on the concrete roads of this outdoor laboratory, 800 acres, is legal; and one ambition of the driver is to reach top speed and hold the car with two fingers on the steering wheel, and without shimmy. If not, they find out why. It took 65,000 miles to get a steering gear that met requirements.

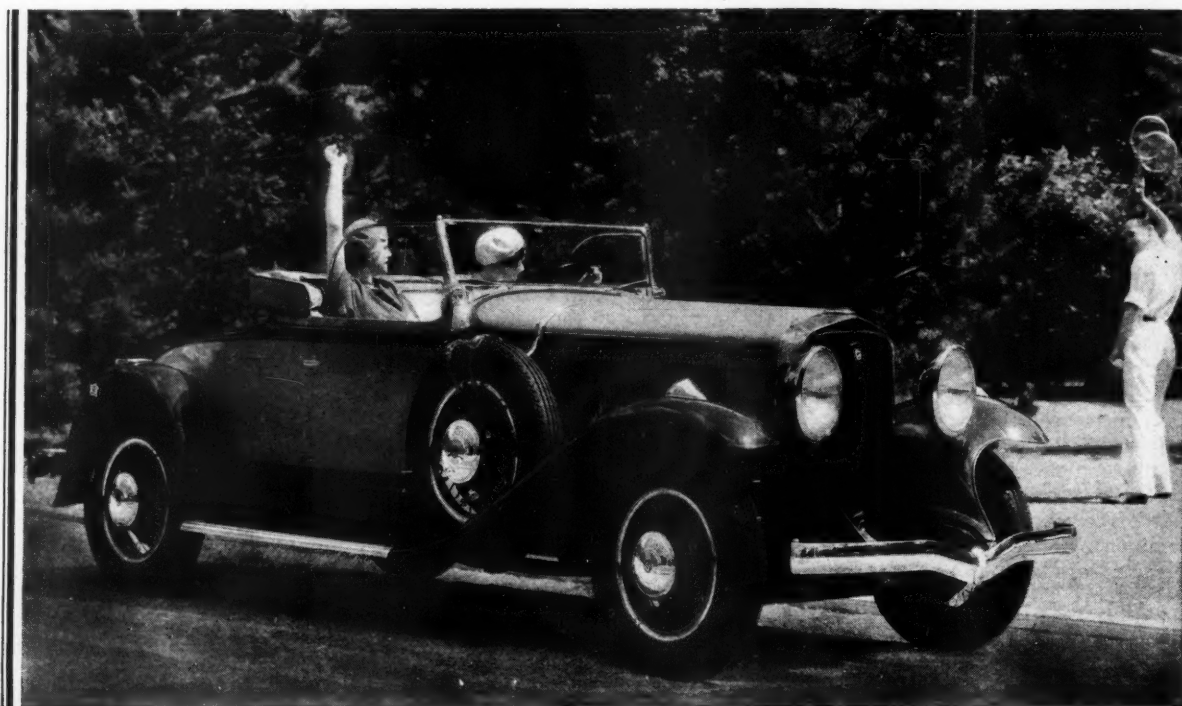
Hills! The car takes another one in tow, the latter having water-cooled brakes. They go up gravel grades of twenty-six per cent, with the brakes of the trailer set at different notches, and the pulling power of the leading car measured.

Across some of the roads are diagonal ditches eighteen inches deep, and over these go the Studebaker cars at full tilt. *Tilt* is the word. A hundred times, perhaps, a car takes this jaunt to find out if it breaks up. If it does, the factory makes a better one.

They have a playful motor game at the Proving

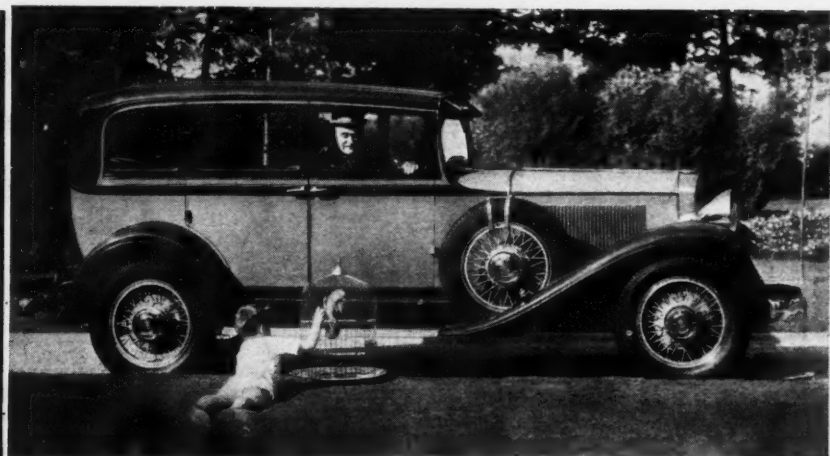
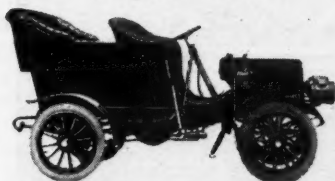
#### A TRIUMPH OF AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERING

On the crest of Studebaker achievement rides its new President Eight series, of which the 4-Season Roadster is shown below. This car boasts a 122 horsepower straight eight engine plus the Studebaker innovation of "free wheeling." Four passengers are accommodated.



## THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

Studebaker experimented in the "Nineties" with a horseless vehicle. In 1904, the model pictured below won a reputation for superior performance. It was held a bargain at \$3,700. Today, \$1,785 buys a 101 h.p. Commander Eight Regal Sedan (right), bearing the same hallmark of worth and endurance that brought nation-wide repute to Studebaker prairie schooners.



## SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

A great 800-acre park, these Studebaker Proving Grounds, 12 miles outside of South Bend, but here on speedway, steep hills, treacherous sand, gumbo and water holes, experimental cars endure devilish tortures devised by research engineers intent on producing safer and faster cars. Out of this rigorous testing is born such innovations as Studebaker's new "free wheeling."

Ground, called the bathtub test, in which the play is to shoot through a patch of muddy water up to the running board, such as one might encounter on a holiday ride. This is a rain-test for the brakes and ignition.

You will find a sand road too, where the car is forced by the brakes to dig in and then to crawl out in low gear, with all the gas on.

Another test is to start the engine "full gun" with its front bumper against a concrete wall. The rear wheels spin furiously on the stone pavement, as the car tries to break down the obstruction, and with all the strain felt by every part of the mechanism. The ideal is to create an automobile that will stand up against even this harsh treatment.

Then too, a driver takes out a heavy box-like apparatus mounted on the front seat beside him, to simulate a man. Wires connect with a recording instrument in the rear compartment, and as the car proceeds over a variety of roads all its riding qualities are shown. The imitation gentleman is bumped about generally. Later his mute complaints become a subject for investigation and improvement.

Testing cars in rooms where the mercury stands forty below zero is a pleasant summer pastime at Studebaker's. Measuring fuel consumption is more mathematical, and another arithmetical problem is to find the effort required to turn the front wheels.

All this will help explain why Studebaker holds more official stock car records for speed and endurance than all other makes combined; why The President Eight has five world records; eighteen international records.

Advertisement.

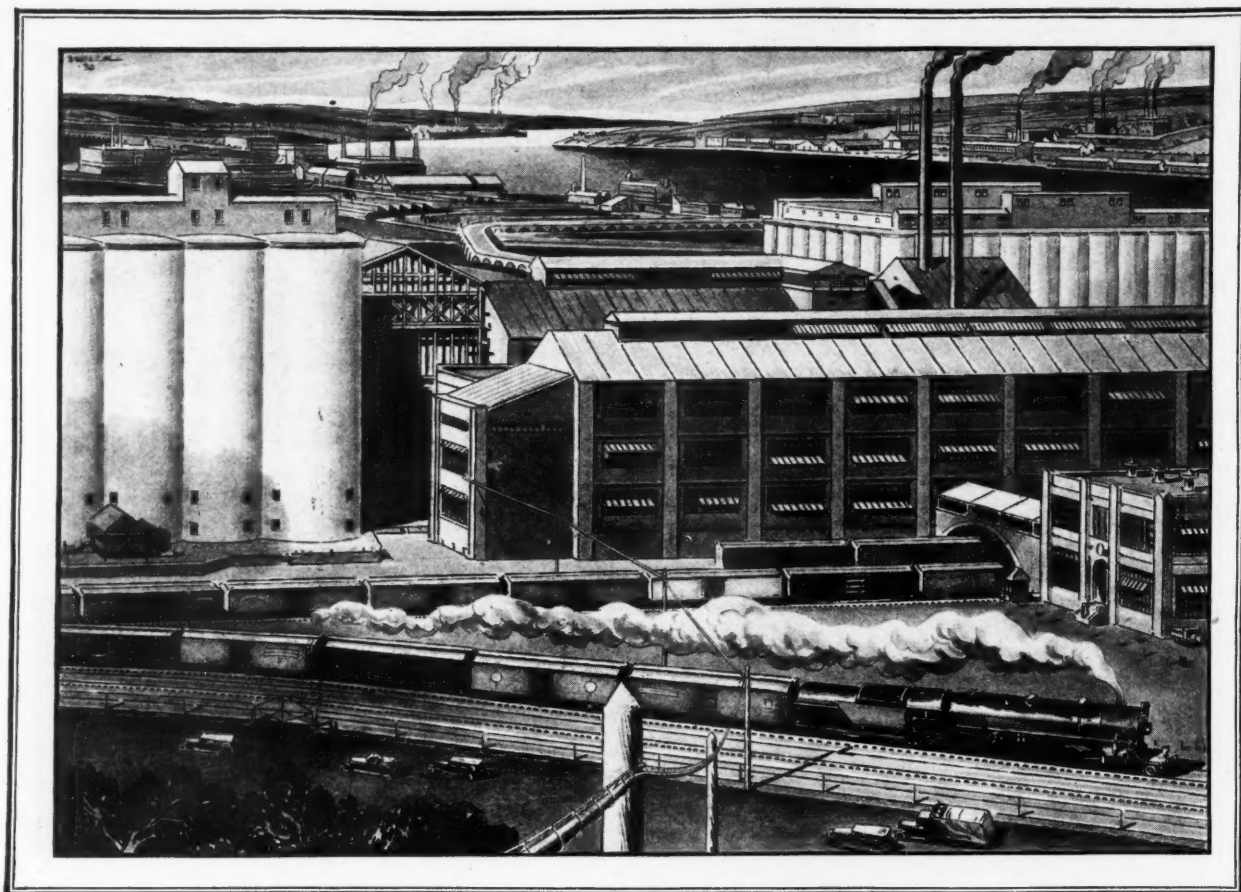
IN THE HISTORY of transportation in America the name Studebaker is the oldest, most picturesque in its human story, and the best loved by the people of all economic and social stations. Not only has it stood through the generations for honest dealing and super-excellence of craftsmanship, but for the artistic, for all things fine, for good citizenship; for charity, kindness, regard for the other fellow.

The parents of the five brothers were of the Dunker faith, known sometimes as the Baptist Brethren. They say in South Bend that Henry was a Dunker, Clem a Methodist, John a Presbyterian, Peter a brother-in-law of the Episcopal Church, and that Jacob belonged to the Baptist Church. In and about South Bend, and elsewhere, are innumerable evidences of their interest in every worthy educational or charitable cause, regardless of sect or condition.

They were of the old school, and back in the primitive days of the blacksmith shop they were known as "gentlemen in overalls." Frugality enabled them to keep most of their earnings in the business, and this was one secret of its growth. Even twenty years after its establishment, they were taking out as salaries only \$2000 a year apiece. The great bulk of the profits they allowed to accumulate as surplus and new capital.

In the Administration Building at the South Bend plant have been gathered many Studebaker relics in the long line of covered wagons, farm vehicles, buggies, carriages, and automobiles, and this fascinating Museum in some degree characterizes the deeply human romance of Henry, Clem, John, Peter and Jacob.





# Giants out of the earth

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

NO AGE but ours has seen so swift and complete an application of natural forces to the doing of daily tasks. Man's leaping knowledge . . . embodied in industrial plants and laboratories, airplanes and electric locomotives . . . has won new power and freedom. Machines are the symbols of a new relationship with nature. They are the servants of this civilization . . . helping men to extend the limits of their opportunities, to change the character of their life.

Americans have been pre-eminent in this change, for in whatever they do they seek to utilize nature to the utmost. They have taken the power out of the earth and from the running streams. They have made it turn the wheels of their industry and move their products by rail and road. They have made color and variety out of chemistry. They have spun

metal in slim wires to carry their voices anywhere with the speed of light . . . and make neighbors of the scattered millions of America.

Joining homes and work places, towns and distant cities, the Bell Telephone System has furnished a new communication for this new age. Forwarding the growth of the nation, giving better and more complete service in advance of the demand, its function has become the indispensable one of furnishing the means of social and business contacts in crowded cities and scattered villages over the length and breadth of a continent.

The Bell System is constantly improving the scope, speed and accuracy of its service.

Its work of contributing to the welfare and prosperity of American life goes on with increasing purpose and pace.





# THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

## OCTOBER 1930

### The Progress of the World

By ALBERT SHAW

When Are  
Affairs Running  
"Normally"?

TO MANY MINDS, the transition from summer to early autumn in this year 1930 is attended by more than the usual number of disturbances, whether those of nature or those of human society. The truth is that the laws of nature are not this year much less normal in their working than in other recent years; and as for mankind a survey carefully made would probably find that conditions are more favorable and stable than usual. As against this view of the present state of things, there are many thousands of people who could at once file a bill of exceptions, so to speak. They could offer a list of calamitous occurrences in the realm of nature, and could then rapidly scan the news of the world by continents and by countries, to note various economic maladjustments and political upheavals. We should have no disposition to dispute their facts. On the contrary, we should be ready to compliment them upon the range of their information. We would, however, call their attention to what is really exceptional—the thing that makes this season different from its predecessors. That exceptional thing is the spread of knowledge and of awakened interest. There have always been hurri-

canes, earthquakes, drouths, floods, storms at sea, fires in forest or on prairie, regardless of the effect of these natural phenomena upon the inhabitants of the earth. But there has never been a time when such happenings have been so closely observed or so fully reported. On the one hand we find constant improvement in the means of communication; correspondingly, there is the spread of intelligence and the eager use of those means. We live in a world of interesting things; and although we may have the impression that current affairs are less normal than usual, it is our wider knowledge that makes life less monotonous. Never before was the cultivation of intelligence so generally possible or so abundantly rewarded.

A Hurricane  
Destroys  
Santo Domingo

IT IS DESIRABLE on all accounts that we should know what is happening in the world. The city of Santo Domingo, for example, has had a prominent place in the September news. Its history, in the modern sense of written records, begins with the first voyage of Columbus. More than four hundred years ago it had become renowned throughout Europe. Yet in those days the great mass of people in Spain,



AFTER THE SEPTEMBER HURRICANE IN SANTO DOMINGO

France, Italy and even in England knew nothing of Columbus and the discovery of the new world, by reason of their ignorance and poverty. Many of them knew barely more about public affairs than the name of their reigning sovereign. It is perhaps true that more people within the past month have been conscious of the name and the existence of the city of Santo Domingo than all their predecessors through four hundred years. This is because a destructive hurricane, that visited the venerable city and its surrounding country on Wednesday, September 3, was universally reported. The storm destroyed buildings, and caused the death of perhaps two thousand people, with injuries to a far greater number. A calamity of this kind is but one more in the long list of historic disturbances in the West Indies. But in no previous instance have the facilities for publicity been so great or so readily available. West Indian storms are now reported as they advance, and news of them is anxiously followed along our Atlantic seaboard from the southern tip of Florida to the shores of Chesapeake Bay. Cuba, Porto Rico and the other islands are warned in advance, and ships at sea by reason of their wireless equipment are informed of the location, direction and speed of storms.

Airplanes  
for Relief  
and News-reels

CERTAIN POLITICAL elements in the Dominican Republic had complained because of the recent presence of a few American Marines and officials, sent there to protect the people from revolutionary chaos and economic paralysis. But there has been no disposition in the September emergency to find fault with the American Red Cross or the United States Navy for the timely intervention that brought relief by airplanes and by numerous ships. Our schools would have found it worth while to substitute for an ordinary geography lesson the story of the experiences of Mr. C. V. Beeland, a news-reel photographer who visited the scenes of devastation, starting from Atlanta and going to Miami, Florida, where he chartered two planes of the Pan-American Airways and proceeded to Santo Domingo with "sound equipment" as well as the usual photographic apparatus. His pictures were on exhibition in several theatres in New York on September 8, and were rapidly distributed to other cities. A famous British scientist remarked the other day that more changes had come about in the conditions under which our civilized communities are living in the century that has elapsed since 1830 than in all the previous centuries that we know anything about. Whether or not this dictum could be literally justified, it is valuable for its suggestiveness. If one were making closer comparisons, he might well note the rapidity with which facilities for communication have improved within the past five or ten years.

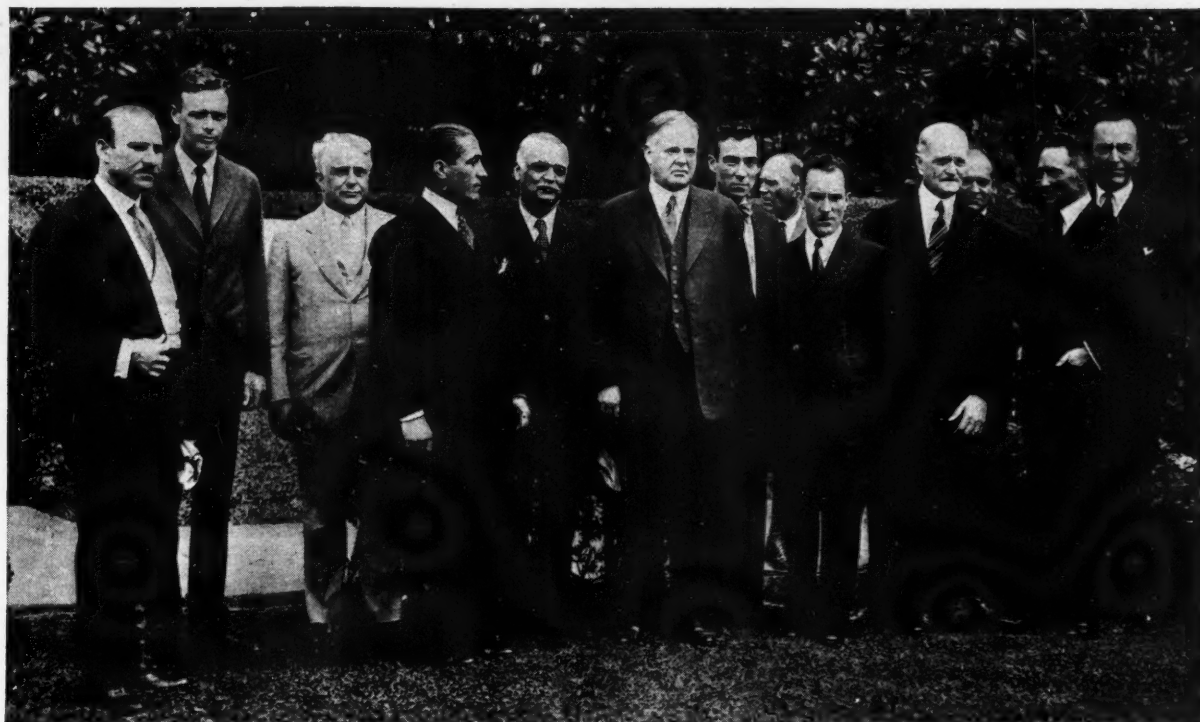
French  
Aviators  
Arrive

CERTAINLY THE EXPERIENCES of a news-reel photographer, carrying so-called sound apparatus to the scene of a great disaster in the West Indies, serve to illustrate some of the new conditions under which we are now living, in a world that grows more

intimate in acquaintance and sympathy from year to year. On the day before the Santo Domingo disaster two Frenchmen, Messrs. Coste and Bellonte, arrived safely at New York by airplane, having flown from Paris in thirty-seven hours and seventeen minutes. On account of prevailing winds and weather conditions, the westward flight across the ocean is regarded as decidedly more difficult than the eastward passage as accomplished by Colonel Lindbergh and Admiral Byrd. The success of the fliers was celebrated with great enthusiasm in France; and the news was carried by radio to all parts of the world. Captain Coste and his associate were greeted with the highest official honors, and their popular welcome in the United States was even more general than they could have anticipated. President Hoover at once congratulated the French nation; and in his brief speech when entertaining the foreign guests on September 8 he referred to the welcome given Colonel Lindbergh in France and declared: "Our hearts went out in fraternal warmth to those who had so royally welcomed our national hero. Today, therefore, every American knows exactly what pride and happiness possesses every French heart at the knowledge that these two gallant sons of France stand safely on our soil. We wish the people of France to know that our welcome of their two heroes is warm and spontaneous and universal. We are delighted to honor these two men who have thus dramatically returned Colonel Lindbergh's call."

The President  
Applauds the  
Heroic Spirit

THERE WERE PRESENT at the White House on this occasion a number of Americans whose exploits had given them international fame. Among them were Lindbergh, Byrd and Rickenbacker, all of whom had helped to make illustrious pages in the history of aviation. President Hoover, in further allusion to this return visit of the French aviators as an affair of international note, remarked: "What they have done, what the great American aviators have done, Byrd, Rickenbacker and the rest, both those who sacrificed themselves wholly and those who live, is a glory of the whole human race. It demonstrates again the high courage of mankind. It gives heart to all of us in whatever tasks engage us, for it proves that there are no limits to the courage of men and that there are no limits to what that courage can accomplish." In his brief and appropriate reply, Captain Coste, after referring to the welcome that had been accorded to himself and his comrade, continued as follows: "Three years ago the whole of France had the great honor to receive and acclaim two of the glorious heroes of your country, Lindbergh and Byrd. Their exploits gave to the French people the occasion to prove to the American people the profound affection which they have felt for more than one hundred and fifty years. The welcome which has been given us is a proof of the similar feelings of the American nation. We appreciate its full worth and we ask you, Mr. President, to be good enough to accept the homage of our deep gratitude." Everything that was said and done in honor of the French fliers was translated into French and sent at once to the French people.



FRANCE'S HEROIC FLIERS ARE RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT HOOVER

Distinguished Americans joined in this presidential welcome at the White House, on September 8. Beginning at the left of the group, are: Jules Henry, in charge at the French Embassy; Col. Charles A. Lindbergh; James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor; Capt. Dieudonne Coste, first to fly from Paris to New York; Vice-President Curtis; the President; Clarence Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce in charge of commercial aviation; Major-General James E. Fechet, chief of the Army Air Corps; Maurice Bellonte, Coste's companion and helper; General John J. Pershing; F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aeronautics; Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd; and Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, foremost "ace" of the American forces in the War.

Byrd and  
Lindbergh,  
Up to Date

THE NAMES of Admiral Byrd and Colonel Lindbergh bring to mind at once the amazing industry and intrepidity shown by these two men

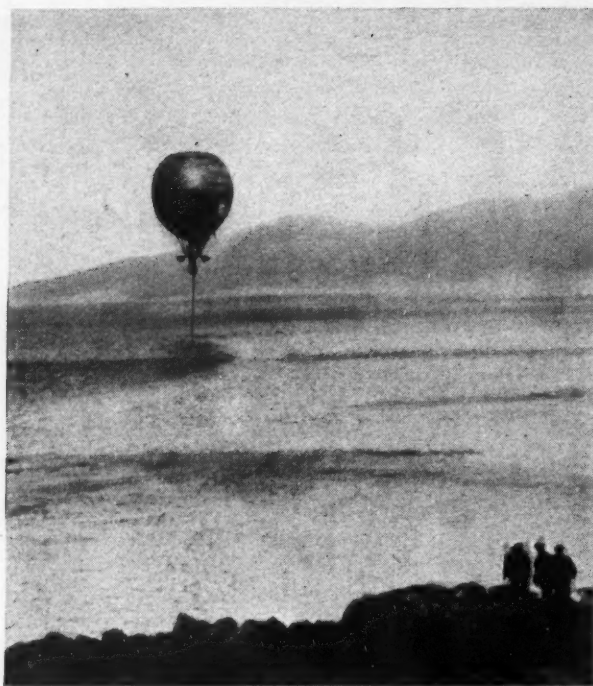
during the period that has elapsed since in 1927 they made their flights across the Atlantic. In some ways Colonel Lindbergh's visits as a good-will messenger from the United States to the City of Mexico, to the Central American capitals, along the Caribbean frontage of South America, to the West Indies, and to Havana at the time of the Pan-American Conference, were more notable in their effects than his previous flight to France. There has resulted, among other things, the development of regular mail routes by airplane throughout Latin America, with the beginnings of a system of passenger transportation. Lindbergh has never sought applause or adulation, has asked no favors of any kind, and has stuck consistently to his purpose of promoting the progress of aviation. He is the more to be honored because he is unspoiled and insists upon making his own way in the world, while setting an example of fine citizenship to all young Americans. As for Admiral Byrd, his name should be made familiar to twenty million young people in schools, not less than to their parents and grandparents. During his recent long sojourn of exploration in the Antarctic regions, full news of his plans and movements came by radio every day for newspaper publication. This fact gave us the strange sensation of seeing new chapters of geography written under our very eyes. There has emerged, in a definite way, a

new Antarctic Continent. We do not owe our knowledge of that region exclusively to Admiral Byrd's expedition, but certainly the greater part of this information goes to his credit.

News of the  
Fate of an  
Explorer

THE PUBLIC HAS its own sense of news values; and not infrequently some event that exhibits high qualities of courage and endurance—even an achievement in the field of sport—may for days together overshadow events of a more conventional kind in the field of so-called public affairs. Thus for a number of days at the end of August and in early September more interest was exhibited in Europe and America in the finding of the body and the diaries of a Swedish explorer lost in the Arctic regions thirty-three years ago than in the South American revolutions, or the continued troubles in India, or the endless variations of civil war in China. In the summer of 1897 this Swedish explorer, Salomon-August Andree, with two courageous companions named Frankel and Strindberg, attempted a polar expedition by means of a balloon, their plan being to land as far north as possible and then proceed with their supplemental equipment of sledges and canvas boat. A Norwegian expedition organized by Dr. Adolph Hoel and led by Dr. Horn and Captain Jensen found the bodies of Andree and his companions on August 6, and three weeks later there was given to the world their account of the circumstances. The discovery was made on White Island, situated to the northeast of Spitzbergen.





ANDREE STARTS FOR THE POLE, IN 1897

Aircraft then could move only as the winds carried them. There was no use of motors, and no method of steering. Thirty-three years later, on August 5 last, the remains of this expedition were found on White Island, east of Spitzbergen.

Norway and Sweden joined in official recognition of the discovery, and all the circumstances as published in the newspapers during a period of two or three weeks aroused remarkable interest. Writers in the press commented with much pith and point upon the contrasts between the attempt at exploration by methods available to Andree and the facilities of airplane and radio available for Admiral Byrd. Undoubtedly we shall have in due time the detailed story, as set down by this courageous Swedish explorer in his diaries, though it will be difficult to decipher handwriting so long partly exposed to the elements.

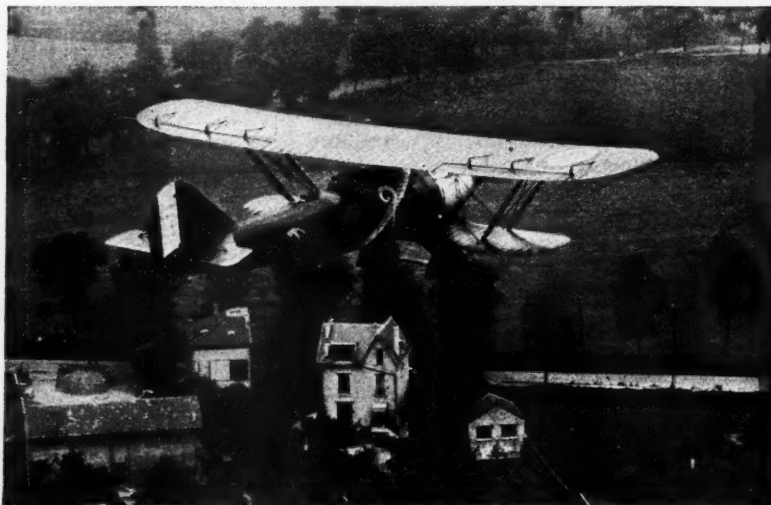
Reminders of  
the Franklin  
Expedition

WITH NEWS still appearing day by day regarding the tragic Andree expedition, there came from Canada some fresh reminders of a still earlier Arctic expedition—the most famous of all the historic attempts to solve the riddles of the far North. It was in the year 1845, only fifteen years short of a century ago, that Sir John Franklin set out to discover a navigable Northwest passage from Baffins Bay to Behring Strait. His two ships and their entire company of about 130 officers and seamen were mysteriously lost. Some fifteen years afterwards the main facts were brought to light. Discoveries were made of certain camp-sites, and a diary was also among the recovered

articles. This summer an airplane expedition to King William's Land—representing the Canadian government and engaged in locating the so-called magnetic pole and mapping it by methods of aerial photography—is reported as having found some previously unknown camps of the Franklin expedition, together with relics and information that Major Burwash has forwarded to Ottawa. No one better than Admiral Byrd could appreciate the heroism of voyagers and adventurers like Sir John Franklin and the Swedish hero Andree, who did not hesitate to try things well-nigh impossible, with courage as their principal equipment. The wreckage of Santo Domingo, moreover, must remind all mariners, in these days of marvelous steamships, of the heroism of Christopher Columbus, whose name heads the list of intrepid pioneers and makers of the modern world.

Troubles  
Reported from  
Southward

IN THE PERSPECTIVES of four centuries since the voyaging of the great Christopher, the human race has made a vast deal of turbulent history in this so-called Western Hemisphere. In North America the native Redmen have been reduced to a mere remnant, except for Mexico and Central America where several millions of them survive. More than a hundred and twenty-five million white people of European origin are now at home in North America, while (with the West Indies included) there are on this side of the Atlantic more, perhaps, than fifteen million people of the African Negro races. South of Panama the Spanish language prevails everywhere except in the great Republic of Brazil where the Portuguese tongue—quite similar to Spanish—is the official and general speech. An exception should also be made of the Guiana colonies, where English, French and Dutch are spoken by small bodies of people. Aboriginal races form a large part of the population of South America, and it will be a good while before the culture of the superior classes can to any great extent permeate the masses of population. It is hard to carry on institutions of stable and progressive government, even under the most



COSTE LEAVES PARIS FOR NEW YORK, ON SEPTEMBER 1  
After 37 hours he landed at Curtiss Field, near New York City—the first non-stop airplane flight from Europe to the United States.

favorable conditions; and it is not to be expected that Latin-American countries will be able to avoid, now and then, an abrupt governmental change, until their nominal democracies become more intelligent and better disciplined. All things considered, the South American countries have been making remarkable progress during the present century in their political careers as well as in their agriculture and commerce. They have met a number of difficult boundary disputes and international disagreements with restraint and wisdom, and they have shown themselves capable of accepting the results of arbitration. Their jurists and publicists have taken high rank in Pan-American conferences and in the League of Nations. These facts must be kept in mind when one reads current news of political changes more or less revolutionary in character and method. Ambassador Morrow, on leaving Mexico, found it pleasant in his radio address of mid-September to commend the qualities of our Latin-American neighbors.

**New Rulers  
Take Quick  
Control**

IN OUR SEPTEMBER number a contributed article reviewed the changes that have resulted in the establishment of several European dictatorships. They have superseded the governments duly prescribed under the terms of liberal constitutions. Now come reports, in August and September, from Latin-American countries that show a succession of more than ordinary waves of political unrest, with such consequences as an extra-legal change of the personnel of government in Peru, and also in Argentina. With such knowledge as we possess of these conditions south of the Panama Canal, it would seem permissible to compliment the citizens of our sister republics upon the firmness with which they have restored order. They are showing at least as much stability as are half a dozen European states. It would be desirable, of course, if they could adjust their internal differences by means of the ballot box rather than by military action. But when nothing even resembling civil strife follows a short and sharp up-turn, as in the case of Argentina, there would seem to have been a ruling public opinion and a patriotic spirit, rather than mere factionalism, behind the rapid movement of events. At the end of August the world had been assured by the Buenos Ayres press that rumors of revolution were groundless, and that however great might be the dissatisfaction with President Irigoyen, his administration would not be overthrown by a popular uprising or by a military *coup d'etat*. But within a week the thing had happened. Irigoyen is about eighty years old, and has had a long career, with a mysterious kind of personal popularity that had brought him to the front again in his old age, in spite



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**THE ARGENTINE CAPITOL AT NIGHT**

This seat of Congress is in Buenos Aires, largest city (2,000,000) in South America. Before it extends the mile-long, tree-bordered Avenida de Mayo. At the other end is the Plaza Mayo, chief scene of the recent revolution.

of his failure to represent the superior elements of Argentine opinion. The venerable President, in broken health and with a discordant Cabinet, suddenly awoke to discover that his hold upon the popular imagination had disappeared in view of widespread business depression, unemployment, and lack of all evidence of a capable government.

**Argentina  
Dismisses  
Its President**

DURING THE OPENING DAYS of September there was such an increase in agitation against Irigoyen—who had for a good while been a virtual recluse hidden away in his personal quarters—that his spirit was crushed when the truth dawned upon him. Instead of setting up the dictatorship that had been feared, he proclaimed his resignation on September 5, giving ill-health as the reason. The Argentine Constitution permits the President to turn over his executive duties temporarily to the Vice-president at any time; but after a single day in authority the Vice-president himself resigned under pressure, martial law meanwhile having been declared. The parties opposing Irigoyen had been so reinforced in the Argentine Parliament by a split in the Radical party (the Radicals having elected Irigoyen) as to make their combined strength sufficiently formidable to force a change of control. With martial law proclaimed for thirty days, the army and navy assumed full direction. General Evaristo Uriburu and Admiral Storni cooperated harmoniously. The professional armed services have not been accustomed to interfere in Argentine politics; but lately they have had grievances of their own. Irigoyen had disregarded the traditions of seniority, and had promoted army and navy offi-



cers for his own personal and political reasons. The swift turn of affairs brought General Uriburu to the front, and his control of the situation became complete after a brief conflict on September 6 that resulted in a few casualties. The new military head of the Argentine government declares himself to be a soldier and not a politician, having no desire or intention to act as dictator or to continue in authority beyond the brief time requisite for reestablishing the normal order of governmental affairs.

Early  
Recognition  
Probable

FOR TWO YEARS there has been no Argentine Ambassador at Washington. President Irigoyen has been singularly unable to work harmoniously in Pan-American conferences, or even in relationships with friendly neighboring countries of South America. General Uriburu expresses the most cordial sentiments, and desires the reestablishment of full diplomatic relations with the United States at the earliest possible moment. It has been the policy of our State Department to encourage in every appropriate way the suppression of revolutionary tendencies in the Latin-American republics. This has meant a disposition to postpone acknowledgment of a new military régime until its establishment had become so definite and undisputed as to make recognition appropriate beyond any doubt. In the case of Argentina it would seem likely that governmental stability will soon be assured, and that Ambassadors between Washington and Buenos Aires might advantageously be exchanged. A group of fourteen banks, including two American and two British institutions, promptly joined in offering the provisional government a temporary loan of 100,000,000 pesos (worth about \$37,000,000) to relieve immediate necessities that might confront the Argentine treasury. The temporary president has repeatedly emphasized his purpose to promote new elections, and to retire from his unwelcome tasks of government at the earliest moment when conditions make it possible to install a civilian executive. The victory of Irigoyen at the last presidential election was an unfortunate circumstance; and the collapse of his administration has been due chiefly to the fact that his views and his policies were not in keeping with conditions at home and abroad that had to be faced by the Argentine government. It is quite possible that a governmental mechanism more like that of France would have averted the recent crisis at Buenos Aires.

The Peruvian  
Dictator  
Forced Out

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS played a conspicuous part in the week of agitations that brought about the resignation of Irigoyen at Buenos Aires. In like manner Peruvian students at Lima, massing before the presidential palace and demanding the abdication of President Leguia, seemed to express a growing sentiment that was partly justified by various grievances. Leguia had held his presidential office for eleven years, exercising authority at times more like a despot than a dictator. Revolt had broken out in the southern provinces of Peru with a military leader, Colonel Cerro, in control at Arequipa. The army itself was rising

against a government that had been maintained by militarism. In spite of his faults, this recent President, Augusto B. Leguia, had shown himself a ruler of exceptional strength and capacity, and it remains to be seen what the country can achieve under the management of his enemies. Colonel Cerro, who led the insurgents in southern Peru, was aided by a military junta at Lima under General Ponce; and on August 25 this combination forced the resignation of the President, who hastened at once to Callao where he boarded a cruiser, with the understanding that he would be aided to reach some safe foreign port. But the officers of the cruiser were ordered back by wireless, and they obeyed the new military government and surrendered the President. Two or three former Presidents of Peru have been living in exile at Paris or elsewhere in Europe, and it may now be their turn to reestablish themselves in South America, while presumably Leguia will have to join the Spanish-American exiles abroad. It might be asserted that if a list were made of the one hundred most prominent Peruvians now living, more than half of them would be found in the Parisian colony or in the United States. The Nationalist party has already announced one of these exiles as its candidate for the presidency.

A Friend  
of This  
Country

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, the downfall of Irigoyen in Argentina removes from power a consistent opponent of the United States, while Leguia had been reproached as a "Yankee president" because of his friendship with the government and people of this country. He was a defender of the Monroe Doctrine, and he encouraged in every way the investment of American capital in Peru. Government loans have been handled through New York bankers, and there are large mining and public utility interests in Peru that represent American enterprise. It is not believed that the change in governmental control threatens the security of any of these investments by citizens of the United States. The retiring president has the less reason to complain, because he himself had seized control of the government in 1919. When compelling his resignation, the junta promised him safe conduct out of the country. Thus his subsequent detention was in the nature of a surprise. It is not to be supposed that the downfall of Leguia has passed without regret in certain quarters. He was highly esteemed in several South American countries, among them Colombia with which country he had maintained most cordial relations. He is given credit for having done more than any other man to bring about the Tacna-Arica settlement of Peru's long and dangerous dispute with Chile. Undoubtedly, during this period of eleven years Peru has made exceptional progress. A South American dictatorship must be unusually strong and capable to last through more than an entire decade. The moment is opportune for energetic efforts to maintain the excellent relations that have existed between the United States and Peru. Above all it is desirable to make advances to recover the diplomatic and commercial ground that we have lost in Argentina, in part through our own mistakes.



**Economic  
Disturbances  
Everywhere**

ONLY A FEW DAYS before his resignation, as recently in fact as August 21, President Leguia had asked Congress to permit the postponement for some days of the transmission of the annual budget, which was constitutionally due by the end of the month. In his message he made reference to the abnormal conditions that agricultural producers in Peru were facing by reason of disturbances elsewhere. Peru exports a certain amount of sugar, and raises cotton for the English market. But with India and China failing now to buy the usual quantities of Lancashire cotton goods, the farmers of Peru are obtaining barely enough for their cotton to pay for its production. Economic conditions doubtless more than anything else have upset the political apple-cart in the Argentine as well as in Peru. That country produces some of the same staples, in large quantities for export, that are the products of farms in the United States. Our agricultural tariff rates have given great offense to the Argentine producers. The answer of course is that our domestic market must be reserved for American farmers, in order that they may be able in turn to pay for the products of our factories and mills. But the Argentine producers have always understood these conditions in their main bearings. The fundamental ignorance lies in our own Congress. Carried too far, our agricultural schedules react upon the farmers themselves. Our own industrial workers must restrict their buying of farm products if they lose the foreign market for automobiles, cash registers, farm implements, and so on.

**Apprehension  
of Trouble  
in Brazil**

INSURRECTIONARY TENDENCIES have been chronic for a number of years in the great southern state of Brazil known as Rio Grande do Sul. This is a region of immense cattle ranges, somewhat resembling the Texas of fifty years ago. There has long been a more or less definite spirit of secession at work in that area, where something resembling the old South Carolinian idea of states' rights has frequently asserted itself. But while this state, with its more than ninety-one thousand square miles and its population of something more than two millions, does not like to be governed from the distant metropolis of Rio de Janeiro, there seems no sufficient ground for the recent rumors of a fresh rebellion. The authorities at Rio are alert and apparently in full control. Business depression elsewhere in the world has reacted seriously upon Brazilians as well as Argentinians. The cattle industry is not prosperous, while another portion of Brazil that produces the greater part of the world's coffee crop has been especially despondent. Over-production and exceedingly low prices have made it almost impossible to carry out successfully the plan of governmental management that has been applied to the coffee trade by the Brazilian government for some years past. Nevertheless, coffee consumption is increasing remarkably in the United States and elsewhere, and Brazil must soon find equilibrium in the market. Troubles in Bolivia, due to strange incidents in part, also reflect the prevailing spirit of economic unrest.



**COL. SANCHEZ CERRO**

Leader of the Peruvian military movement which overthrew the government of President Leguia.

**Cuba, and  
the Slump  
in Sugar**

OUR NEIGHBOR, CUBA, has been suffering unduly from the slump in commodity prices, and from the recent unhappy working of the law of supply and demand. There is so much tampering with that law, by governmental efforts to divert market benefits from one group of producers to another, that international trade becomes a highly precarious sort of speculation. During and soon after the period of the Great War, the demand for Cuban sugar was unlimited and the price was so high that the island was rolling in wealth, while many thousands of investors in the United States and Europe were eager to own shares in Cuban sugar plantations. Porto Rico, with a much smaller area, was also sharing in this prosperity of the sugar trade. Our Congress was unwisely induced to extend unlimited freedom to sugar imports from the Philippines, placing that trans-Pacific archipelago on the same favored basis as Porto Rico and Hawaii. Under stimulus of high prices for sugar there was also a considerable increase in the produc-

tion of beet sugar in Utah, Colorado and elsewhere in our western states. This was made possible by the employment of great numbers of nomadic Mexican families of the peon class. They have performed the labor in the beet fields that American farmers and their families would not themselves undertake. With Europe gradually returning to sugar production, as agriculture begins to resume its pre-war character, the change from high prices to extremely low figures in the world market has almost impoverished some of the sugar-growing regions, like Java, Porto Rico and Cuba, that were so prosperous only a few years ago. In our recent tariff revision there were various claims on the part of normal American agriculture that were entitled to recognition. But the insistent demand for a great increase in the tariff on sugar was not justified. The rates were already high, and if changed at all should have been reduced rather than increased. On this point the Senate was better advised than the House. The rates as adopted are actually increased, but not to the extent demanded by the American sugar producers. We could, of course, raise bananas, also, in Utah and Colorado, as well as sugar beets, if the tariff was made high enough to justify the building and heating of the necessary hothouses.

**Stability  
Under the Platt  
Amendment**

WHILE UNDERGOING the painful process of economic readjustment, Cuba's troubles would only be intensified by political revolutions or disorders. There are times when Cubans in general regard the Platt amendment to their constitution as an irksome and unsuitable restriction upon their sovereignty and independence. But they are, in fact, absolutely free to govern themselves, upon the plan that they have laid down in a constitution of their own framing. The Platt amendment merely guarantees this freedom of self-government. In case of violence and disorder harmful to all interests, the United States would intervene—not to uphold one side or another in a case of dispute, but to see that fair elections were held, that the government's solvency was protected, and that there was no outside interference. President Machado and the leaders of Cuban policy are continuing their efforts to secure world-wide agreements to restrict sugar production. Their proposals seem to us to be fair and reasonable. The American beet-sugar producers, who were so insistent upon extravagant tariff rates against Cuban sugar, may find that they are "tempting Providence" in their unwillingness to consider some statesmanlike plan for stabilizing the international sugar situation. Orders have now been promulgated at Washington to restrict labor immigration, in accord with earnest endeavors to meet the unemployment conditions in this country. Undoubtedly the worst abuse of the spirit, if not of the actual rules, of our immigration policy has been the unchecked flow of impecunious and ignorant labor across the Rio Grande. It may now be reasonable to suggest that—with the tariff increase gained by them at the expense of the entire body of American consumers—the beet-sugar producers should observe strictly the child-labor laws, and offer employment at full wages to bona-fide American workers seeking jobs.

**Intelligence,  
and Farm  
Economics**

NO OTHER PRESIDENT has ever exercised the appointing power with a more intelligent effort than President Hoover to secure the best talent for public duty of whatever kind. He is so familiar with the general range and the particular tasks of the Federal Government that no selection of an administrator or an expert seems to him unimportant. There are those who continue to criticize the policies and activities of Chairman Legge and the Farm Board; but one has only to imagine these critics as themselves having Mr. Legge's responsibilities to set a proper value upon their carping and fault-finding. The Agricultural Department and the Farm Board are in touch with facts and conditions, whether from the standpoint of the individual farmer in any one of our states, or from that of the world markets as affected by an immense number of economic and political circumstances, in all the continents and in every country, as related to commercial movement. They have arrived at certain conclusions that are not disputed by men of unbiased intelligence. Congress has ordained that we should hold the home market for American farmers. If this means anything of marked significance, it means that our agriculture must adapt itself to the markets that are reserved for it. Only in a limited sense are we a sugar-producing country, and it was our former policy to sell flour and meat to Cuba along with butter and condensed milk and some other food supplies in return for the sugar and tobacco produced under favorable conditions by that rich island. It is plain that Cuba, Mexico, Central America and a few other regions ought to be brought within our economic boundaries, for the benefit alike of our farmers and our manufacturers. A large part of the mission of the new Farm Board must be the conclusive analysis of market possibilities. It will then be the function of an intelligent press to aid in the education of voters, so that they may know the difference between wise men and fools, and may help to reduce the volume of blatancy in the United States Senate.

**Work for  
the Tariff  
Commission**

NEVER FOR A MOMENT has President Hoover overlooked or minimized the bearings of the tariff upon our prosperity at home and our relations with the rest of the world. Many of the rates in the Hawley-Smoot measure were not those that he would have preferred. He is, however, aware that the new tariff as a whole has been deliberately misrepresented abroad and—for purely partisan reasons—even more mendaciously dealt with here at home, in an election year. While the bill was in its final stages, President Hoover insisted above all else upon the retention of the new authority conferred by the original Hawley bill upon a permanent Tariff Board. The President's views were accepted by the Conference Committee, and ratified by both Houses. If this feature of the tariff law works as Mr. Hoover has anticipated, we shall be engaged constantly in the improvement point by point of the various tariff schedules. The Tariff Board can recommend changes within prescribed limits and the President can give them effect. Congress, of course, retains the power to over-rule such



changes. A gradual revision of rates upon the advice of a non-partisan board has long been advocated, but its previous trial has been restricted.

**Difficulties  
to be  
Encountered**

THE PRACTICE of tariff revision on this plan is a very different thing from the theory. In the first place, this new method strikes at the party politicians, who know little as a rule about the subject, but who always denounce the work of the other party. Although the present tariff is nominally a Republican measure, it is in fact nothing of the kind. The agricultural and business interests that sought the rates which are embodied in the new law belong as much to one party as to the other. The present tariff will remain in force for at least three years to come. Its best and worst features will now soon be demonstrated in experience. Congress itself, while adopting the bill, specified a large number of particular items for the immediate investigation of the new Tariff Commission. Altogether there were more than a hundred articles listed in these resolutions, as voted before the adjournment of Congress. Of necessity, however, the proposed investigations had to await the reorganization of the Tariff Board. President Hoover was exceedingly anxious to find a Chairman of the highest qualifications. In all of its investigations the Board will command the service of employed experts and will give hearings. But its own members must also work hard, and expect more criticism than praise. At length on August 22 it was announced that Henry P. Fletcher of Pennsylvania had been chosen as Chairman of the Tariff Commission.

**Mr. Fletcher  
Has the Aid  
of Dr. Page**

MR. FLETCHER was born in 1873, and studied law and practised it for several years after graduating at Lafayette College. At the age of twenty-five he was enlisted in Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and at the end of the Spanish-American War he saw service in the Philippines. He began his diplomatic career at Havana in 1902, and was sent afterwards to Portugal, then to China, and in 1909 became Ambassador to Chile. At a time of unusual disturbance in Mexico he was made Ambassador to that country in 1916, and was made Under Secretary of State at Washington in 1921, afterwards going as Ambassador to Belgium, and then in 1924 to Italy where he remained until last year. He accompanied President-elect Hoover on his South American trip, has served in various international conferences, and has had exceptional familiarity with the working of tariffs at home and abroad, and with economic problems in their larger aspects. On August 26 President Hoover appointed Dr. Thomas W. Page, a distinguished Virginian and an eminent political economist, as another member of the Tariff Commission. Dr. Page for many years was Dean of the College of Commerce of the University of California, and later was head of the Economics Department at the University of Virginia. He was named a member of the original Tariff Commission in 1911 by President Taft, and later served for several years under Presidents Wilson

and Harding, having been Chairman of the Board from 1920 to 1922. It would take much space to print even a summary of Dr. Page's experiences and achievements as an economic scholar and as an official authority. The remaining members of the Commission were to be named by the President before September 16, on which date the new body would begin its active work. The items to be investigated in many instances have already been studied to some extent by the outgoing Board. Among them are such important products as boots and shoes, agricultural implements, wire fencing, cement, sugar in certain forms, various articles of clothing, furniture, matches, and a good many other articles of common use. The work of this new Commission will not be dilatory, nor will the energies of the experts be frittered away upon relatively trivial items. For the best results, there must be not only thorough-going and scientific work on the part of the Commission, but open-mindedness and intelligence on the part of the press and the community at large.

**Tariff  
Agitation  
Abroad**

MEANWHILE THE AMERICAN tariff has received an amount of attention abroad that transcends either its merits or demerits. The Canadian Parliament, recently called into session at Ottawa with a strong Conservative majority under the leadership of the new Prime Minister, Mr. Bennett, has made the Hawley-Smoot tariff the dominant motif in its proceedings. We have always contended in this periodical that Canada and the United States should move in the direction of commercial union, at least to the extent of tariff reciprocity. Neither of the two countries as a whole is benefited by tariff schedules intended to restrict trade across the boundary line. The American tariff, also, has been made the immediate excuse for the great British newspaper campaign in favor of a so-called "Empire" tariff union. This subject will be prominent in the discussions of the British Empire Conference that is soon to meet at London. The general plan comprises a series of general tariff rates upon foodstuffs, as well as other materials imported into the United Kingdom, with freedom of British markets for Canada, Australia and the other Dominions. But the free-trade creed is still strongly held in England; and the Beaverbrook program, when examined in the cold light of facts and figures, loses most of its glitter. The United States has no desire to enter upon a trade war with the British Empire; but if thrown upon the defensive it could reduce the Beaverbrook scheme to rather pitiable dimensions. England, in short, cannot afford to give up the immense shipping and commercial interests it has established throughout the world for the sake of a mere theory. The British Empire has a sentimental existence, but it is neither a political nor an economic entity. This is no time to presume upon exclusive favors for British manufacturers on the part of the people of India, for example. Great Britain is worthy of a high prosperity, but will not find it along the path of imperial illusions. Her business with the United States, Germany and Argentina should not be sacrificed for a hopeless project.



**Briand  
and European  
Federation**

THERE IS NO ONE in Europe who could obtain so considerate a hearing as the eloquent French Foreign Minister for the proposed United States of Europe. His appeals at Geneva early in September were met with almost universal compliments and congratulations. But there is little evidence that they were taken seriously in any quarter. His notable arguments before representatives of all the European countries, advocating an era of organized economic association, were made at the very moment when the seven-day maneuvers of gigantic French armies were reaching their climax in an area unpleasantly close to the German border. How could it be expected that Germany would be eager to follow the French lead in such a scheme as Briand was advocating? The disfavor of Italy was not disguised by blandishments of any kind. As for Great Britain, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Foreign Minister in the Labor Cabinet, openly criticized the Briand formulation, and bluntly declared that disarmament must come first. Mr. Simonds describes in our present number the puzzling situation in which European countries find themselves as a result of the territorial and other changes that have followed the war. Our readers would be rewarded by a particularly careful study of this article.

**American  
Policies  
Misrepresented**

IT WAS REMARKED the other day that the peace of Europe could best be promoted by the wholesale exchange of visits across national boundary lines. It is perhaps true that the American fondness for travel in Europe has something to do with the fact that American newspapers as a rule discuss European affairs with intelligence and without a trace of ill-will or hostility. Exactly the reverse is true on the part of the European press, as it deals with the public policies and general character of the United States. A few European journalists have seen New York, and a still smaller number have gained some actual acquaintance with the American people. The few who have had experience here are not, as a rule, offensive in their writings. But the great majority write about American affairs without dreaming that their insults and calumnies are resented by a self-respecting nation. American journalism unquestionably is upon a far higher plane of manners, morals, and intelligence than that of the European Continent, with notable exceptions, of course. The widespread prejudice against this country has been due in great part to this malignant journalism. The governments, the steamship lines, and the tourist agencies would do well to launch a crusade against the anti-American press.

**Let the  
Truth be  
Spread Abroad**

MR. FLETCHER AS HEAD of the Tariff Commission has had so wide an experience as a diplomat in foreign countries that he will understand at once how desirable it is to find ways to enlighten the people of various commercial states especially those of Europe and South America—regarding the facts and the motives of American economic policy. Our readers will be especially interested in an article by

Mr. Crawford, appearing in our present number, on Mr. Fletcher's career and personality. To diminish pessimism and to increase confidence should be regarded by Mr. Fletcher as perhaps the principal opportunity that lies before him to serve our own people and those with whom we wish to do business in foreign lands. There will be plenty of experts in the commission's organization to investigate technical details; and Mr. Fletcher and Dr. Page may consider that it is a part of their business to make our economic policies more successful by the simple expedient of having them correctly stated and understood. In this desirable project they might well coöperate with the Department of Commerce and the State Department.

**The Drift  
of Politics**

IT IS DIFFICULT to discuss the pending election contests in the United States from the party standpoint with much enthusiasm. Election day in Maine comes early, and is always regarded as heralding national tendencies. While the Republicans of Maine on September 8th were victorious in the campaigns for their Congressional candidates and for their state ticket, the majorities were much diminished, as compared with those of previous elections. If a swing of the political pendulum towards the Democratic side were due to some definite program or constructive leadership on the part of the opposition, there would be nothing to criticize. But the situation as regards the voters seems to be merely a listless and drifting one. In so far as the Republicans have made a record, it has been that of President Hoover. On the Democratic side, there has been no record except that which has been made by the party in the United States Senate. The most persistent—and also the least intelligent—of the opponents of Mr. Hoover's administration have been the so-called "insurgent" Senators. These third-party men would have been without influence, but for the fact that the Democrats—being almost equal in numbers to the regular Republicans—chose to efface themselves and submit to the lead of the minor group. By means of this coalition they were able to obstruct business, and to subject the country to injury as well as to annoyance. They were so misguided as to imagine that they were making capital for their party by allowing their positions to be chosen for them.

**New York  
Criticizes  
Tammany**

IN NEW YORK the governorship is the office most conspicuously involved in this year's election. Governor Franklin Roosevelt will be the Democratic candidate for another term. The Democratic party in the state, as well as in the city of New York, has now for a good while been absolutely controlled by Tammany Hall. Franklin D. Roosevelt as the chief spokesman for Tammany's favorite son had well earned his nomination two years ago. At present the Tammany administration of New York City is under severe criticism. It is charged that the municipal departments are permeated with graft, and it has been discovered that some of the city magistrates and more than one judge of the higher courts have bought their appointments from members of the Tammany

organization. The Governor has some authority to promote investigation of these conditions; but it is complained that his reforming zeal has been tempered by the embarrassments of the political situation, and especially by his own more recent relations to the dominant organization. On the Republican side, the United States District Attorney at New York, Hon. Charles H. Tuttle, who has uncovered some of the scandals that associate Tammany leaders with graft and crime, is quite generally considered the party's most promising possibility for the governorship.

**A False  
Issue Makes  
Trouble**

THE HOPE of the Democrats lies especially in the Republican differences on prohibition. New York Democrats under Al Smith's leadership have long been committed to the wet cause in full measure. Governor Roosevelt could not do otherwise, of course, than stand shoulder to shoulder with Al Smith. Doubtless a majority of New York Republicans are reaching the conclusion that there ought to be some modification of the federal prohibition system. But the Republican Wets have not succeeded in formulating a program upon which there is any semblance whatever of agreement. The question concerns only the candidates for Congress; and it would be more reasonable to fight the issue out in the several Congressional districts than to force it into a state-wide campaign for the governorship, that ought to be run upon the Tammany issue. Our readers are especially advised to read Mr. Howard McLellan's article in this number, entitled "Gangs, Bosses and Judges."

**In New York,  
"Politics is  
Business"**

IT CANNOT BE too often stated to the country away from New York that Tammany is a private society. It is organized and run for the benefit of its members. Many of them are men of high standing, and a majority of them are honest and industrious citizens. But when a society of this kind becomes so well organized, so comprehensive and so powerful that it can absolutely control the public business of the greatest metropolis of the world, the traffic in offices and the sale of indulgences to law-breakers becomes an inevitable part of the system as it actually works. Bad as the regular parties may be outside of great cities, they are only to a slight degree like Tammany. Speaking in general for this country—as for Germany, let us say, in the elections of September 14—"politics is politics," and "business is business." But with Tammany politics is business, pure and simple. Tammany has no opinions or convictions about the tariff, the agricultural question, education, or any other subject—except as the question may bear upon the business of the Tammany system and its members. The liquor business and commercial vice were sources of great income to Tammany in old days; and the wet and dry issue remains, in the Tammany mind, nothing else than the private concern of a great number of men in the Assembly districts, and a smaller number of men whose financial interests are on the manufacturing or commercial plane. Tammany will continue to control New York City, because opposi-

tion to it is not important enough to turn the scales. But the control of the Democratic party of New York State by Tammany is harmful, not only to the state but to the party at large and to the country. The difficulty of Governor Roosevelt's position lies in the fact that it is based upon Tammany support.

**Clamorous  
Wets—and  
Drys!**

IN NEW YORK STATE, as in New Jersey, Connecticut and elsewhere in the East, many persons who would upon the whole prefer a continuance of national prohibition will this year support Republican candidates for both houses of Congress who, like Mr. Morrow, are in favor of repeal. At the present stage of the discussion, when a million Wets have a million different opinions as to what should be done, it is plain enough that nothing at all is going to happen except a continuance of inquiry and discussion. We have lived with the liquor question for more than a hundred years; and we shall have it on our hands for many years yet to come. It is not a true issue this year. Citizens of wisdom and forbearance will prefer this year to support President Hoover in pushing a reasonable scheme of law-enforcement, and will await the final reports of such groups of men as that of which Mr. Wickersham is Chairman. Illinois voters will do well to stick to their parties this year, and not bother about the prohibition views of Mrs. McCormick or Mr. Lewis. Republicans who will not throw themselves with vigor into the support of President Hoover's administration at the present time will be lacking either in intelligence or in every instinct of party loyalty. To the irreconcilable Wets and the Drys alike this year we say, with perfect good temper and a very fair understanding of their views and feelings: "A plague on both your houses!"

**Eastern Milk  
and  
Western Hay**

VASTLY MORE IMPORTANT than all the flurry of Wet-and-Dry talk are the steadfast scientific efforts to improve the schools, to train children for useful lives, and to promote child health and welfare. There is little use to bother about people who are beyond the age of sixteen. The country will face a great and glorious future if President Hoover's Child Welfare Conference this year can have its conclusions accepted and adopted by the nation. Perhaps Senator Norris does not know of the extensive researches now being made regarding the supply of milk to very small children in cities. Also it might interest him to be told that—thanks to Mr. Legge and the Farm Board, and above all to the public spirit and high character of our railroad administrators—eastern dairy farmers are now able to keep their cows alive and to supply milk to small city children, in spite of dried-up pastures and hay-crop failure, by feeding Nebraska's alfalfa hay in generous quantity. This helps the Nebraska farmers, saves the eastern farmers from the total loss of their herds, and above all, saves the lives of many small children who would otherwise suffer from shortage of the milk supply. There are many things, more or less like this, that United States Senators might learn to their advantage.

# History in the Making

From August 12 to September 11, 1930

## LATIN AMERICA

### August

- 16.. GENERAL Rafael L. Trujillo, thirty-seven-year-old former United States Marine, is inaugurated as President of San Domingo. R. E. Urena, aged 39, becomes Vice-President.
  - 25.. PRESIDENT LEGUIA of Peru resigns his post and flees, as a military junta seizes control of the country. Despite dictatorial methods, he had been champion of the Indians, a modernizer, and a foe of privilege.
  - 27.. LIEUTENANT COLONEL LUIS SANCHEZ CERRO, Peruvian revolt leader, forms a Cabinet of officers to govern that country 48 hours after seizing power. Ex-President Leguia is captured and held for trial by the insurgents.
  - 29.. THREE Argentine warships are rushed to Buenos Aires to reinforce President Irigoyen's Government against an expected military revolt. At the same time Brazil fears a revolutionary outbreak in the state of Rio Grande Do Sul which the federal government is investigating. Twenty alleged plotters are also arrested at Cruces, Cuba, to forestall a revolt there.
- THE WIDESPREAD unrest in Latin America is ascribed chiefly to the world-wide economic depression.

### September

- 3.. THE military juntas now in control of Peru and Bolivia formally recognize each other. Each accords the other its first *de jure* recognition following their revolutions.
- 4.. A TROPICAL hurricane sweeps San Domingo, killing more than 4000 persons and destroying nine-tenths of the buildings. Martial law is declared, and the loss is put at \$15,000,000. The American Red Cross and near-by countries rush aid.
- 5.. PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN of Argentina resigns office under pressure of revolutionary rioting. He is succeeded by Vice-President Martinez. A popular leader of dictatorial temperament, twice President, Dr. Irigoyen is overthrown due to economic depression and to dissension within his own political machine—the Radical Party. Seventy-nine and ill, he is imprisoned.
- 6.. ARGENTINE troops seize Buenos Aires, the capital, with considerable bloodshed. General Uriburu heads a military junta which takes over the government. Two newspaper plants supporting ex-President Irigoyen are burned; and Vice-President Martinez resigns.

## ABROAD

### August

- 15.. CHINESE Nationalist forces recapture Tsinan, capital of Shantung Province, from the northern rebels. The latter had held this since June 24. Nationalists also defeat General Feng Yu-hsiang, rebel leader, in Honan Province. The Southern Communists, however, also anti-nationalist, are as yet undefeated.
- 21.. A DAUGHTER is born to the Duchess of York, wife of King George's second son, in Glamis Castle, Scotland. The new-born child is ranked fifth lady of the British Empire, after her elder sister.
- 23.. COLONEL WALERY SLAWEK, Polish Premier, resigns office. Head of Marshal Pilsudski's supporters in parliament, he had been in office since March.
- 25.. MARSHAL PILSUDSKI, Poland's virtual dictator and Minister of War, assumes the premiership. Many other cabinet posts are filled by military men.

- 30.. THE POLISH Parliament is dissolved by decree of President Moscicki, and new elections will be held November 16. This satisfies Marshal Pilsudski, now Premier, who opposes parliamentary procedure.

### September

- 1.. FIFTY THOUSAND Budapest workmen riot against the Fascist régime of Admiral Horthy. Five thousand police oppose them, and 400 are injured. The rioters are communists, aroused by unemployment.
- THE PRINCE OF WALES is simultaneously appointed a Naval Vice-Admiral, a Military Lieutenant-General, and an Air Marshal. King George approves officially his son's three promotions.
- WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, newspaper magnate, is expelled from France by the authorities for his alleged anti-French journalistic activities. He cheerfully comments: "The United States saved France once during the war, and I would save it again by leaving." English newspapers criticize the French action.
- 4.. MAHATMA GANDHI, Indian independence leader, rejects proposals of moderate leaders. Jailed by the British in May, he still refuses to end his campaign of civil disobedience. Rioting occurs at Khulua, Bengal, and at Islampur, Bombay, showing that disaffection is still rife in India. The British also reject Gandhi's demands for freedom.
  - 10.. THE ELEVENTH Assembly of the League of Nations formally opens at Geneva. The Briand plan for a Pan-European union will receive major attention, its exact form and scope to be determined.
  - 11.. M. BRIAND, French Foreign Minister, addresses the League Assembly, advocating his social and economic plan for a United States of Europe. Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Minister, advocates disarmament.

## UNITED STATES

### August

- 17.. THE AMERICAN center of population is announced as being near Hymera, Indiana, twenty miles from that state's western boundary. Census statisticians estimate that the population center has moved westward nearly thirty miles since 1920.
- 22.. THE PRESIDENT announces Henry P. Fletcher of Pennsylvania, former diplomat and Undersecretary of State, as Chairman of the new Tariff Commission. He will take office September 16. He succeeds E. B. Brossard of Utah.
- 24.. ROSS S. STERLING defeats Mrs. "Ma" Ferguson, a former governor, in the Democratic nomination primary for Governor of Texas by a large majority. Sterling is a philanthropist and Houston publisher. "Pa" Ferguson was his wife's able campaign manager.
- 27.. ROY A. YOUNG resigns as governor of the Federal Reserve Board, to become governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston at twice as much salary.

### September

- 8.. THE STATE of Maine shows itself Republican as always by sending Representative W. H. White, Jr., to the Senate, reelecting three Republicans to the House, and filling another House seat and all State offices with Republicans. The Republican strength is 2 to 1.
- 9.. THE State Department, at the President's request, orders that labor immigration be severely restricted in



accord with the law barring immigrants who are likely to become public charges.

SENATOR BLEASE of South Carolina and Senator Ransdell of Louisiana fail to win nominations in today's primaries. Thus there are now five Senators who will not return to Washington at the expiration of their present terms. The others are Senators Deneen of Illinois, Grundy of Pennsylvania, and Simmons of North Carolina.

## PROHIBITION

### August

- 27.. JAMES ROLPH, JR., Mayor of San Francisco and called a Wet, wins the Republican gubernatorial nomination in California. Dry party elements are in revolt, as their candidates—Governor C. C. Young and Buron Fitts, Los Angeles District Attorney—are defeated.
- 28.. MODIFICATION of the Volstead Act to permit the manufacturing of light wines and beers is advocated by the New York State Federation of Labor at its annual convention.

### September

- 1.. TWENTY-FOUR dry agents enter a prohibition "college," founded at Washington by Director Amos Woodcock. They will learn to enforce prohibition with courtesy: and with brains instead of brawn.
- 5.. THE VETERANS of Foreign Wars, at their thirty-first national encampment in Baltimore, demand repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and of Prohibition enforcement laws.
- 10.. GOVERNOR Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York declares for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, as a means of escape from excessive drinking, bribery, and political corruption. He would have federal protection for Dry states, government sale to prevent return of the saloon, and a measure of local option.

## FLYING

### August

- 13.. CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS flies from Los Angeles to New York in 12½ hours at an average of 215 miles per hour. He made three stops. This shatters the record of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh, whose time was 14¾ hours.
- 16.. THE AIRSHIP R-100, having visited Canada, docks at Cardington, England, after a 57-hour transatlantic trip from Montreal. The *Graf Zeppelin* set a record of 55 hours, 24 minutes on a crossing 1000 miles longer last year.
- 22.. THE BODIES of the Swedish explorer Salomon-Auguste Andrée and two companions, lost in 1897 on a balloon attempt to reach the North Pole, are found on an island east of Spitzbergen by a Norwegian expedition. Andrée's diary and log book are found, but there is no trace of the balloon.
- 26.. BARON VON GRONAU and three companions land at New York after a leisurely flight from Germany. They had stopped at the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, and Nova Scotia en route. The flying boat had been used in an Arctic expedition by Amundsen in 1925. The Germans left the Isle of Sylt, in the North Sea, on August 18.

### September

- 3.. WARD T. VAN ORMAN wins the annual Gordon Bennett balloon race in *Goodyear VIII*. He flew 550 miles from Cleveland to Canton Junction, Mass. It is the fifth consecutive American victory in the international event.

- 2.. CAPTAIN Dieudonné Coste and Maurice Bellonte land their *Question Mark* on Long Island after the first non-stop airplane flight from Paris. Their time is 37 hours 17 minutes.

- 8.. THE PRESIDENT greets Captain Coste and Maurice Bellonte, French transatlantic flyers, at the White House in the name of the American people. They had flown to Dallas and back since their arrival from Paris.

## DROUGHT

### August

- 12.. THE PRESIDENT announces that his vacation trip to the Rocky Mountains and national parks has been abandoned. The drought emergency has caused this change of plans. He approves a railway rate cut of 50 per cent., to speed relief work.
- 14.. THE PRESIDENT confers at the White House with ten state governors and representatives of three additional states, Red Cross leaders, and the Federal Farm Board, on drought relief. Loans, employment, reduced rail rates, and Red Cross aid will assist the sufferers and their livestock. Public health will be safeguarded. The Red Cross alone pledges \$5,000,000. The loans will be private, state, and national if need be.
- 18.. "I BELIEVE the corner has been turned in the drought crisis," says Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde after a conference with the President. Rain has improved the outlook, and organized relief work plays an important part in resuscitating the "devastated regions."
- 19.. THE PRESIDENT appoints Secretary Hyde as chairman of a national drought committee. Members include Alexander Legge, Paul Bestor, Roy Young, John Barton Payne, Ogden Mills, Henry M. Robinson, and R. H. Aishton. This group represents banks, railways, farm agencies, government departments, and the Red Cross.
- 23.. THE PRESIDENT orders acceleration of all authorized inland waterways and river projects, to provide cheaper transportation for agricultural areas, to relieve unemployment, and to provide work for destitute farmers.

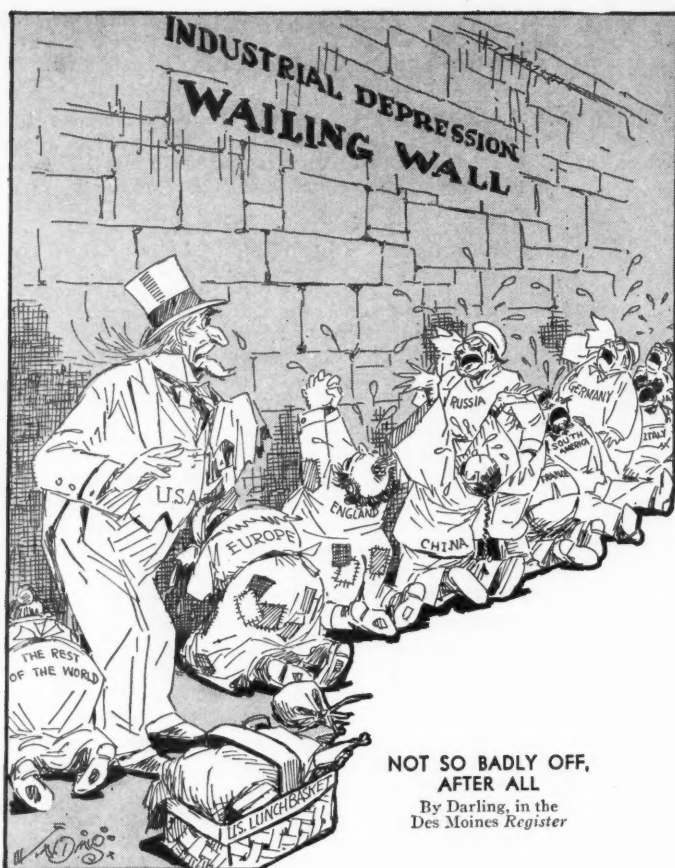
## DIED

### August

- 18.. VAN LEAR BLACK, 55. One of the publishers of the *Baltimore Sun*, known for his extensive travels by air. He was drowned by falling overboard from his yacht. He had flown from London to Cairo, and from Amsterdam to the Dutch East Indies. In all he had covered more than 150,000 air miles.
- 19.. DR. FRANK MONTROSE CLENDENIN, 76. Clergyman, civic worker, historian, and son-in-law of Horace Greeley. He contributed the Greeley Collection to the Congressional Library at Washington.
- 21.. SIR ASTON WEBB, former president of the English Royal Academy and a famous London architect, 81.
- 23.. THE DUKE of Northumberland, 50. Eighth to hold the title, he was a die-hard Tory and supporter of aristocratic English privilege. Chairman of the influential *Morning Post*, he was leader of conservatives in the House of Lords.
- 30.. MAJOR GENERAL Henry Tureman Allen, 71. Commander of the American forces in Germany after the war, and beloved by his Teuton "subjects." A kindly relief worker, ex-military attaché abroad, and Spanish War veteran, he retired from the army in 1923.

### September

- 7.. S. W. STRAUS, New York financier, banker, and one of the nation's most prominent philanthropists.



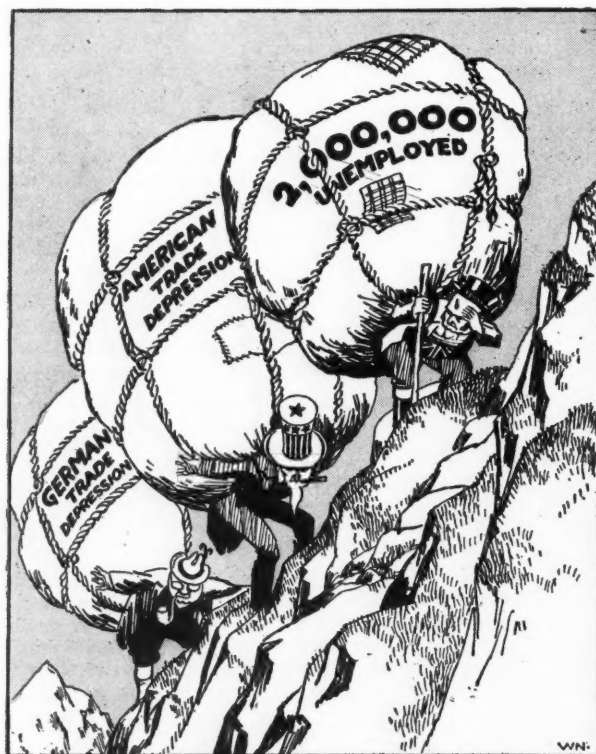
NOT SO BADLY OFF,  
AFTER ALL  
By Darling, in the  
Des Moines Register

# Cartoon Sidelights

Depression ▼ Crime  
Unemployment



A HIGH TARIFF MAKES PROSPERITY  
By Fitzpatrick, in the St. Louis  
Post Dispatch



COMPANY, BUT NOT MUCH COMFORT  
From the Bulletin, Glasgow, Scotland



DIETING WOULD PREVENT A REPETITION  
By Marcus, in Forbes (New York)

### THE MINIATURE GOLF WIDOW

From the *Daily Express*,  
London

Unemployment in Great Britain has grown worse within recent months; and Labor's own Premier, MacDonald, must bear his share of blame. Meanwhile, other important matters that press for settlement seem to occupy his attention.



COLUMBIA IS SICK: THE DOCTOR IS PUZZLED

By McCay, in the *New York American* ©

FROM ONE END of the world to the other, the months that have passed deserve to be remembered as a period of severe business depression. Business men are prone to lay the blame on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Brokers retort that business recession began at least three months before Wall Street found it out. Democrats, and some Republicans, have a tendency to point an accusing finger at the Hoover Administration. In England there is equal readiness to lay unemployment distress at the door of Premier MacDonald.



IS THE TRAINER LOSING HIS NERVE?

By Orr, in the *Chicago Tribune* ©



AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF THRIFT

By Brown, in the *New York Herald Tribune* ©





### SIR JOHN SIMON IN AMERICA

From the *Chronicle*, Bombay, India

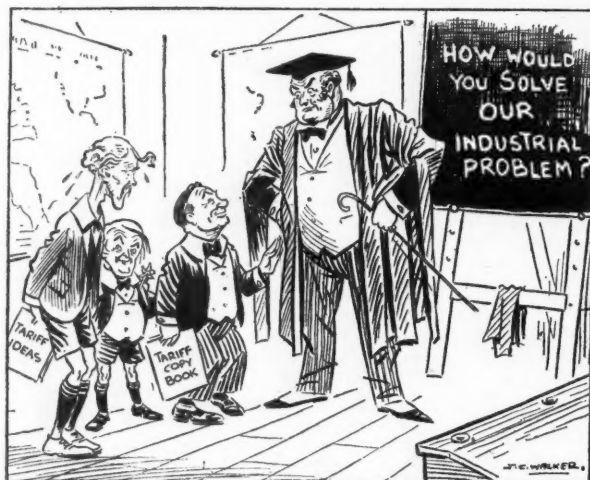
For most of three years Sir John Simon has devoted his time to a study of the governmental problem in India, for the British Parliament. He came to the United States to address the Federal Bar Association on August 28, the speech being broadcast by radio.



### AN INTERESTED LISTENER-IN

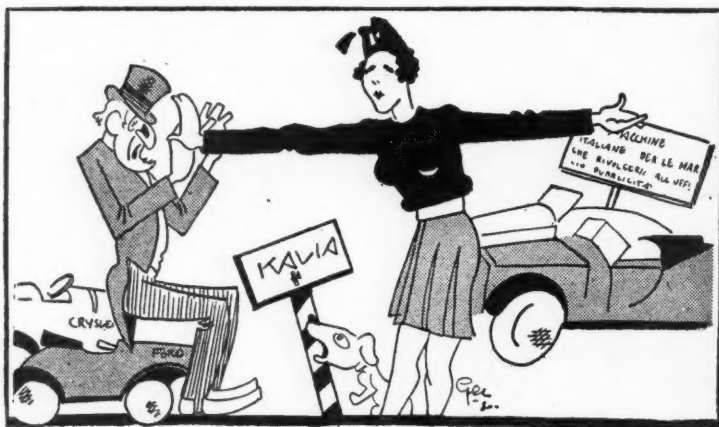
From the *Montreal Star*

This Canadian newspaper calls the Dominion Conference a business gathering, with Uncle Sam perhaps a little worried.



### BRITAIN'S PREMIER (?) SCHOLAR

The "Western Mail and South Wales News," of Cardiff, pictures Premier MacDonald as having copied his tariff ideas—a duty on imported manufactured goods—from the book of his rival, Stanley Baldwin. The scholars are MacDonald, Lloyd George, and Baldwin.



### ITALY'S ANSWER TO UNCLE SAM'S TARIFF

From *Il 420*, Florence, Italy

"Sorry, Uncle, but our cars are better!"  
New Italian tariff rates are expected to keep American automobiles out.



### CAROL OF RUMANIA

From the *Notenkraaker*, Amsterdam, Holland

The Fascists of his kingdom have chosen the pike as their symbol, and Carol—just returned from exile—as Chief Pikeman.



BIG ENOUGH TO SIT WITH THE GIANTS

By McCutcheon, in the Chicago Tribune ©

IT IS Chicago's turn to point the finger of scorn at New York; for the scandal that has been developing in the eastern metropolis gives every indication of becoming one of major importance. Further than that, it involves a tampering of local bosses with the revered judiciary. Four judges have stepped down from the bench, under a cloud; a fourth disappeared, a fifth died under circumstances that embarrassed a political leader. Meanwhile the ramifications of these scandals seem unending. Organized criminals, political bosses, and local judges are strange bedfellows. The eyes of many New Yorkers have been opened in recent weeks.



THE NEW TAMMANY?

By Morris, in the Brooklyn Citizen



HE HAS PLAYED THIS GAME ALL HIS LIFE

By Ireland, in the Columbus Dispatch



# Gangs, Bosses, and Judges

By HOWARD McLELLAN

**A JUDGE REMOVED, two judges resigned under fire, a judge in jail, a judge missing. Such is the recent record of corruption on the bench of New York City. The reader will not be wholly discouraged; an honest and fearless judiciary survives.**

**I**N THE LAST DECADE the underworlds of New York and Chicago have elevated to power two amazing figures. In ability to build vast criminal enterprises, and in power to escape arrest and punishment, they tower above a multitude of pretenders in the dynasties of modern crime. Of one figure, only the shade survives; but even that has potency.

Until he was mysteriously slain in New York in 1928, Arnold Rothstein was a figure one might expect to find in a great city whose size, wealth, and gaiety are never-ending attractions for the criminal. Suave, and gifted with certain studied graces in conversation and manner, Rothstein attracted into his many-phased crime machine hordes of professional criminals behind whose guns and loot he rose to social, political, and financial power. For fifteen years he flourished in a large way. He was arrested numerous times, but never served a day's sentence in prison. He left an estate valued at \$2,500,000, gathered from gambling, narcotic traffic, and a nation-wide system for disposing of large quantities of stolen property. He contributed to political campaign funds openly and unstintingly. When he said, on several occasions, "I make and unmake judges, too," he was considered to be boasting although it was no secret that two of his personal lawyers had been elevated to judicial office.

Chicago's underworld gave Alphonse Capone his opportunity to rise to menacing eminence, but it did

not introduce him to crime. Trained in the gangs of New York's East Side, a brief service in the army in France did not alter his outlook on life, and in 1919 he stepped out of a dough-boy's uniform and treated Chicago to his all-too-commanding presence and extraordinary talents for underworld organization.

A fresh murder in Chicago or a dozen surrounding cities provides the usual medium by which Capone's name is flashed on newspaper front pages from coast to coast. During the last five years the police and press have proclaimed him "responsible for," "back of," or "interested in" 226 murders!

Capone recently served a brief term in a Pennsylvania prison for gun-carrying, to which term he invited himself as a means of protection against his enemies' guns. But he has not served a day for murder and has been tried for only one, this trial having taken place in New York City. He was discharged. When he was let out of the Pennsylvania prison the police of Chicago dared him to return. He met the challenge by moving on Chicago by plane and fast motor-car. He is there today, unmolested, ruling his gangs and thwarting his enemies, with occasional jaunts in season to Florida where a mansion, yachts, and expensive motor-cars are at his disposal.

With rare exception the immunity from jail which Capone enjoys has been extended to his many followers, which also was the case with Rothstein. Their satellites have been arrested, but few have suffered in the courts. Many have been exterminated, though that was the fault of neither police nor courts. They were taken out of the picture by the unwritten but rigidly enforced laws of capital punishment of their own world, which call for condemnation without trial and death from bullets invariably fired from the rear,



from ambush, or in other unsportsmanlike ways.

Is it possible that the power of such men as Capone and Rothstein, and others, reaches into the criminal courts? Laying aside my own observation, that criminal gangs cannot be held together by leaders who are not able to promise them immunity from the law, let me offer the abbreviated but astounding record of one of the many shocking scandals which, at this writing, has turned the eyes of New York's millions from the much-abused police to judges high and low on the criminal court bench.

**F**IVE YEARS AGO the New York State Crime Commission sought to get at the root of widespread crime by studying the disposition of criminal cases in the police magistrates' courts of New York City. The commission found that of 19,468 arrests made in 1925 the police eliminated only 1.97 per cent., leaving 98.03 per cent. to be dealt with in the magistrates' courts. In these courts, which deal first with all arrests, 56.91 per cent. of the cases were eliminated—more than half—by discharge, leaving 41.12 per cent. for the next step, the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury eliminated 12.24 per cent., which left 28.88 per cent. for the higher trial courts—there 8.31 per cent. were eliminated, leaving 20.57 per cent. Sentences were imposed upon 15.42 per cent., but 5.15 per cent. were released on suspended sentences. This final sifting left 10.27 per cent. actually punished by incarceration or fines! Nine arrested persons out of every ten go free.

Thus, the Crime Commission pointed out, the professional criminal, looking about for a safe territory in which to operate, might well choose New York City. In the realm of murder, it was discovered, only 1 out of 16 accused slayers was convicted. "Is it any wonder," said the Commission, "that when a policeman goes out to investigate a crime he does so with some hesitancy, for experience must have told him what these figures now tell all? *The criminal gets the breaks in the courts!*"

Scant attention was given by press and public to the commission's conclusions. Everybody knows, in New York, that police magistrates are appointed by the Mayor, usually on recommendation of

Tammany leaders. Although scandal has frequently involved Tammany-made public officials, there has remained in New York City a wholesome respect for the judicial ermine; at least it did exist until the shade of the murdered Rothstein spoke.

On August 13, 1928, a young man with a criminal record, and in Rothstein's employ, was brought before Albert H. Vitale, a Tammany-appointed magistrate and indefatigable worker for the organization among Italian-American voters. The young offender was charged with having rifled a cash register in a grocery store. He was represented in court by a lawyer who "took care" of Rothstein's gangsters when they were in trouble with the law.

The policeman who made the arrest called a witness. "Did you see this defendant taking money out of the cash register?" the witness was asked.

"Yes," he replied. "It wasn't right in the register—his hand—but I saw him with his hands full of money closing the drawer."

Magistrate Vitale to the officer: "Have you anybody that saw this defendant taking the money out of the register?"

The officer: "No."

Magistrate Vitale: "The defendant is discharged."

Whereupon Magistrate Vitale, although finding the Rothstein employee guiltless of robbing the cash register, directed the police to return to the grocer the money which had been found in the accused's possession, \$79.31. This money, Vitale added, was the lawful property of the grocer!

**ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN**  
(Right)

Widely known among New York gamblers and racketeers, he became more famous after his murder. His memorandum book later brought about the unseating of a judge.



**ALPHONSE CAPONE**  
(Left)

Fact and fiction credit him with supreme leadership of Chicago gunmen and racketeers.

Arnold Rothstein, gangland king, was slain three months later. His personal and business papers fell into the hands of United States Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, a Republican appointee, who was trying through documentary evidence to establish a connection between a ring of narcotic peddlers and Rothstein. The mayoralty campaign was in full swing in 1929, and the Republican nominee charged, among other things, that many Tammany-appointed magistrates were corrupt and that in particular Magistrate Vitale while on the bench had borrowed \$20,000 from the notorious Rothstein. The Police Commissioner openly accused the magistrate of associating with gunmen.

The Association of the Bar of New York investigated these various charges against Vitale, and he was haled before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court after he had stubbornly refused to resign. The developments during his trial were astounding. He was forced to admit upon the stand that on June 18, 1928—approximately two months before the Rothstein-employed burglar had been discharged by him—he had given a blank promissory note, signed by himself, to a lawyer whose chief occupation was the defense of notorious professional criminals. With the magistrate's signed but undated and otherwise blank note in his possession, the lawyer procured the \$20,000, which was forwarded to Vitale in a letter addressed to "My Dear Judge" and signed by none other than Arnold Rothstein.

Another striking development was the admission by the magistrate that when he was appointed to the bench, first at a salary of \$8000 a year and later at \$12,000, he paid a half-dozen unsatisfied judgments. In three years on the bench he had been able to bank \$165,000—made, he explained, in stock speculation and real estate deals.

The Appellate Court, after a trial which was a model for speed and depth of inquiry, found that while Vitale had been involved in a loathsome scandal, and was guilty of gross carelessness, inattention, and incompetency in his conduct of the burglar's trial, the evidence did not prove corruption. However, the court held that the giving of a blank note to a lawyer with no limitation as to how the loan was to be procured, or from whom, was improper and sufficient ground for removal, and that it must have been known to Vitale that Rothstein was a notorious underworld figure. The magistrate was thereupon removed from the bench.

Since this sensational event New York City has experienced a succession of scandals involving judges of its criminal courts which threaten to overshadow previous Tammany scandals. Chicago, meanwhile, has discovered that the names of several of its judges appear in the written financial records of notorious gangsters and gunmen. Capone's empire has suffered a slight jolt in the conviction of his brother Ralph for violating the Federal income tax law, the result of a prosecution insisted upon by a determined woman collector of the United States Internal Revenue Bureau.

In New York a jurist on the criminal bench has been

sentenced to six years in prison for using the mails to promote a fake bank which mulcted thousands of the city's poorest. His partner in the enterprise, an ex-convict, testified that he often sat on the bench with the judge and had once gone to prison to "save His Honor from the rap." This judge, during his career on the bench, more than once recommended whippings for friendless men brought before him.

Another New York City magistrate has been indicted in the same federal court for selling fake mining stock to men whom he had discharged for traffic violations. He has resigned from the bench, but the manner in which he procured his Tammany appointment transcends his involvement in the fake stock racket. At the time when the mayor appointed him a magistrate his wife "loaned" \$10,000 to a powerful Tammany district leader. That leader and another who acted as intermediary both were reluctant to testify before the federal grand jury, on the ground that they might incriminate themselves. And both leaders later resigned their city jobs. Virtually all leaders are on the city's payroll.

A Supreme Court justice has dropped completely out of sight since the disclosures began. The most sensational charge asserts that an obscure lawyer paid \$100,000 to a Tammany leader for his appointment to the bench while gangsters and bootleggers contributed another \$100,000 to have him named. The sale of judicial offices is now under investigation by the federal grand jury, the state Attorney General, and an official referee, after the Tammany-controlled city and county investigating agencies had whitewashed judges and political leaders involved in the bargaining.

With a Republican United States Attorney and Republican State Attorney General investigating Democratic Tammany's sins, the possibility is in prospect that the revelations may shatter the Tammany organization and consign the "New Tammany" to the realms of the mythical. At the same time it may bare the roots of a long-sus-

pected alliance between conspicuous and unmolested criminals and gang leaders on one hand, and corrupt political bosses and boss-owned judges on the other.

**T**HESE REVELATIONS may be startling, yet it may not be clear to all why Tammany in recent years has concentrated upon control of the criminal branch of the judiciary. On past occasions, as far back as Boss Tweed's and Boss Croker's rule of Tammany, judicial offices were bartered for campaign contributions; but the present revelations indicate that judgeships are put upon the auction block for the benefit of individual political bosses, and that the sale of office is chiefly confined to criminal courts. If the investigations are productive it may not appear strange why Tammany's ascendancy and intrenchment as a political machine invariably parallels an alarming increase in crime and the growth of rackets and gangs.

Tammany always has been noted for its benevolent offices to the poor. It got jobs for the out-of-work,



CHARLES H. TUTTLE

United States Attorney at New York City, who dug up most of the evidence. A rare specimen of the detective-lawyer. His prosecuting work may be ended by promotion to the governorship.



**MAYOR WALKER CONFERS**

Scandals in the magistrates' courts, and elsewhere, have reflected upon the Mayor himself, especially when the accused were his own appointees. Here the young Mayor is conferring with District Attorney Crain, of New York County.



piloted newly arrived immigrants through the intricacies of citizenship, and distributed food, fuel, and money among the needy. These in return gratefully voted the straight Tammany ticket. Years ago the machine bought votes on election day, where in earlier and leaner years it had used gangs to stuff or steal ballot boxes and intimidate men who attempted to vote for the opposition ticket.

But the distribution of food, fuel, and money, and the outright purchase of votes, are activities which any opposing party also may embrace. Indeed, Tammany found itself in just such a dilemma. Bigger boxes of food and fuel, and larger gifts of money, were in many instances offered to voters by the Republican party's practical-minded district leaders.

It is reasonably probable that the question Tammany leaders addressed to themselves was, in import if not in form: "What can we offer the voters instead of charity or straight cash that the opposing leader cannot offer; or what privilege can we establish which will be ours exclusively?" The answer to this, as history records it, was control by Tammany of the police department. Through this control of the arresting and detecting agency of the law, district

leaders were in a position to offer immunity from arrest to unfortunate constituents who were guilty of minor infractions, such as leaving open the refuse can on the sidewalk or cluttering the fire escape with obstacles, and many other offenses. Gradually this immunity was offered to more potential offenders, gamblers, and gangsters.

Due chiefly to the treachery and avarice of gamblers and gangs, a revolting police and political scandal was unearthed in New York City in 1913. It uprooted Tammany, sent a police lieutenant and his four hired gangster aids to the electric chair, and gave the city a fearless Fusion mayor, John Purroy Mitchel. Viewing the wreck of his machine, Charles F. Murphy, the old-line Tammany super-boss, gave vent to one of his few public utterances. "It's a mistake," he said, "for a political organization to run the police.

There is too much grief. Voters resent it." Some years earlier the picturesque Big Tim Sullivan, a Murphy leader, said the same thing about gangs which he had introduced in district politics. Murphy was not moralizing, not precisely. The Fusion administration had taken control of the police away from him. Hoped-for monopoly was lost.



**HAMILTON WARD**  
Attorney General, in charge of the state's investigation.

**THE STATE'S PROSECUTORS**

A single case has been selected for investigation by state authorities. The United States Attorney placed information in the hands of the District Attorney of the city, but the local grand jury failed to indict. An aroused public opinion caused Governor Roosevelt to order a special investigation. In the picture are: Assistant Attorney-General Thomas Penney, Jr., and the special chief investigator (right), Hiram S. Todd.



## INFLUENCE AT COURT

This is said to be the crumpled and discarded calendar for a single day in the court of a single magistrate. In connection with twelve of the cases which were to come before the judge are noted the written names of district political bosses.

ONCE AGAIN, in substance if not in form, the question was asked in Tammany: "What can we offer the voters that the opposing party cannot offer, or to what privilege can we establish an exclusive and lasting right?" The answer to this, if the shocking chain of events now being unfolded in New York City has a special significance, is control of the criminal courts; the power to free guilty persons, a privilege few will deny is not of great value. For what guilty man, or his family or friends, will fail on election day to remember gratefully the source of his immunity?

Judges on the criminal bench in New York City serve long terms and are not subject to removal except for cause, and the cause must be compelling. Magistrates are appointed for ten years; higher criminal court judges are appointed in interim terms, and elected to full terms of fourteen years. Thus a Tammany-recom-

mended or Tammany-elected judge, unlike an appointed police commissioner, is a long-term officeholder. Reform administrations may rob Tammany of its control of the police, but not of its power with members of the bench. Of forty-nine police magistrates in New York City, thirty-six are said to owe their appointments to Tammany district leaders, and a majority of the judges in the higher criminal courts are indebted to the same source. Also, it has been the policy of Tammany, during its present grip on the government, not to reappoint non-Tammany magistrates when their terms expire.

The judicial acts of a magistrate usually go unquestioned unless there arises, as in Vitale's case, a scandal which cannot pass notice. They are the all-important cogs in the machinery of criminal justice, for they are the first to pass upon the guilt or innocence of the thousands of offenders brought before them by a police machine which costs the taxpayers more than \$60,000,000 annually. One should be reminded here of the Crime Commission's observation: "Is it any wonder that when a policeman goes out to investigate a crime he does so with some hesitancy, for experience must have told him . . . the criminal gets the breaks in the courts."

In the brazen recklessness of modern gangs and racketeers one glimpses the operations of "breaks." You never hear, for instance, of gangsters putting each other out of the way by means of poison or carefully plotted killings, which might conceal from the police the slayer's identity. Instead they shoot wantonly and in the open. My opinion is that they do so because they do not fear the police. They look beyond the police, to courts, for immunity. Wide use of the motor car, bootlegging, narcotic violations, and gambling have extended the criminal's field of operations and the size of his swags, and have given corrupt bosses opportunities for wider service and greater gain. Where the gangster formerly got pay from the political boss for election day work, he is now in a position to split his vast loot with the corrupt boss who in return barters his power with the courts.

Obviously the boss can best control the judge if he

CALENDAR FOR VIOLATIONS OF THE

Albion	4728	Ben Tom
	4740	David Bau
	4749-50	Robert Jo
Male	4757	Jacob Els
Logg	4760	Slower
	4771	Albert M
	1st Ct.	Mendel

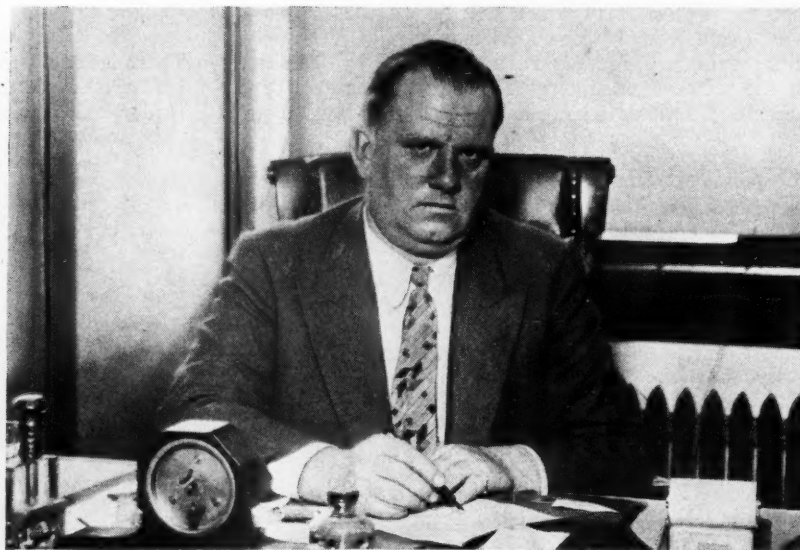
  

In Simon	—	Wester
Hamell	—	Johnson
Hamell	—	Roberts
	—	McCoslin
	—	Loewenber
	—	United Ic
Healy	—	Broadway
	—	100 Ton
	—	Capital
	—	Barrows
	—	Hotel St.
	—	Shenland
	—	Coning Br
	—	Standard
	—	Belmore
	—	Smith Bro
	—	J. Silbermann
	—	Unionville
McManus	—	Hoffman
	—	Gordon Lau
Allen	—	Traynor
Farley	—	



THOMAS T. TOMMANEY

The prosecuting attorney sought to prove that this man collected for those higher up. At first he declined to answer questions. Public opinion forced his resignation as Chief Clerk in the Sheriff's Office.



MARTIN J. HEALY

One of the all-powerful Tammany district leaders, and First Deputy Commissioner of Plant and Structures. A judge's wife testified that \$10,000 which the prosecutor traced from her account to his, at the time her husband was appointed to the bench, was merely a loan. The Commissioner declined to answer questions before a federal grand jury, and later resigned his city job.



W. BERNARD VAUSE

A former judge of the county court, in New York City. Convicted in July of using the mails to defraud. Sentenced to six years imprisonment at Atlanta.



ALBERT H. VITALE

Removed in March from his office as City Magistrate, by the Supreme Court. He had accepted a loan of \$20,000 from a notorious gambler.



GEORGE F. EWALD

Indicted by a federal grand jury in July, charged with using the mails to defraud. Resigned from the bench upon the demand of the Chief Magistrate.

holds the jurist completely in his power. What more effective means can there be of owning a judge than to have sold him his place on the bench? Probably in all other communities the sale and purchase of public office is a crime; but in New York it is only a misdemeanor. Thus the political boss who sells the job and the judge who buys it are co-conspirators in the crime, with the balance of power favoring the boss. Not always an office-holder, he cannot be removed from office or forced to resign in disgrace, an element in the bargain which places the buyer-judge completely in the power of the venal boss who trades that power with criminals. Rothstein boasted that he had more power than bosses, and his amazing career gives the color of truth to the claim.

If judges who have purchased their offices resort to selling fake stock or promoting shady banks, or are moved in their judicial acts by corrupt considerations including payments to them, their defense may well be that they had to do so to cover the cost of their jobs.

This defense has already been projected in behalf of several judges whose affiliation with fraudulent stock-selling schemes is now under investigation. Several of the jurists involved have admitted that they lent their names and official prestige as "window dressing" for worthless enterprises, in which large blocks of stock were sold to persons who admit that they purchased the securities only because they regarded as above reproach any project in which a judge was interested. Where a judge who receives \$25,000 a year as salary pays \$100,000 for his place on the bench, it seems unreasonable to suppose that he is willing to work four years for nothing.

**T**HIS PICTURE of judicial corruption unfolding itself in New York, and promised in Chicago, tends to reflect upon our democratic institutions. Yet it also offers proof of the efficacy of the checks and balances system which Lord Bryce found so commendable in his study of the American commonwealth. Had it not been for the efforts of a Republican United States Attorney, using the power of his office as a check, as doubtless was intended by the framers of our govern-

ment, the sins of the New Tammany might have gone on unchecked. Perhaps the police, who have been bearing the brunt of the blame for the increase in crime, may not be as much to blame as we think. The revelations may also explain that the greatest weakness in prohibition lies not in the principle itself, or an unwillingness to obey the law, but in the reaching into courts by venal political bosses who furnish the protection without which gangs, bootleggers, and other organized criminals could not persist.

In the meantime the way lies open for bar associations, from whose ranks candidates for judicial office are chosen, to propose and insist upon preventive and corrective measures which will raise the judicial ermine beyond reach of despoilers. After all, the honest lawyer who lays his honest case before a boss-owned judge, and expects even justice, has the cards stacked against him before he starts.



#### SHE WOULD NOT TELL

—on the ground that it might incriminate her. Later she explained that the \$10,000 which she drew from the bank at the time her husband was named a Magistrate was sent through an intermediary to a Tammany district leader, as a loan.



#### A HOLD-UP

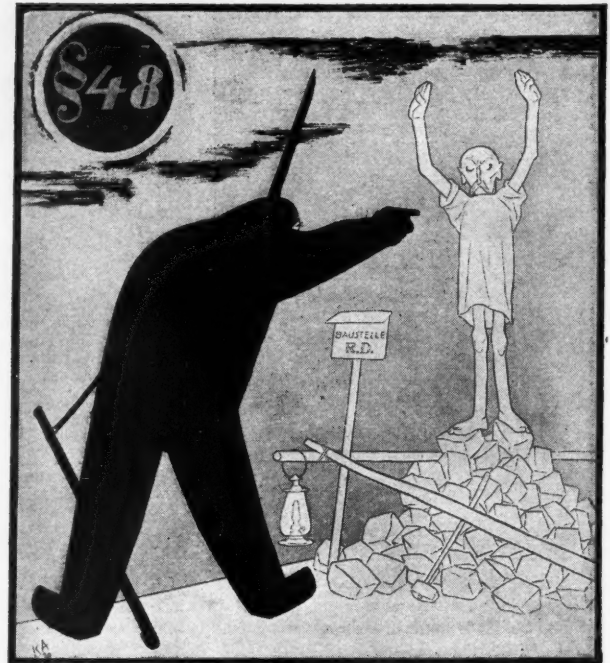
Germany's attempt to raise taxes under Article 48 comes in for criticism at home.  
From *Simplicissimus*, Munich

- THE ROAD AWAY from war has ended. What next? On Europe's answer to that question hangs the future.

**A**T THE MOMENT I am writing this article two things of major importance are taking place in Europe, namely, the annual meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations and the general election in Germany. Necessarily, comment here will be in advance of the event. But neither event is likely to be in itself decisive, while each in its way must shed light upon the present European crisis.

For it must be perceived that Europe is today in full crisis. With the evacuation of German soil and the settlement—at least for the present moment—of the reparations question, the old continent is at last free to consider the new business as contrasted with the old, the business of organizing peace in place of liquidating the latest and greatest of wars.

It is precisely at this point that the League of Nations has yet to prove its larger possibilities. No one will wisely seek to minimize the value of the League in past years—first because it has supplied a meeting place for all peoples, something utterly lacking before the war, and secondly, because it has kept alive the con-



## Europe at the

ception of European unity, vaguely alive, perhaps, but nevertheless quite unmistakably.

So far, however, the League has been unable to do anything definite in the matter of creating a system of organized peace in Europe. Itself the outcome of a great war and the creation of the victors, it has had its hands tied by the inevitable fact that for it peace and the maintenance of the territorial decisions of the Paris Peace Conference have been inseparable.

To the American mind the mission of the League of Nations, as conceived by Woodrow Wilson, was to prevent war, to make impossible a recurrence of the events of 1914-18. To the European mind the mission of a successful League is something far more involved, for the European clearly perceives that future wars can be prevented only if a state of peace is actually established. And no such state of peace does now exist, or has ever in modern history existed, upon the European continent.

Today all over Europe war or rather wars are certainly going on. These wars are not being fought by armies or by guns. But they are being carried on by every known means other than that of actual military conflict. And far more significant than the circumstances of immediate struggle are the systematic preparations going forward for the eventual realization of aspirations which can be fulfilled only by battle.

Today Germany and Poland are in shock on the whole eastern frontier of the Reich from the Baltic to the headwaters of the Oder. Since I last wrote here all the chancelleries of Europe have been agitated by the campaign speeches of the German Minister Treviranus, formerly in charge of the occupied areas of the Rhineland, proclaiming the purpose of the German people to

#### "YOUR HAND, DUCE"

"First take off your glove," replies Mussolini to Briand's pan-European offer.

From *Kladderadatsch*, Berlin







**THE GIANT STIRS**  
Germany begins to strain at its bonds, frightening the French Marianne.  
From *Il 420*, Florence

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

## Cross Roads

obtain revision of their eastern frontiers. These speeches have aroused the inevitable response of the French, the Poles, of all the Little Entente states, proclaiming the inviolability of the settlements of 1919 and the purpose to preserve them by force.

Identical in a smaller measure is the situation existing about Vilna and involving Poland and Lithuania. Equally provocative of anxiety is the Austro-German purpose to realize the *Anschluss*, of Hungary to recover her lost provinces north, south, east, and west. The dispute between the Serb and the Bulgarian over Macedonia has once more obtruded into diplomatic discussion. The Albanians and the Serbs, one backed by Italy and the other by France, are on a war footing from the Lake of Ochrida to that of Scutari. Recently shots fired in anger have directly involved frontier guards between Italy and Yugoslavia.

The storms of the war and the lesser disturbances of the post-war period have passed away and left the new Europe face to face with the fundamental facts of its future. More than two hundred and fifty millions of peoples, divided into fairly equal camps, are looking to the future with utterly divergent purposes, the one resolved to upset the existing territorial situation, the other not less determined to defend what exists.

Nor should the American attach either to the one or the other camp any motive which is unworthy or criminal. The majority of the Germans who demand a revision of their eastern frontiers are as earnestly seeking to prevent war as are the majority of Frenchmen who denounce such demands as subversive of peace and productive of conflict. The hundred millions who demand revision demand it with the sincere conviction that only such an act of justice can prevent the return of

conflict, but the hundred millions who oppose are just as sincerely convinced that peace depends upon preservation, not mutation, of treaties.

So far the League of Nations has been paralyzed in the presence of this problem. On the one hand it obviously had no power or warrant to demand that French, Polish, Czech, Serb, Rumanian, and Belgian peoples should surrender territory or sacrifice security to satisfy their neighbors. On the other, it had neither moral nor physical power to persuade or compel the German, Magyar, and Bulgarian peoples to abandon the millions of their brethren lost as a consequence of the peace treaties.

Here, after all, is the true problem of peace in Europe. As a consequence of the peace treaties something like twenty millions of peoples were denied the right to dispose of themselves as they chose, and today live under conditions which are for them intolerable. But by contrast any remaking of frontiers would do little more than substitute new millions for old, Poles for Germans, Rumanians for Magyars. Racial unity for one



**THE LAST STAGE**  
Briand's pan-European plan is about to be buried, according to this Bolshevik cartoon.  
From *Pravda*, Moscow

people would be achieved at the cost of the destruction of the political security and economic independence of another.

For a full century, ever since the French Revolution released the two forces of political democracy and ethnic nationalism, ever since men began to demand equality within their own frontiers and races demanded the right to unite, no race or people has consented to compromise what they considered primary rights. One by one the Belgian, Greek, Italian, German, Balkan, Czech, and Polish peoples have struggled forward toward independence and unity until the majority of every race is free. But there remain the minorities of many races subject to alien rule, and Europe is left no other alternative than to free subject minorities by creating others.

What can the League of Nations do about it? So far it has been able to evade the larger issue in wisely undertaking the more immediate tasks of organization and of detail. But that organization which for the mass of mankind has its *raison d'être* in the desire for peace cannot eternally avoid the issue and retain prestige or moral value. Moreover, it is clear that no such agree-

ment as the Kellogg Pact is really pertinent, for one group of powers in accepting it naturally retains the right of self-defense—which means the right to maintain conditions intolerable to the other group. Yet this second group accepts the fact with the condition that in the end justice must be done.

Suppose a war had returned California and Texas—all the great southwestern territory taken by the United States—to Mexico. Suppose that in addition the victorious Mexicans had established and supported a Negro state, including the areas in the South where the Negro is in a majority. Can one imagine a post-war generation of white Americans placing the cause of world peace above the liberation of their brethren in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Houston? Would the white minority in Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina place international tranquillity above their own desires?

That imaginary situation is exactly what the existing order in Europe means for millions, and it indicates what would result if there were a transformation to satisfy the desires and wishes of the subject millions of today who yesterday ruled.

## Briand's Project

**M**ANIFESTLY EUROPE has to make up its mind. The League has to do something. Otherwise no one can mistake the fact that slowly or swiftly, but inevitably, Europe is going to slip back into the old morass. A new system of coalitions, the satisfied against the dissatisfied, the status quo against the revisionist powers, will face each other, armed. Across frontiers of friction the old challenges will be exchanged until a new Sarajevo precipitates catastrophe.

It is in this situation that the veteran statesman of France, Aristide Briand, has brought forward his proposal for a United States of Europe. "United we stand—divided we fall!" was the old version. "United we live, divided we fight—and perish," is the new version. And Briand, the most distinguished champion of the League and the most successful advocate of international amity, is the natural spokesman of the cause.

In the moment when he has been called upon to defend his project at Geneva, Briand is both fortunate and unlucky. He is fortunate because every considerable nation in Europe, except France, is suffering from economic evils at least as pronounced as those in the United States. And concomitantly the competition of the United States has been felt in every European market. Nor can one forget the rising menace of Russia.

Industrial Europe is suffering from the competition of the United States not only at home, but also in all the world markets. Agricultural Europe, already faced with American rivalry, sees the possible consequences of the new Soviet system which has substituted collectivism for private production, and may possibly invade the world markets a few years hence.

If European industry and agriculture are to prosper, are even to survive, it is obvious that there must be combination and coördination. There must be a general adjustment of production, and beyond this possibly some unified system of customs and tariff from the Straits of Dover to the Pripet marshes of Russia.

If Europe continues to permit ethnic nationalism to dominate all policies, if she goes on sacrificing present markets to prospective territorial changes, as happens today at half a dozen frontiers, the consequences are fairly obvious. But there is the possibility that Euro-

pean states may begin considering the economic question. Rumania, Yugoslavia and Hungary, divided over every clause of the Treaty of Trianon, have undertaken to discuss a common policy in production and export of wheat, cattle, grain, and pigs. Is it not conceivable that a community of material interests may serve to take the edge off the conflict of racial interests? Will not the partners in commerce insensibly abandon forcible regulation and even persecution of minorities?

At least that is a possibility. A more immediate possibility would be in regional agreements, such as that which Yugoslavia, Rumania, Hungary, and now Poland have been discussing in various conferences. This might eventually lead to something Pan-European in its scope, and that is what Briand is up to. That is his hope and that is his calculation.

But one must not mistake what also lies in his mind, and is recognized plainly in Berlin, in Budapest, in Sofia, and in Rome. If Europe settles down to economic coöperation on the present basis, then the states which are satisfied will be insured against loss, and the states which are dissatisfied will little by little be led away from all hope of revision. The states with lost provinces and suffering minorities beyond their frontiers cry out with obvious anxiety that coöperation and combination are all very well, but that justice and right must come first.

If the price of prosperity through unity is the acceptance of decisions of the peace treaties, if economic considerations are the sugar that coats the pill, then there are still millions of Germans, Magyars, Austrians, and Bulgarians who are unready for the medicine. If for Fascist Italy it means a position of eternally disproportionate strength in the face of France, Mussolini can be heard echoing the protests of Treviranus.

Here is Briand's difficulty. At the present moment, French troops having retired from German territory, French public opinion is inevitably nervous over the question of future security. It sees its greatly reduced forces back at the old boundary so easily crossed in 1815 and 1870. And looking to Germany for some evidence of good will to balance what it conceives to be a real gesture of conciliation, France hears the voice of

Treviranus clamoring for treaty revision as a new and further price of peace.

Concomitantly there comes from beyond the Alps the Italian demand for a treaty revision, not downward like the German proposal but upward, not a return of annexed provinces to the losers, but the further extension of territorial acquisitions for the Italian victor. Today there are on both sides of the Alps armed forces in excess of those which faced each other along the Moselle and the Vosges before 1914, and there is atmosphere even more tense.

Neither France in Tunis and the Sahara nor Britain in Malta is prepared to sacrifice present possession against the possible satisfaction of Fascist demands. France means to stay in Tunis as master, to preserve the continuity of her African possession from Algiers to the Congo and the Atlantic south of British Nigeria; she means also to remain faithful to her Yugoslav ally. Nor is she prepared to concede naval equality with Italy, while parity assumes the guise of a pistol pointed at Tunis, at Corsica or at Nice.

Briand is unfortunate, too, in the fact that his great ally, Stresemann, is dead and his friend and disciple, Austen Chamberlain, is out of office and his policies out of favor. At bottom the British Labor government



ANOTHER SOAPBUBBLE

From *De Groene Amsterdammer*, Amsterdam, Holland

of today is anti-French, and British public opinion is similarly inclined. Moreover, all Britons look with anxiety at the prospect of a continental association, economic even more than political, which must in the end erect barriers to British trade by giving preference to continental states.

Such a European customs union Britain cannot enter because of its imperial responsibilities and necessities. Nor can it face exclusion passively. In the nature of things it must oppose this project of the United States of Europe although opposition in insuring

its failure may lead directly to European chaos, and to that new conflict which is abhorrent to every British mind. At a critical moment Britain is paralyzed. As a European state all her interests lie in the direction of participation in a European combination. But as a world empire all her necessities restrain her.

Thus MacDonald, the great champion of the League, the great prophet of internationalism, is reduced to the unenviable position of opposing the single program of constructive peace which has been presented at Geneva in the post-war period. In Europe as in India and Egypt, the spokesman of socialism and internationalism is condemned to stand forth as the determined champion of British capitalism and imperialism.

## The Anniversary

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO this month, taking up the pleasant task of commenting upon European events for this magazine, I wrote an estimate of the meaning of the Battle of the Marne. With the lapse of years it is clear that the defeat of Germany in this supreme conflict was the decisive event of our own time. It did not decide the war of itself; but it gave to the Allies the necessary time to organize their own resources and to enlist new allies, first the Italians and then the Americans.

Sixteen years ago French, German, and British soldiers were in shock from the walls of Paris to the slopes of the Vosges, and through the week which opened on September 5. Now Europe has assembled at Geneva under the roof of the League of Nations to face squarely, and for the first time directly, the problem of its future.

No man can be foolish enough to imagine that any clear and definitive consequence will attend this discussion. Even the Battle of the Marne, whose anniversary is thus kept, neither ended the war nor, on the battlefield, resulted in the destruction of the forces of either contestant. The only thing immediately settled was that Germany would not win the war as she had planned, that her scheme, the celebrated and grandiose Schlieffen Plan, had failed, that there would be no repetition of the events of 1870 or of 1866.

Yet to me the League of Nations Assembly of 1930 seems in its way as important as the Battle of the Marne. Measurably it must indicate the direction of history in the next few years, possibly decades, as the Marne struggle imposed the future course of the war. The material out of which future wars may be made,

the resources out of which an organized system of peace may be constructed, all lie at hand. Again it would be a voice of unreason which asserted that Europe is facing its last chance to escape new disaster. Neither history nor politics proceeds by such sharp and decisive turns.

But the fact is that European conditions have reached a turning point. In France there is a crisis, a crisis dictated by the clash between French hopes of peace through conciliation and fear of new invasions. The weight of modern opinion is beginning visibly to shift away from the generosity of Briand toward the prudence of Poincaré. In Germany the memory of Stresemann is being clouded by voices of successors who demand the impossible as the prelude to the desirable, who clamor for revision as a condition antecedent to coöperation.

Condemned to restrict the number of its soldiers, Germany has already replied by an organization, a mechanization which has found equal favor in Britain and is now on the point of adoption by France. Reorganization of armies, fortification of frontiers, elaboration of maneuvers alike on land and sea—these are the familiar details of the present summer and autumn. French troops engaged in *Kriegsspiele* on one side of the Alps are today consciously meeting the Italians, and Italians just beyond the horizon are overthrowing the French.

It is the worst summer and autumn since the occupation of the Ruhr. Speaking medically Europe is suffering from a relapse. Yet despite all the just anxieties and well-founded forecasts, the Ruhr did not lead to ruin but to reversal of policies. Face to face with un-



mistakable facts, Europe went to London and Locarno instead of to fresh battlefields. Thus a rally is at least as likely as a collapse now, when the crisis is far less acute and terrifying.

But what I should like to make clear to my readers in this magazine, with whom I have covered so many miles in the past sixteen years, is that underlying all the minor details and the various national crises there is in Europe today a major issue. Complete and decisive failure of Briand at Geneva may prove in the end as fatal to his conception of European combination as

did failure at the Marne prove for Schlieffen's plan of German victory in Germany's fateful struggle.

By contrast even a slight step forward, even a postponement of decision which promises a prolongation of discussion, may serve to exorcise a fear which at the moment is well-nigh universal. It seems to be conducting Europe back to the pre-war days, when incidents like those of Tangier, Casablanca, Bosnia, and Agadir accustomed all peoples to the idea of war and prepared the way for a Sarajevo, which completed the series and unleashed the storm.

## The German Election

THE GERMAN ELECTION of September 14 will be past when this article appears, but in estimating the meaning of whatever results obtain, certain facts remain constant. Above all it is essential to realize that the republic in Germany remains an experiment, at least in its present form. And it is an experiment imposed from without.

Republicanism in France was the final fruit of four revolutions interspersed by experiments with two Napoleons, a Bourbon and an Orleanist Monarchy. On the pathway 1792, 1830, 1848 and 1870 are the landmarks. Emperors, dictators, kings—France had tried them all and was done with them all when, after Sedan, she came to the Third and enduring Republic.

Genuine German republicanism, however, disappeared after the disillusionment of 1848. Following that fiasco the true republicans like Carl Schurz came to America, and the new generation of German youth followed Bismarck to victory and greatness. More and more they were caught by the glitter and success of a new Germany directed by the Hohenzollern dynasty. In a sense French democracy was saved, German wrecked, by Gravelotte and Sedan.

When military defeat arrived in 1918 and the voice of Wilson thundered against the Prussian system and the Prussian monarch, the force of external events rather than internal desire led Germany to a republic. The Emperor ran away, the army collapsed; and the real revolution was made in the name of communism, not republicanism. There was no republican party in the real sense. It was not the desire for liberty, it was not a great uprising of the people as in 1792 and 1848 in France,—it was rather the inescapable liquidation of a bankruptcy in which the principle had run away. That determined the republic. That and the rather subliminal conviction that a change of form of government would modify the terms of the victors.

Germany did not, then, rise to a republic by a concerted, long prepared, nobly sought effort. She made the best of a bad situation. But the inevitable consequence was that a republican party, a republican loyalty, a republican training had all to be made after the event. Experience, training, even ardent aspiration had been lacking. After revolution the German people had to begin where most revolutions end.

Mr. Wilson and those who followed him believed that democracy in itself was a remedy for all the German troubles. They were satisfied that with the Kaiser gone, the soldiers and statesmen of the old order eliminated, the people would take control of their affairs and German conditions would rapidly take on the form of American or French. No conception could have been less exact, because it presupposed in the German people the state of mind of the French or the American at the moment of their revolutions.

True, the flight of the Kaiser dealt monarchy a well-nigh fatal blow; the defeats of the army, the folly, rashness, and political futility of Ludendorff destroyed the illusion of military omniscience which had grown up with the victories of 1866 and 1870. But in the days that followed November 9, 1918, Germany was a republic without a republican in any ordinary sense of the word. The mass of Germans went to sleep subjects of an emperor, and woke up citizens of a republic, without any conscious action or even volition on their part.

This unsought republic had immediately to liquidate a foreign defeat and a domestic revolution, it had to make terms with a victorious enemy though the terms were such as to arouse the unanimous protest of all Germans. It had to undertake to meet demands which seemed tantamount to the destruction of the Reich. It was the government of the Versailles treaty, of the occupation of the Ruhr, of inflation. Inescapably it was associated with all the consequences of the blunders and failures of its predecessors.

In the nature of things the form which republicanism took in Germany, that of a parliamentary democracy, was most suited to bring out all the evil consequences of a total lack of training in participation in the responsibility of government. For at best such parliamentary power as was exercised before 1918 had been negative, not positive.

One must face the fact, therefore, that the democracy which Mr. Wilson and his British and French colleagues more or less forced upon the German people has not worked efficiently or on the whole with brilliant success. After 1918 a solid majority of the German people was certainly opposed to the return of William II and to the succession of his sons. But the reasons were personal, not political. No other dynasty was possible. Yet one must perceive that something very close to a majority of the German people still believed that in theory monarchy was better than parliamentary democracy for Germany; and a considerable minority of them similarly held that, failing a king, a dictator was a tolerable substitute.

The election of Hindenburg in 1925 expressed this point of view and for all the succeeding years the personality and prestige of the old Marshal have served to protect that régime which he swore to defend and has faithfully served. Yet it remains true that on the whole the régime has lost rather than gained ground. Or put more exactly, dissatisfaction with the German brand of democracy has increased.

The trouble has lain in the multiplicity of German political parties and the necessary division of authority. Responsible party government has been impossible since all ministries have been the consequence of a fortuitous combination of members of parties diametrically opposed on major principles, brought together

only by appetite for office or by solicitude for the selfish interests of their particular group.

Only Stresemann for a brief time supplied the necessary element of a strong man with a definite policy and while he lived there was a little order. But even Stresemann was confounded by the puerilities of party rancors, and his death was hastened by unnecessary labors they imposed upon him. After Stresemann the relapse to the old situation was immediate and complete. Today no party in Germany has a leader who commands national support, nor does any party represent in any sense a national, as contrasted with a parochial, policy.

That is the anomaly and the mischief of contemporary German politics. Industrially, commercially, Germany has recovered marvelously, but her recovery only follows the line in which she had already marched triumphantly before the World War. But politically she has at best lived rather than made progress.

And the German people are manifestly disgusted. Their mood is not to be mistaken for inherent monarchism, their state of mind does not represent a recrudescence of loyalty for the Hohenzollern, the Wittelsbach, or any other dynasty. If democracy had been able to make good, to conduct a creditable domestic business, to run things even moderately efficiently, the mood would be absent. But on the whole parliamentary democracy has put up a preposterous and humiliating show. It has ended by running amok with the President himself over the question of voting funds to run the government. It has—as a republican institution—forced a loyal president to adopt, constitutionally to be sure, the methods of Mussolini.

**H**INDENBURG DISSOLVED the Reichstag, promulgated the essential laws, and called a new election. But this new election serves to supply fresh evidence of German incoherence. One minister, not of Foreign Affairs, trumpets forth to Europe Germany's unalterable determination to recover her lost provinces; another, the responsible Foreign Minister, seeks to minimize the harm abroad of this bid for votes at home by reassuring speeches which, however sincere, must seem hypocritical in Paris and Warsaw.

What serves to make the situation more unpleasant is the patent fact that no election can much change the basic situation. Whatever the result no single party can hope to obtain a working majority, nor indeed any two parties. The old alternative will remain, the choice between a coalition of the bourgeois and national groups and between the bourgeois and socialist camps. But given the essential inability of the component elements to agree on any common policy, domestic and foreign, to agree indeed upon anything save a few petty measures, everyone perceives that after a brief delay the old situation will recur.

Meantime Hindenburg grows old. He is long past eighty already. And when he disappears what will happen? Oddly enough this old and loyal soldier of the Hohenzollerns has become the very bulwark of the existing republican system; when he goes, can it survive? Today the alternative seems some form of dictatorship, and here the republic is fortunate in the fact that there is not only lacking an immediately available dictator, but also that the very diversity of political groupings makes the arrival of a dictator unlikely.

I am bound to say that in recent months there has come to me news from Berlin which suggests that the experiment in dictatorship may be tried again, this time in Germany. On the other hand, there come

equally emphatic assertions that a new *Putsch* would fail like that of Dr. Kapp (in 1920), through the general strike of all the workmen. Moreover, if Germany suffers acutely from the evils of democracy, at least it is true that these evils, peculiarly German in their character, seem to militate against any application of the remedy of dictatorship.

**T**HOUGHTFUL GERMANS debate the relative advantages of a constitutional monarchy on the British order and a republic on the American order, with large powers vested in the President. More public discussion is devoted to the latter solution. There is no easily available king to play the rôle George V fills to a perfection which inspires the grateful affection of all his subjects. But when Hindenburg goes, a president will be hardly less difficult to discover.

In any event Germany is today wrestling with democracy not as a deliverance but as a disease. In the circumstances a violent solution is not impossible, although almost certainly it would take the form of a dictatorship. Yet the odds are that the existing system is likely to limp along from crisis to crisis and from failure to failure until the German learns to play the game of parliamentary democracy, and at the same time manages to modify the existing system to suit the peculiar genius of the German people. Politically speaking, this genius is and is likely to remain something totally different from the American, British, or even the French, which in form it most resembles today.

The great war which was to make the world safe for democracy has cleared the way for dictatorships in Italy, in Spain, and in Poland, where Pilsudski is engaged in a struggle with the Sejm. Self-determination and self-government, the twin blessings which were to usher in the new age in Europe, have brought the problem of the minorities, the phenomenon of dictators.

Europe has exchanged William II for Mussolini, Alsace-Lorraine for the Polish Corridor, the Junker for the Fascist, the Czar for the Soviet. Where once the question of subject races plagued it, the problem of oppressed minorities now harasses it. Tribes which lived together hatefully but prosperously now dwell apart precariously. The new afflictions of today, like the old of yesterday, begin to indicate a common result—which is another conflict. Sober, reasonable, moderate, intelligent people in all countries see the same tendency, share the same fear lest the diseases should become established. They are quite plainly showing justified apprehension.

What is now immediately pertinent is the question as to whether Europe can do anything about it, whether there is a new Europe, whether economic realities can promote coöperation and peace where political and racial facts dictate competition and conflict. That is what makes the present moment in Europe, apart from the confused issues and the parochial disputes, one of intense interest and immeasurable importance.

What a picture, too, this contemporary Europe presents in its confusions. Bolshevism, Fascism, Parliamentarism, are all bidding for world adoption, with Stalin in Moscow, Mussolini in Rome, and Poincaré become newly available in Paris, all vending their wares vociferously or at least visibly. The Germans are equally destitute of a man and a method; and finally the British have a socialist and internationalist as prime minister, trying to save the capitalistic system at home and the imperial structure abroad. In the midst of the incoherence and contradiction is the growing perception that Europe is at the cross-roads.





# King Musquash



From the Bureau of Biological Survey

## AMERICA'S MOST IMPORTANT SOURCE OF FUR—THE MUSKRAT

Twenty-five million dollars is the value of the pelts gathered each year from this small rodent, pictured here. Above is the steel trap first made eighty-six years ago by Sewall Newhouse, and unchanged in principle since then. It revolutionized the fur industry.

**A**N IRATE FARMER was voicing a vehement complaint to the peace justice of a small town on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Boys, he charged, were killing all the rats on his farm and he wanted the "law on 'em." If the law proved inadequate, he was prepared to use a horsewhip, a shotgun, or any other implement that was available and fitting for the task of protecting his rights and coping with the situation.

A city magistrate might have considered the grievance preposterous. But the custodian of law and order of this particular hamlet listened with sympathetic understanding, realizing at once that the complainant was not seeking protection for man's most pestilential animal but was protesting against an indignity upon the reigning monarch of the fur kingdom—the muskrat.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland is a distinct province of the fur world, in which "rats" are mentioned when muskrats are meant. Rats in their true sense are pestiferous rodents that pollute and destroy and spread filth, disease, and death. The muskrat is a distinct species, varying only in coat, color and size with the climatic conditions under which it exists. A better contrast between the rat and the muskrat might be drawn by comparing the annual damage attributed to the destructive rodents, variously estimated at between \$400,000,000 and \$700,000,000, with the \$25,000,000 crop of pelts gathered each year from the immaculate vegetarian denizens of our marshes and streams for the comfort and adornment of our femininity. This rich yield is taken within a few months, during the legal trapping season, and provides hundreds of thousands of men and boys—and even women—with a means of turning their spare hours into cash.

It is easy to understand, therefore, why the Maryland farmer became so incensed with the boys who were killing his "rats" and why thousands of other trappers and "rat ranchers," from the frozen north country to the Mexican gulf are ready and almost eager, at a moment's notice, to take up their cudgels for King Musquash. In the bayou region of Louisiana, where river and sea and marshland struggle for survival,

veritable wars have been fought, and are still being waged, over the hide and carcass of a humble muskrat.

During the late fall and early winter, while river boats ply the Mississippi with their huge cargoes of raw fur, Cajan trappers, descendants of the original French adventurers who founded New Orleans as a fur-trading post 200 years ago, still follow their trade and protect their pelts with as jealous a care as the diamond merchant guards his gems. At times the strife along the miles of Louisiana marsh front becomes bitter. The Cajan trapper is a primitive soul who does not understand the technicalities of the law. To him the English-speaking fur dealers, who invest their money and visit the marshes to promote efficient methods of reaping and marketing Louisiana's raw fur, are foreigners who do not speak his language. The native knows only that he has trapped the same territory for years. He was born on the bayou and his fathers before him. Deeds, leases, and injunctions are lawyer tricks to cheat him out of his heritage. When such unrelated people are brought together through conflicting interests a certain amount of strife is inevitable and, as in gang warfare, it is sometimes the innocent by-stander who suffers.

An incident of this sort occurred last year when rumblings of a trappers' war were heard about Lacombe, in Louisiana. A large fur company had obtained an injunction, under which native trappers were ordered off lands on which they had trapped for generations. Imported trappers were brought in. It was sheer chance that the two factions met to fight it out near the shack of Andrew Riviere, who trapped on other grounds.

Andrew was known and liked throughout Lamonte. He was considered an ideal married man, for he had lived with the same woman for ten years. The mere fact that their wedding had been without benefit of



# and His Empire

THE HUMBLE muskrat is now ruler of a vast industry. His empire extends from the forgotten corners of the earth to my lady's new fur coat.

By  
EDWARD  
JEROME  
VOGELER



From  
Frank  
Herskovitz,  
Inc.

## SUPPLY AND DEMAND

At left traps are being set in a typical muskrat marsh. Above is a finished coat of muskrat fur, treated and dyed. In the process it is renamed Hudson Seal.

clergy signified nothing in Andrew's circle. What could a few mumbled words of a clergyman contribute to their romance and happiness? They had always intended to be married, but had put it off until the proper occasion arose.

Possibly, Mrs. Riviere's type of beauty would not rank high in other worlds, but to Andrew she was the great red apple of his eye. A huge woman when he met her on the other side of the bayou she had, each year of their life together, grown heavier and stronger on the rich diet of the "marsh rabbit." At the time of the Lacombe disturbance, she weighed well over 200 pounds. She could skin a muskrat with any man, and during the closed season she made baskets that were the pride of the neighborhood.

It was most unfortunate for this happy couple that Andrew, alone of all the Cajan trappers present, understood some English. The others were immune to the epithets of the strangers and were content to vent their feelings in their native argot. But Andrew knew the words the hostile visitors used were not fit for a lady's ears.

"You cannot curse by my wife!" he commanded them.

Immediately, the attention of the newcomers was turned upon the Rivieres. Heated words followed. The

excitable French temperament added fuel to the flames:

"Right away they shoot," Andrew later told police authorities. "I am blessé. My legs are full with lead. Same time, I hear some one cry 'Ooh'!

"C'est Alice! She stand in the door. I crawl to her vite. I say, 'Alice, qu'est que c'est? Etes-vous blessé?' She looked at me. She do not say anything. She fall. Just comme ça!

"I feel her side. It is covered with blood. I try lift her to bed but my legs won't make walk. She is fine woman, big and heavy. Next day, Captain Lafaye come and take her to New Orleans. She die Sunday. My legs don't make walk to New Orleans, so I don't know when she die."

IT MUST NOT be concluded that friction is the common thing in the quest of raw fur. On the contrary, current conditions contribute towards a degree of tranquillity and smooth-running efficiency undreamed in the early days of the American fur trade. Trappers, fur farmers, conservation agents, game wardens, and dealers are working together with a common thought of promoting the best interests of all, with the result that the value of our raw fur crop has quadrupled under the reign of King Musquash and

## TRAPPED

The muskrat and a pair of trappers. Most pelts are taken by farmers and other amateurs in their spare time.



From the Bureau of Biological Survey

promises to continue to increase for years to come. Yet the very nature of the calling attracts men of the pioneer, fighter type, readily aroused by oppression of any sort.

The history of our country, the opening of new territory, is closely linked with the expanding traffic in pelts. Before the days of Daniel Boone, the terms trapper and guide were almost inseparable. Although the name of an explorer is usually carried on to posterity as the first to penetrate untrodden wilderness, it is seldom that he precedes the trader and trapper. Frequently, he employs a trapper, or an escort of trappers, to direct him at some stage of his expedition.

From the Stone Age man has pitted his ingenuity against animal cunning in the struggle for existence. In prehistoric days, man was the preyed upon, his greater intelligence his only weapon in enabling him to survive the onslaught of the carnivorous killers. Then, as one by one he conquered the more deadly beasts, the smaller fur-bearers continued to harass him, to ravage his fields and prey upon his live stock.

The rapid development of firearms was an important factor in changing the status of various members of the fur-bearing gentry. Then came the steel trap, invented by Sewall Newhouse eighty-six years ago, an agent that was destined to revolutionize the industry.

In pioneer days, the fur-bearing animals, such as the wolf, coyote and several members of the cat family, constituted a serious menace to life and property. These wily creatures soon became familiar with firearms, with a familiarity that bred respect rather than contempt. Gun-shy, they were able to elude the hunters of the period, but they have never been able successfully to pit their sagacious instincts against the cunning of the steel trap. As a result their ranks were rapidly reduced as the use of the device became general. Meantime, the smaller vegetarian fur-bearers, liberated to a great degree from the ravages of the blood-thirsty killers, reproduced their kind in such numbers as fairly to overrun the country. It was not long before the attention of the trapping world was attracted to this richer field.

**W**HEN JOHN JACOB ASTOR built the first great American fortune through traffic in pelts, the beaver was the acknowledged king of fur-bearers. Known on every continent of the world and abounding in many sections of the United States, his realm was a trapper's paradise. At the height of his rule, between 500,000 and 1,000,000 beaver pelts were gathered annually—a crop that proved a veritable bonanza to the Hudson's Bay Company, which operated the region of the Northern Sea, and to the French Colonial gover-



nors, who conducted extensive trapping activities from the St. Lawrence—north to Hudson Bay, west to the Mississippi and the Rockies.

For centuries, beaver was coin of the realm throughout Canada. Values were computed in beaver skins. In those days, every effectual means of pelt-taking was permissible and diligently applied; animals were shot, trapped and caught in snares and dead-falls; they were smoked out of their dens and slaughtered during their breeding seasons; with seemingly boundless supply at hand and an ever-increasing demand both at home and abroad for the rich coats of the numerous species so plentiful in the New World, thoughts of conservation were hazy and measures were sporadic.

Under such conditions the beaver proved unequal to the task of maintaining his supremacy. This diligent castor requires an enormous amount of food and seems endowed with few of the sly tricks of self-defense that have enabled other species to carry on for countless generations. His very industry was a factor in his undoing, the inevitable dams adjoining his habitat invariably betraying his home to the growing host of trappers.

Then, too, the beaver was constitutionally unfitted to reproduce his kind in sufficient number to keep pace with the demand for his pelts. A monogamist, he chooses his life mate in his second year and requires three months to produce a family—usually a litter of not more than two or three cubs. At first slowly, and then rapidly, the beaver lost ground.

Strange as it may seem, beaver fur waned in popularity as the number of available pelts diminished. The rich brown coat was too heavy for our moderate climate. It did not lend itself to the advanced ideas of the fur

garment worker's art. Other objections were found. Probably, the style dictators of the period wisely and deliberately sought them. At any rate, even when it was thought the beaver was threatened with extinction, the value of beaver pelts did not appreciate to any noticeable degree, nor has the species ever regained anything approaching the economic importance it enjoyed during the early years of the American fur trade.

Through these years of rapid evolution and adjustment, muskrats were multiplying throughout the United States and Canada. This prolific, semi-aquatic mammal occurs over the greater part of North America, from the less frigid region of the Arctic to the shores of the Mexican gulf; and is absent only on the Pacific slope, south of Oregon; along the lower Atlantic seaboard; and in a few of the south central states. While the beaver was potentate, the sly little denizen of our marshes and streams was disdainfully ignored. His pelt brought but a few pennies and his flesh was scorned as food. Even as late as the opening of the twentieth century less than 100,000 muskrats were absorbed by the trade. Today our annual crop will exceed 17,000,000 and is increasing each year. It required a World War, in fact, to bring Johnny Musquash into his own.

**B**EFORE the first shots were fired in 1914, the three great European dye centers—Leipzig, Paris, and London—dominated by far the most profitable branch of the fur industry. They possessed a practical monopoly of the valuable secrets of dyeing and finishing—secrets that had been jealously guarded from generation to generation, and which European interests had managed successfully to prevent from es-

caping into this country. As a result, we had been forced to content ourselves with being a producer of the raw product, the great bulk of our finest furs being shipped abroad, eventually to be returned to this country and sold to the ultimate American consumer at about twenty times the cost of the hides.

With the War, the three great dye centers became headquarters of seething military operations while the problems of the Yankee fur trade were discarded, without formality, as the exigencies of world conflict were met. American firms, loaded with hundreds of thousands of costly pelts, threatened with bankruptcy, were driven to desperation by the unprecedented conditions that confronted the industry. Raw fur is extremely perishable. The cost of carrying one season's catch over to another season has ruined many a dealer. There has always been a certain element of chance in the world's oldest industry. But not even the most farsighted of our merchants could foresee the conditions that prevailed during the early years of the War.

Yankee resourcefulness was not to be denied, however, and before long a number of the leaders of our fur trade were hurrying to Europe, determined to bring back at any cost the secrets that meant their business salvation. This proved a task that was far from easy. Many of the British, French and German fur workers had heard the call to arms, while others could not be tempted to part with their knowledge for a king's ransom. A few, however, yielded to the inducement of fabulous sums offered by American manufacturers, and soon a dozen families of experts had been fairly kidnapped into our country.

There are few more striking illustrations of men being paid for what they knew, rather than for what they did. European fur sorters, accustomed to working for a few pennies a day, received as much as \$7,000 for three months' work. Fur dressers, many of whom were mere boys, were paid as high as \$200 a week. Huge sums were offered for dye formulae that proved their merit, and fortunes were expended on research. One American firm experimented on 200,000 muskrats and approximately 25,000 pounds of rabbit hides before it perfected an elusive formula which, later, was to play such an important rôle in the popularity of "Hudson Seal."

With typical Yankee prodigality our fur trade went about the task of learning the business "from the skin up" and no expense was spared in encouraging the imported craftsmen to part with their secrets. That these specialists were able instructors and our workers apt pupils is seen in the fact that, almost immediately, the United States rose to a position of world leadership in all branches of the industry.

Today we are the world's greatest producers as well as consumers of fur. Our annual harvest is more than twice that of Russia—our nearest competitor—and



From Ewing Galloway

#### IN ALASKA

A professional trapper in Uncle Sam's northern possession, whose vast resources in fur are still largely untouched.





nearly five times that of Canada. Louisiana alone produces more actual pelts than all the provinces of the Dominion.

In 1928 members of the Fur Dressers & Dyers Association, which represents the bulk of the industry, processed 32,140,156 skins. The same year, we exported \$39,504,272 and imported \$108,355,236 in furs and fur manufactures, while the total value of our fur products, which included fur and fur-lined coats and overcoats, neck pieces, hats and caps, robes, trimmings, etc., exceeded \$300,000,000.

**L**AST FEBRUARY President Hoover authorized an appropriation of \$30,000 to enable the United States to participate in the International Exposition of the Fur Trade, which was held during the months of June, July, August and September at Leipzig, Germany. Our exhibit included a large clock, which bore the message that every time the pendulum swung two pelts were taken, four pelts were imported, one pelt was exported and \$16 worth of furs were sold at retail in the United States of America.

Our imports include 100,000,000 rabbit skins, brought over each year from Australia and subjected to a process of shearing, dyeing, chemical tanning and general camouflaging that enable them to emerge as "near seal," "electric seal," "coney" and other synthetic beasts that have been created by an expanding industry to counteract the negligence of nature, and which serve as excellent substitutes for the real thing for those who cannot afford the more costly peltries.

Although more than \$50,000,000 has been invested in fur farming in the United States, the raising of many species of the more economically important fur-bearing gentry for their pelts is still in an experimental state. Skunk raising has not yet proved to be profitable as a fur-production enterprise, and the breeding and rearing of the beaver, marten, mink, and raccoon is conducted with success only through experience and care.



THE PICTURESQUE PIONEER IS PASSING

Though fur farming is only in its infancy, the entire profession is feeling the coming of big business and more scientific methods.

Practically all of the outstanding achievements in fur farming were accomplished through the scientific breeding and rearing of silver foxes. Shortly after the World War one company began operations with sixteen pairs of animals, the total valuation of which, on paper, was placed at \$176,000. Despite this seemingly high initial capitalization, the company has since paid out nearly \$250,000 in dividends and has increased its breeding stock to 100 pairs.

Another company operates in one of the Great Lake States the largest silver-fox business in the world. It increased its output from 1,541 skins in 1924, which sold for a total of \$215,740, to 6,538 pelts in 1928, which brought in the munificent sum of \$1,168,779. Last year, the same company marketed 7,500 silver-fox hides, the largest single shipment ever recorded.

Muskrat farming in its strict sense, has never been attempted seriously. This most important of all fur-bearing species requires but little attention and it is obviously impractical to build special fenced-in marshes, when millions of acres of marsh land are available. At the same time many of the choice areas bordering on the Great Lakes and the coastal marshes of Louisiana, Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey are known as muskrat farms and are controlled by business interests which patrol their holdings and regulate trapping to provide adequate breeding stock for the succeeding year. Thus one muskrat farm on 165,000 acres of Louisiana swamp area harvested in 1928 a crop of 150,000 muskrats.

The great bulk of our finest furs are still taken from animals in their wild state. Stroll the broad avenues of New York, Paris, London, any frosty morning, and you will find women, countless thousands of them, cozy and comfortable in furs that were grown in the wilds. Visit Miami, Biarritz, or the sands of Waikiki, and you will see light fluffy robes, trimmed with fur, that serve both to adorn and to protect from sudden changes in temperature that occur even in the tropics.

The sheltered city dweller has but little conception of the rôle our host of trappers play in twentieth century life. With between 700,000 and 1,000,000 busily engaged during the open season gathering the millions of pelts absorbed annually by the fur trade, the question has often risen as to whether or not our fur-bearing gentry would be able to pay this toll without eventual serious decimation. The problem is met squarely by Johnny Musquash.

The reigning king of fur bearers has actually thrived under existing conditions. He makes his home in swamp lands and marshes that have not been, and will not be for generations to come, converted to man's use, and he has proved his adaptability by turning to his own advantage man's intensive warfare against plague and predatory beasts.

The same trappers who during the legal trapping period send him to market in such huge numbers have, by destroying his natural enemies the mink, wildcat, coyote and wolf, protected his family during the all-important breeding season.

A pair of muskrats will produce from three to five litters a year, the average litter consisting of from five to eight young. They mate early in spring, the first litters usually appearing in late March or early April, though this varies considerably with the widely divergent climatic conditions under which the species thrives. Within three weeks the young are born, blind and helpless. But it is not long before they begin to forage for themselves, and soon they are ready to consider the responsibilities of families of their own.

In direct contrast with his noxious cousins, the musk-



#### A FEW DAYS OLD

Born blind and helpless, the young muskrat is soon able to forage for himself. Holding this one is Miss Julia Magee, a successful trapper.

rat is among the most immaculate of creatures. His domicile, not unlike the larger domain of the beaver, consists of a mound of aquatic vegetation with a spacious room in the center always above the water line, but with tunneled exits and entrances below the surface. He is strictly herbivorous, his chief diet consisting of three-cornered grass and other vegetation of the marshland that has never been considered of any practical value to mankind.

In a dozen parishes of Louisiana—St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Lafourche, Orleans, Iberia, Terrebonne, Cameron, St. John, Calcasieu, Vermilion and Jefferson Davis—there are more than 2,000,000 acres of swamp and marshland that provide an ideal habitat for King Musquash. Along the Eastern shore of Maryland and Delaware, additional thousands of similar acres yield millions of "Eastern rats" annually.

In a good rat year, these three states alone could almost supply the domestic needs of the industry, and still retain a sufficient number to serve as breeding stock. And in bad years, when unusual conditions threaten the muskrat, the 50,000 trappers of these States immediately cooperate with conservation agents to protect their source of profitable employment.

Last year, during spring floods of the Mississippi, grave apprehension was entertained for the safety of Johnny Musquash. It was deemed inevitable that thousands of these valuable little creatures would perish. With the realization that extermination of this trade would inflict upon them a terrific economic loss, the trappers joined forces to "Save the King!"

Hundreds of rafts, piled high with the three-cornered grass, were floated upon the raging Mississippi. Almost immediately, myriads of the furry creatures took advantage of the temporary shelters and made their homes upon the crude craft until the high waters receded. That these heroic measures proved of value is seen in the fact that Louisiana muskrats were, last fall, as plentiful as ever.

This year, even more serious problems have menaced this source of our fur supply. The unprecedented drought of mid-summer dried up thousands of acres of marsh lands and uncounted streams. Undoubtedly, the annual crop will be affected. While farmers were praying for rain to save their corn and wheat, trap-

pers were breathing similar exhortations to save their rats.

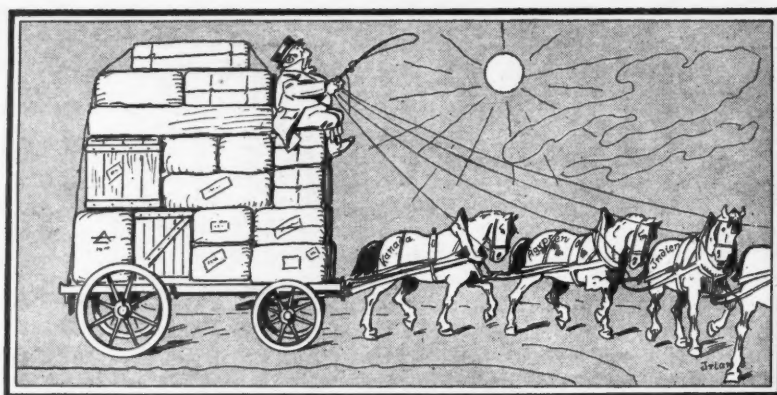
Fortunately for the fur industry, the muskrat is a most resourceful creature which adapts itself with equal facility to flood or drought. Long before the sun will completely dry up a marsh, the muskrat population will migrate in a body, guided by an unerring instinct to deeper water. During July and August swarms of these fur bearers were seen changing their homes in Louisiana, scurrying across fields in orderly formation, invariably in a straight line from a parched area to water.

At Morgan City this instinct led thousands to their doom. Deserting the rapidly drying marshes, they marched day after day, an army of muskrats seemingly drawn by a malevolent Pied Piper to the edge of the docks. Here they committed race suicide by leaping into Berwick Bay, to be speedily drowned. But not even such wholesale casualties can destroy a species that might start with a single pair in the spring and multiply into several dozens by the fall, if all are permitted to survive.

**A**S YOU DRIVE through the woods or over the mountains, you may conclude that our fur bearers are rapidly disappearing. But the records maintained by conservation departments of all our states prove otherwise. The fur bearers are not on parade, but they are not only extant but still plentiful. Last year, for instance, the state of Pennsylvania paid bounties on more than 60,000 weasels—notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of thousands of natives of that state may never have seen a weasel. In another recent year the United States Biological Survey, heeding the appeal of western ranchers, appropriated more than a quarter of a million dollars to carry on an extensive and unrelenting campaign against the animals that still exact a heavy toll of our live stock. One hundred and thirty thousand wolves, coyotes, and wildcats were trapped or poisoned by government agents and their pelts thrown into the general fur hopper.

It is the age-old story of the survival of the fittest. And among the most fit, little Johnny Musquash has proven himself without peer through his inordinate ability to rear large and frequent families.





## THE BRITISH YOKE

From *Kladderatsch*  
Berlin

In the portion of this cartoon printed at the left, we see the British Empire before the War. On the opposite page is the German cartoonist's conception of the same Empire after the War.

**A**S THIS ARTICLE appears, a great British Imperial Conference is assembling in London to discuss the affairs of a worldwide confederation, on whose far flung shores the sun never sets. It is the fourth official meeting since the World War. Before this there had been a number of colonial and imperial conferences in which the dominions played second fiddle. But an Imperial War Cabinet (formed in 1917) and an Imperial War Conference had proved useful, with the result that the dominions signed the Treaty of Versailles and became individual members of the League of Nations. They had attained their majority.

The 1921 conference was productive of little, for general satisfaction was expressed by the delegates. There was disapproval, however, of the English alliance with Japan, and it was soon after terminated. In 1923, at the second "modern" conference, it was clearly agreed that the dominions had the right to negotiate their own treaties in matters affecting their interests, and that each dominion should make provision for local defense. No offers of contributory support were tendered to the British navy. This was the first conference at which the new Irish Free State appeared.

The 1926 conference was most important. In foreign affairs the dominions were now admittedly equal to England, and the late Lord Balfour defined dominion status as follows in an official report:

"They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. . . . Every self-governing member of the Empire is now the master of its destiny. In fact, if not always in form, it is subject to no compulsion whatever."

The present conference, assembling at London on September 30, is expected to remain in session for several weeks. Great Britain, India, and the dominions are represented; the dominions including Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Newfoundland, and the Irish Free State. Important figures include Premier MacDonald of Great Britain; J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs; General Herzog, Premier of South Africa; and Premier Scullin of Australia, a radical Labor leader. The presence of Canada's new Premier, R. B. Bennett, is expected to arouse widespread interest.

The main issues up for discussion are expected to be the legal right of a dominion to secede from the Empire (to be stressed by General Herzog); future British

**THE SUN** never sets on Britain's dominions, nor do the forces that make for advancement in the method of government ever stand still.

naval programs in the light of the London Naval Conference; and the doctrine of Empire Free Trade, which has been demanded of late by Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere, British newspaper magnates. Free Trade within the Empire would mean protective tariffs against outsiders, and many English Tories incline toward it. The present English Labor government opposes it. The Indian question will be dealt with at a separate round table conference, to meet in late October.

In the recent Canadian election, contested under the impetus of hard times, the Tories gained an overwhelming victory and their leader, R. B. Bennett, is now Premier. Mackenzie King, Liberal leader, was forced out of office after a tenure of nine years. The Tories will launch an anti-American tariff in reprisal against the new Hawley-Smoot enactment, and it is hoped that this may relieve depression. They are a pro-British group. Many of their leaders are descendants of American loyalists who fled northward—driven from the United States during our Revolution.

The Liberals are recruited from the original French stock of eastern Canada, and from the progressive farmers of the West who are far from empire-minded. They stress a *Canadian* Canada and friendship with the United States, having sent the first Canadian minister to Washington in 1926. A low tariff is in their program. Upward revision of the tariff, in fact, as a means of relieving unemployment, was uppermost in the minds of Canada's legislators as they met in special session at Ottawa on September 8.

Canada functions as a democracy of English pattern, with a Governor-General to represent the King. It is a federation, set up in 1867, and later copied by Australia and South Africa when they attained dominion rank. Annexed by England in 1763, the French element has never lost its identity; and the country is bilingual. These French Canadians, religious and thrifty, displayed little enthusiasm for the World War and have long been a thorn in the side of the patriotic United Empire Loyalists. Quebec and Montreal are French strongholds. In the western provinces, many American farmers have settled during late years.



# Britain's Undominated Dominions

By ROGER SHAW

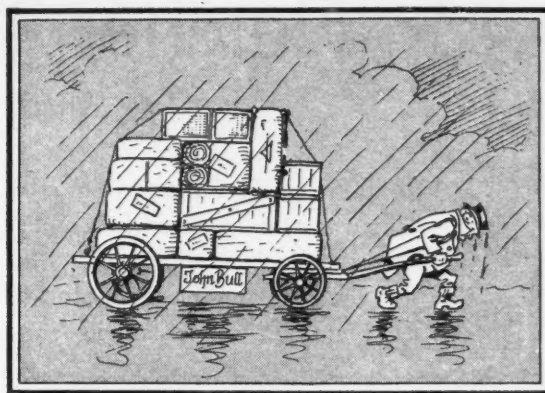
The South African Union is a democratic and self-governing dominion within the British Empire. It is composed of four federated states: Cape Colony, Natal, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State; the latter two being Dutch republics which England annexed in the Boer War, thirty years ago. South Africa is bilingual officially, and its Dutch title is *Suidafrika*. The Nationalist party, under Premier Herzog, stresses non-cooperation with the Empire, and his parliament recently dallied with a resolution announcing the right of secession. The South African party, led by General Smuts, represents British industrial interests and is pro-empire. Government is on the English plan, with a nominal governor-general representing the King. South Africa has its own flag and a Minister at Washington. The present Union was founded in 1910.

Australia is another self-governing British dominion, closely modeled after democratic England. It is a commonwealth of six federal states, attaining its present status in 1901. The referendum is employed as an instrument of government, and voting is compulsory—with a \$10 fine for default. Minimum wages are fixed by law. A new federal capital, called Canberra, has recently been constructed. Australia, on the whole, is loyal to the Empire. It values highly the protection of the British navy, for it enforces rigid Asiatic exclusion laws. Here, too, resides an honorary governor-general, to represent King George. In his name the embattled "Anzacs" performed prodigies of valor at the disastrous Dardanelles and in Egypt during the war.

**N**EW ZEALAND LIES 1200 miles east of Australia in the great Pacific. It boasts a separate dominionship, despite a small population in which the very wealthy and the very needy are conspicuously absent. Women have had the vote since 1893. Popular referendums are held on important questions, and national prohibition has twice been defeated. As in Australia, social and economic legislation are far advanced.

In politics the Reform party is pro-empire and conservative, while the Laborites and Nationalists are of a less conventional turn of mind. The citizens are purely British, and of a markedly high type. New Zealand established self-government in 1856.

Newfoundland is the oldest British colony, discovered by John Cabot in 1497 and still going strong. The



island has always refused to join with Canada, and became autonomous in 1855. Women have voted for five years. Newfoundland controls vast Labrador, and as the smallest dominion has its governor-general. From a population of a quarter million in 1914, 15,000 Newfoundlanders went to the War. Here was England's first step toward world empire. The hoary island became British more than a century ahead of Scotland!

Ireland in 1922 acquired dominion status, under the name of Irish Free State. But while the other dominions have used the British parliamentary system as a model, Ireland copied the government of Switzerland. Ulster, in northeast Ireland, has remained a part of Great Britain. The Free State employs Gaelic as an official language, has its green-white-orange tricolor, and its own Minister at Washington.

President Cosgrave's administration, now in power, is reasonably loyal to the British Empire and to Ireland's dominion status therein. But sentiment for an independent Irish republic is not dead, and the Fianna Fail party of Dr. De Valera is decidedly anti-British. It constitutes the minority group in the Dail, De Valera having been defeated in a recent presidential election.

India is an empire, of which the English King is Kaiser-i-Hind. It has legislative bodies, to which members are partly elected and partly appointed. There is an English viceroy to represent the King, an English premier, and an English commander-in-chief.

More than a quarter of India is composed of despotic native states, whose hereditary rulers recognize the overlordship of King George. Resistance to British rule is sometimes more than passive; and Mahatma Gandhi, the leader, along with relatives and associates, is now in prison. The British have shown the most commendable forbearance in suppressing disorder. While the extreme nationalists demand independence, it is possible that dominion self-government may prove as satisfactory as it has in Ireland. October will determine the fate of 320,000,000 people.

Britain's dominions are outposts of rational popular government, scattered about the world, devoted to the same ideals as England, France, Germany, and the United States. Their ties with the mother country are slender indeed—a common kingship, a common heritage (though Boers, Gaels, and Quebec Frenchmen might deny this), and certain common interests. Whether Canada, Australia, South Africa, and the rest will continue their imperial connection, only the future can demonstrate. In the meantime, the association is a highly creditable one which deserves the good wishes of every other nation in the world.

# Mr. Fletcher Tackles the Tariff

By WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD

THE PRESIDENT took two months to find a Chairman for the new Tariff Commission—and then he appointed a diplomat. The Commission and the President are expected to rewrite, piecemeal, various schedules in the Hawley-Smoot law.

not quite equalize cost of production; hence American industry needed a small tariff.

**F**RIENDS OF Henry Prather Fletcher are congratulating him on being appointed Chairman of the new Tariff Commission. He accepted my own greetings with his ever-present smile and hearty handshake; but in truth I am inclined to commiserate him.

His new job gives him an opportunity to round out a remarkably successful public career, with work of supreme importance. Other commissions affect definite classes, but decisions of the Tariff Commission will affect the life and pocketbook of every citizen. It is appropriate to have such high honor bestowed on Mr. Fletcher, but it is my opinion that the chairmanship of the Tariff Commission will be the most thankless job ever undertaken by an American statesman. He will be between two fires. The manufacturing interests will accuse him of rank ingratitude to the Republican party should his findings reduce tariff rates. The low tariff champions, with equal vociferousness, will accuse him of having "sold out to the interests," should the Commission decide against them.

To understand the gigantic task which Mr. Fletcher has undertaken it may be helpful to recall for a moment the purpose of a tariff, its origin and history. It is intended to protect American industry from ruinous foreign competition, by equalizing cost of production, between foreign and domestic products. The necessity for this protection is due to the fact that the American wage scale is materially higher than that of any foreign country. Henry Clay was the first great champion of a protective tariff. He declared in substance: "I would be for a tariff, even if the money collected had to be dumped into the Atlantic ocean."

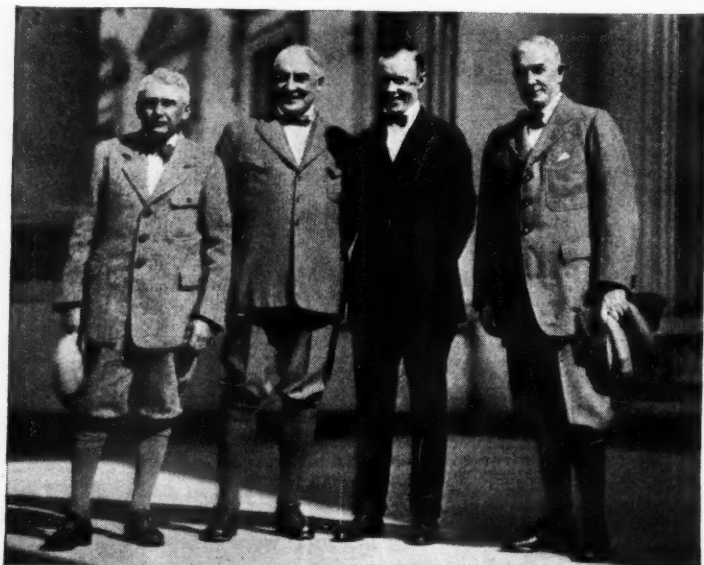
The difference in cost of production has been gradually increased, because American labor unions have succeeded in more than doubling the domestic wage scale. Two or three decades ago an American industrialist said a dollar a day was sufficient wage for an American workman. Henry Ford caused great furore when he established a minimum wage of five dollars a day in his plants. The American manufacturer now would be delighted if his wage scale did not exceed five dollars. Skilled labor receives two or three times that much. The cost of foreign labor has also advanced, but not in the same proportion.

Originally, the difference in labor cost was partly compensated for through the use of machinery, which enabled American workmen to turn out a much larger volume, per man, of manufactured products. This did

wiped out the volume production advantage enjoyed by American manufacturers. Prior to the war, a majority of foreign peoples knew little of the outside world. They were contented to work with the same tools their forefathers had used for generations. But Russia now has American tractors, and Japan and China spin their silks on American looms. The American automobile is seen throughout the world. With the increased production of machine-made goods abroad, the difference between American and foreign production cost has grown greater, with the consequent necessity for increased tariff rates.

The Smoot-Hawley Act provides for revision of its schedule through the operations of the so-called flexible clause. Under this the Tariff Commission is empowered to investigate any tariff rate brought before it, and submit its findings to the President, who in turn is given authority to change rates in accordance with the report of the commission.

Mr. Fletcher himself believes the tariff should be entirely removed from partisan politics, and that it can be if public confidence is thoroughly established in the justice and probity of the decisions rendered by the Tariff Commission. A proper tariff should protect American industry, insure our present wage scale, and



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## THE NEW TARIFF CHAIRMAN IS A GOLFER

Mr. Fletcher's companions in this 1921 foursome are: Frank B. Kellogg, then United States Senator from Minnesota and later Secretary of State; President Harding; and Chic Evans, at that time amateur golf champion. Mr. Fletcher is at the right of the group.

#### HENRY P. FLETCHER

In turn a young Pennsylvania lawyer, Rough Rider, soldier in the Philippines, diplomat for 27 years, and now chairman of the new Tariff Commission.

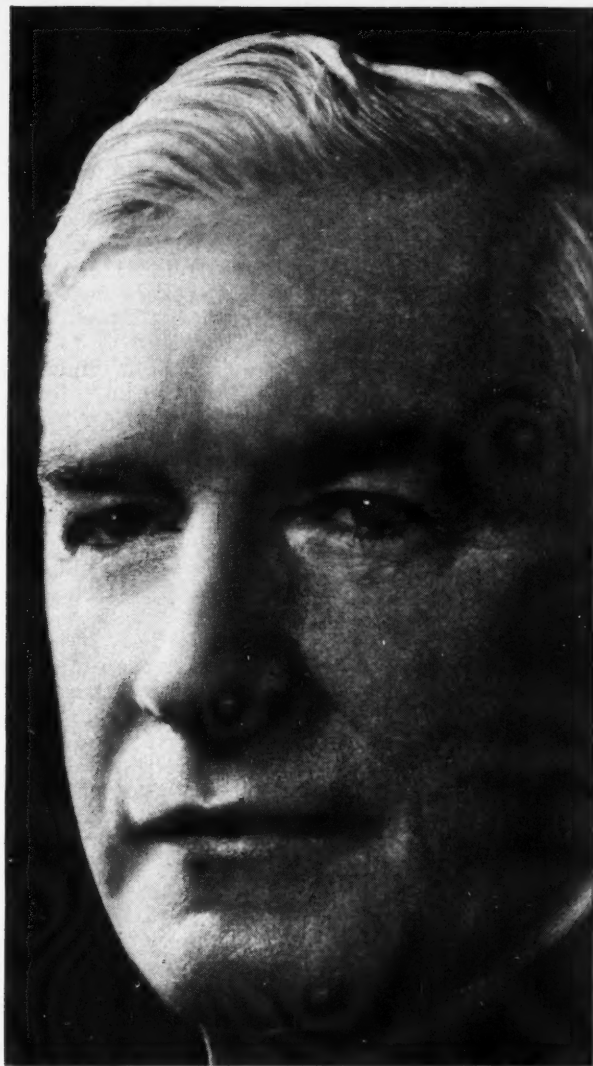
at the same time increase the cost of a product to the American consumer as little as possible. Despite the sophistry of campaign speeches, every nickel added to the tariff rates comes out of the consumer's pocket. If it did not enable the manufacturer to sell at a higher price, there would be no advantage in an increased tariff rate. It is Mr. Fletcher's job to maintain an even balance between producer and consumer.

President Hoover has shown sound judgment in selecting Mr. Fletcher to head the Tariff Commission. It is true that the new chairman is a diplomat rather than an economist. This will work out to his advantage. A tariff expert already has a bias; he is either a high-tariff or low-tariff man. Mr. Fletcher is not a partisan. It is extremely doubtful whether he has voted in a general election since early manhood, because he has been continuously in foreign service. Since 1902, when he entered the diplomatic corps, he has spent a little more than a year and a half in the United States. This would refute the charge that he is a protectionist because he is a Pennsylvanian. Like members of Congress, Mr. Fletcher keeps his domicile in his home state, but he is out of touch with Pennsylvania politics.

**T**O HEAD the Tariff Commission we need a statesman who can inspire public confidence. Mr. Fletcher abundantly meets this requirement. An ambassador is the highest position to which a citizen can be appointed. He is the mouthpiece of the President in the country to which he is assigned. Mr. Fletcher has served his country as ambassador to four different nations.

Then, too, we need a man with thorough knowledge of foreign conditions. Mr. Fletcher has first-hand acquaintance with cost of labor and manufacturing on three continents. He knows Asiatic conditions through long service in China. He knows Latin-American conditions from actual experience as Ambassador to Chile and Mexico. He knows Europe from having served in Belgium, Portugal, and Italy. Nor is he unacquainted with our economic relations; since the Consular Service has been made an adjunct of the diplomatic corps our ambassadors have kept in close touch with trade conditions.

Mr. Fletcher undertakes the task of correcting tariff inequalities with a deep sense of the heavy responsibility resting upon the commission. Some seventy schedules have already been proposed for review. Under the old system it would require more than two years to pass upon them. The law specifically requires public hearings when demanded, which will materially retard the commission's work. Mr. Fletcher, however, hopes to expedite this slow moving process by wiping out as much red tape as is consistently possible. He expects to be able to reach a decision on any schedule in thirty days. Were it possible to investigate only one schedule at a time the process would be interminable. He plans to appoint separate advisory boards of ex-



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perts to obtain the facts in each case that is brought before the commission. Dozens of these hearings can be under way at the same time. Reports will be submitted to the commission, which will reach its decisions upon the facts established at the hearings and render a report to the President.

Mr. Fletcher has not changed much since I last saw him. His once brown hair is now streaked with gray, and there are a few added lines to his strong face. But he is the same active, alert, carefully groomed man whom I first knew in 1898. The present head of the Tariff Commission was then just Private Fletcher, in Roosevelt's Rough Riders. In reality I did not meet him, but I distinctly remember noticing a clean-cut, lithe, athletic-looking, intelligent young soldier whose uniform was nattier and better fitting than that of his buddies. The next time I saw Fletcher he was no longer a private; he was battalion adjutant of the 40th Infantry in the Philippines. This time I had the pleasure of meeting Lieutenant Fletcher.

My principal recollection of him is that of the neatest-looking officer I saw in the Philippines. The enervating climate and the absence of white women tended to make both officers and men extremely careless in their dress. Most of them wore beards, it being entirely too much trouble to shave. Their linen was rarely spotless, and any old uniform would answer. But Lieutenant



Fletcher always appeared as if ready for dress parade. One day I was chatting with a hard-boiled old colonel, a former Indian fighter on the western plains, when Lieutenant Fletcher passed by. The colonel returned his salute, then turning to me said: "H——! He'll never make a soldier. He is too afraid of soiling that uniform."

The colonel was right. Mr. Fletcher was not intended for a soldier, but for a diplomat, where his sartorial tastes would fit to a T. After this criticism, I kept a weather eye on young Fletcher; to see if the colonel's prognostication was justified. I found that Lieutenant Fletcher kept his office more up-to-date than most battalion adjutants. He could furnish details of his battalion, accurately, concisely, and instantly. I also noticed the remarkable ease with which the young officer was able to master foreign languages, even dialects and colloquialisms. He had learned Spanish during the year he served in Cuba. Spanish is the polite tongue in the Philippines; but the natives speak either their own language or else a polyglot dialect composed of Spanish, Moro, Tagalog, and a smattering of English picked up from the American troops. Lieutenant Fletcher could speak fluently, not only Spanish, and the dialect, but also the different native tongues.

I later saw Mr. Fletcher when he was our Ambassador to Belgium where French is the court language. He spoke his French like a Parisian. I understand that he later mastered Italian with equal perfection.

My real acquaintance with the new chairman began when he was stationed in Washington, as an ambassador-without-assignment during the last year of President Wilson's administration. This period was the turning-point in Mr. Fletcher's career. His duties at the State Department were of an advisory nature, concerning Mexican affairs. They required but a small portion of his time. This gave him an opportunity to devote much time to his favorite sport—golf. At the Chevy Chase Club he met Warren G. Harding, then a Senator and also a golf addict. A chance foursome composed of three Senators—Harding, Saulsbury, and Hale—and Ambassador Fletcher developed into a set game played two or three afternoons each week. No sooner had Senator Harding become President than he appointed his golf partner, Fletcher, to the office of Undersecretary of State. No one deserved this high honor more than Mr. Fletcher. There are, however, two elements of success—one is ability, the other is opportunity. Mr. Fletcher had the ability, and President Harding gave him the opportunity.

**P**RESIDENT HARDING let me prepare the first magazine article concerning him as President. While gathering the material for this close-up, I accompanied Mr. Harding on one of his journeys to the golf course. Luckily for me, Senator Hale was detained by a severe cold, and I was invited to substitute for him. Senator Saulsbury and I played against the President and Mr. Fletcher. I cannot say much for their game, for we beat them. Mr. Fletcher showed up splendidly under defeat. He was the best poised and least excitable golf player I ever saw.

There seemed to me intense rivalry between Senator Saulsbury and Secretary Fletcher for low individual score. Coming into the seventeenth hole, the Secretary was two-up on the Senator, who seemed to be quite exasperated. Mr. Fletcher showed no sign of undue elation. But then Mr. Fletcher sliced his next drive, and an adverse wind carried his ball off the course. The pesky ball stopped directly behind a tree.

By lofting, it was possible to shoot between its branches. Bobby Jones might have done it, but not Mr. Fletcher. The ball struck a limb, and bounced back within two feet of its original lie. Undaunted, he tried the shot again, and again failed, except that this time the ball glanced off from the tree and fell into a trap. Before he finally sank his putt he had taken nine shots. The average golfer would have exhibited extreme displeasure at seeing an almost sure game slip through his fingers, but Mr. Fletcher's ever-present smile did not forsake him. When President Harding, with some petulance, said: "Well, Henry, we might as well pick up," Mr. Fletcher did not demur. He offered no excuse, did not blame it on the wind nor on the unfortunate lie of the ball.

**M**R. FLETCHER was born in Greencastle, Pennsylvania, in 1873, and was educated at Chambersburg Academy and by private tutors. He was admitted to the Bar in 1894, practicing his profession until the outbreak of the war with Spain, when he enlisted as a private in the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, popularly known as Roosevelt's Rough Riders. He served through the Cuban campaign and was then commissioned as First Lieutenant and appointed Battalion Adjutant of the 40th Infantry, serving in the Philippines. He resigned from the army in 1901, and was appointed Second Secretary of the Legation at Havana, from which post he was later transferred to render similar services at Peking.

Here an interesting event occurred in Mr. Fletcher's career. It was before the days of the new woman, and rather surprising, therefore, when two young American girls arrived at the legation and announced that they were touring the world. They sought some information about the interior of China. Mr. Fletcher passed while the fair Americans were talking with the Ambassador. The handsome assistant was stopped by the Ambassador and asked to give what information he could to the girls. It was a pleasant assignment. He volunteered to show them all points of interest in the "walled city." Then he remembered his friend, Willard Straight, who was also touring China. It did not take the four long to choose partners. By the time the girls were through seeing Peking, the American Ambassador discovered that the legation had important matters requiring attention in exactly the same places to which the young ladies were going. Mr. Fletcher is discreetly silent as to whether it was he who suggested this plan to the Ambassador. After a glorious trip Mr. Fletcher bade the girls a sad farewell when they sailed for home, the impetuous Mr. Straight sailed on the same vessel and was rewarded with a "Yes" before they left Singapore. Some years later one of the girls became Mrs. Straight, while the other—Miss Beatrice Bend—became Mrs. Fletcher.

Seven years following 1902 were spent in the diplomatic service as secretary at various legations. Then came the first appointment as Minister to Chile, where he remained for seven more years. Meanwhile the post was raised to the rank of ambassador. He became Ambassador to Mexico in 1916, Undersecretary of State in 1921, Ambassador to Belgium in 1922, and to Italy in 1924, resigning in June of last year. Mr. Fletcher accompanied President-elect Hoover on his South American good-will tour, as confidential adviser on Latin-American customs and official introducer to South American statesmen. Now he has been appointed chairman of the new Tariff Commission, which bids fair to be a fitting climax to his outstanding career.

# Aviation's Best Bad Year

By C. B. ALLEN

- BRILLIANT new records are written across the skies almost every week. Yet aviation is going through a depression remarkable even in a bad business year like 1930. Why?

**A**MERICA'S AVIATION industry is passing through its best and its worst year in 1930. The people who make airplanes and operate them are having the toughest going of their careers; but there are brighter days ahead, and what is happening just now is for their own best interests.

These somewhat paradoxical views were expressed by no less a personage in the flying world than Colonel Clarence M. Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, at the close of the 1930 National Air Races in Chicago recently. This affair not only is the country's premier air meet of the year, but is a rallying point for the industry and a proving ground for new and radical designs. Flyers and manufacturers alike assemble here on a competitive basis, and to take stock of progress that has been made since their last big gathering.

"There is no doubt that it has been a tough year for the industry," Colonel Young said. "Worse, probably, than the general run of business, which has been bad enough. But aviation is back down on the concrete where it belongs"—he gestured eloquently at the solid and expansive concrete apron in front of the big hangar on the Curtiss-Reynolds Airport where he was standing. "It is in the firmest position now that it ever has enjoyed and I think we can look for some real progress."

"The aviation industry has gotten rid of its gold tinsel and gaudy ribbons and is down to brass tacks at last. For that we can all be thankful. It has been up in the air long enough."

At the height of the aviation boom following the epic flights of 1927 there were 240 so-called aircraft manufacturers in the United States. This, of course, included everything from long-established concerns to mushroom organizations and individuals who had launched into the plane-building field on a shoestring. During the first half of the present year, the records of the Department of Commerce show that America's aviation industry comprises but 41 companies. It is of further interest that, while roseate prophecy in the latter part of



ROUNDING A PYLON  
A spectacular moment  
during this year's National  
Air Races at Chicago.

## 2500 MILES A DAY

Captain Frank M. Hawks, whose most recent achievement was crossing the continent in 12½ hours—a speed well over 200 miles an hour for the distance between Los Angeles to New York.

1928 set the number of airplanes to be built the following year at 10,000 and half this number actually were turned out, 1700 planes (including 350 built for the Army and Navy) were produced in the initial six months of 1930, with an indicated total production for the year of some 3500 ships.

The over-production of 1929, which existed even after the original estimates had been cut in half, resulted during the last year in a drastic price-cutting campaign within the aviation industry that has wiped out many companies, brought heavy losses to many others—and placed airplanes within the range of many persons who heretofore could not consider aviation seriously.

This seems to be proving of great benefit to the industry, not only in increased patronage on a bargain-day basis, but because it has belatedly awakened the industry itself to a realization that a lot of folk will fly once wings are brought within their reach. An immediate outcome of this discovery is a definite trend toward production of planes whose initial cost will continue to be low, which can be flown with a minimum of



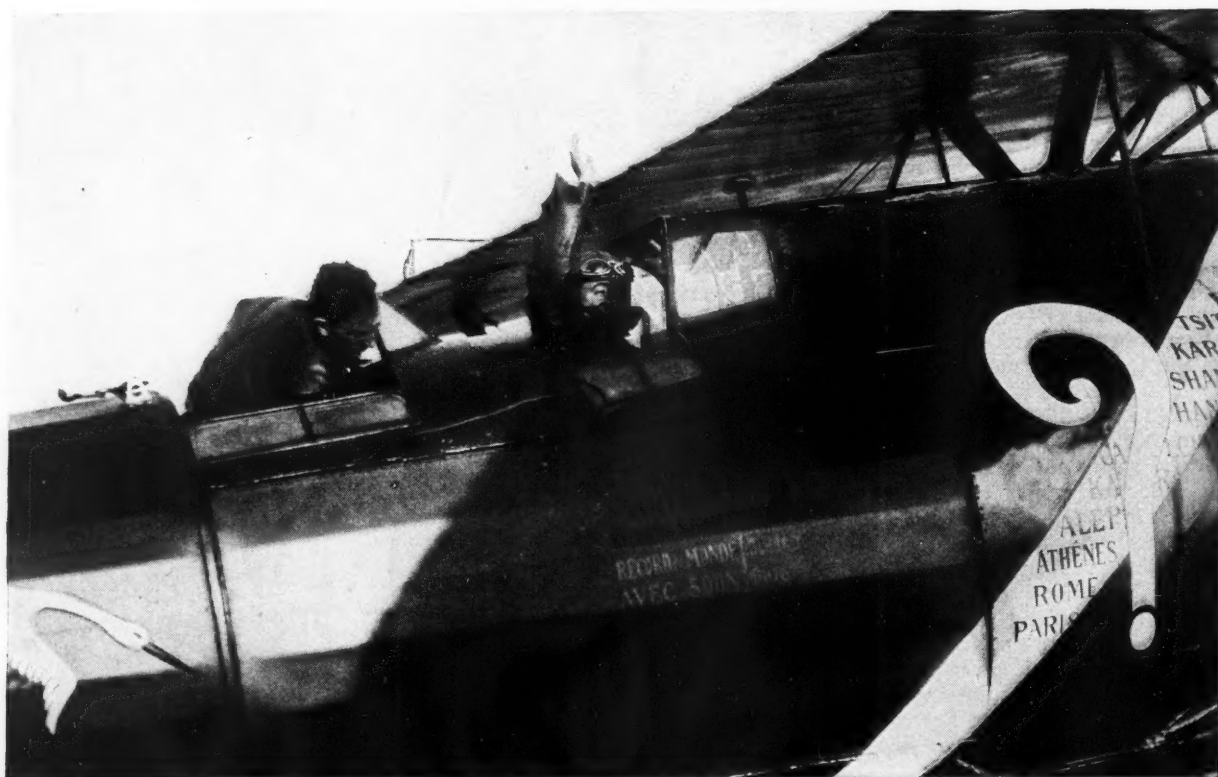
instruction and a maximum of safety, and whose maintenance and operating cost make them economical machines to own.

Of course, in the throes of all this re-adjustment, scores of aircraft concerns which started up on prospects and never got much farther, have been "folded up" with consequent losses to themselves and to the public that invested in them. Others have been absorbed in mergers. Within the big groups themselves, formed for the most part by the amalgamation of these smaller units, drastic economies have been put into effect; heads have been cut off right and left, and the "front" that the American aircraft industry seemed to think it had to put up has collapsed rather tragically. The business of building airplanes has

gone back to the fundamentals of production and sales, and admitted that it was all wrong in attempting to duplicate the methods of the automotive industry.

Colonel Young points out that the shake-down suffered in the aviation industry inevitably makes for a better product in that it means the survival of the most competent designers and engineers, and their concentration in a relatively small number of factories. This will tend to improve both design and construction, and to give airplanes that are increasingly efficient and safe to that portion of the public which wants to fly.

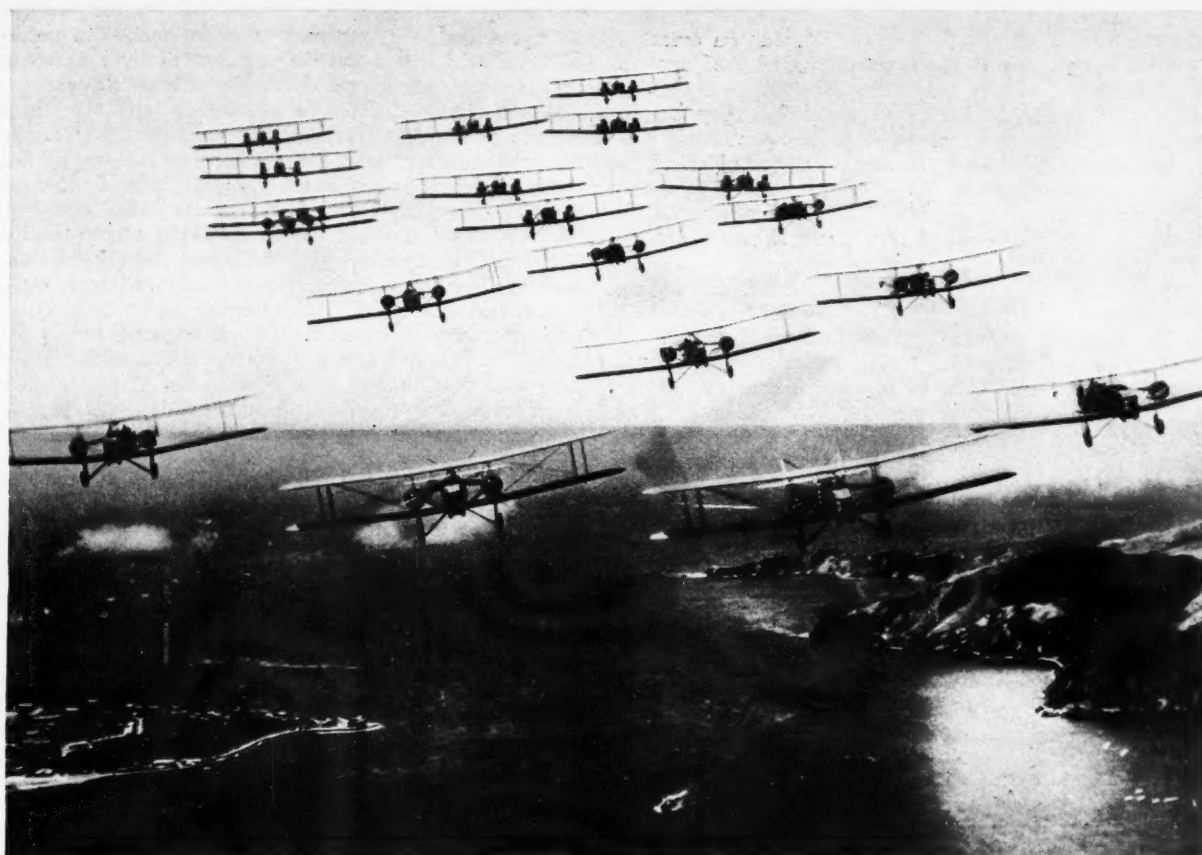
"The market now left to the aircraft industry," said Colonel Young to the writer, "is more intelligent and discriminating than the one which existed at the height



## THE FRENCHMEN WHO MADE A TWO-WAY STREET OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC AIR ROUTE

Since Lindbergh flew to Paris in 1927 pilots have made repeated attempts to reverse the route. Captain Dieudonné Coste (right) and Maurice Bellonte made the first non-stop crossing to New York on September 1 to 2 in 37 hours 18½ minutes.





NINETEEN ARMY BOMBERS FLYING IN FORMATION OVER THE GOLDEN GATE, AT SAN FRANCISCO

of the aviation boom when everyone apparently wanted an airplane, and almost anything that could get by found a ready buyer. This means that the industry will be forced to pay more attention to improving its product or a competitor will get the business. The public, generally, is far better educated than it was about airplanes, and is going to demand real value for its money."

While the production end of the aviation industry was in the process of pulling in its over-optimistic horns, the operating end continued to show steady increases. At present, statistics from the Department of Commerce show the transport lines of the United States to be flying a daily total of 100,000 miles with planes that carry mail, passengers, and express. In addition, American companies operating in foreign countries, such as Mexico, the West Indies, Central and South America, are flying 17,000 miles a day and steadily increasing both the length and the frequency of their operations. This, in contrast to some 65,000 miles of flying every day two years ago in the United States, and an almost negligible amount over foreign territory.

"It is hard to say whether our domestic lines will continue to maintain their daily total of 100,000 miles," Colonel Young said. "But the decrease, if any, will not be great and will disappear within a short time. Several lines, no doubt, have been hanging on to the operation of air routes that do not pay,

in the hope that they will obtain mail contracts under the recently enacted Watres bill which provides that the Postmaster General allocate the air mail to companies which are operating air passenger lines. Some are going to be disappointed, but the legislation is sound and will put the whole business on a sensible premise."

The air line operators of the country showed themselves a smart lot when they reduced their fares to the level of rail and Pullman transportation or slightly above, Colonel Young believes. Not only did the bargain rates vastly increase the volume of passenger traffic to a point where operation became more economical than it had been under the higher schedules

"for the man who can afford to fly"; but it has created a demand that will continue even if it proves necessary to raise rates again somewhat, as some air lines already have done. Primarily, the low rate experiment established that the general public will fly if flying is brought within its means. The immediate result of this was that those who tried out the



AN ADMIRAL LOOKS SKYWARD

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd with Major Reed Landis, watching the Chicago Air Races. The Byrd expedition's conquest of the South Pole ranks high in aviation achievements.

new method of travel, perhaps skeptically, perhaps for the thrill, were almost immediately "sold" on aviation and have continued to use it as an everyday adjunct to their business.

Business men who have discovered that they can do in twelve hours by airplane what has previously required forty-eight by train have rearranged all their schedules accordingly. Time means money to them, and if they can save time by flying, they are inevitably saving money too, even if they have to pay more for air transportation.

Another economy that low rates has effected for air line operators is in increased activity for both personnel and planes. Where one plane formerly went out daily over many air lines with its seats half-filled, three sections now take off with each plane frequently crowded to capacity. Schedules have been doubled and even trebled, with the result that planes fly more hours a day, pilots are not kept hanging around waiting for something to do, and overhead has been cut to an appreciable degree. There is room for still further progress along these lines, according to Colonel Young, and he looks for still greater cuts in operating costs through keeping men and machines busy. There are, of course, definite limits here, but they are far from having been reached and the airplane is expected to approach the motor bus in number of hours service a day as aircraft motors are improved, maintenance and inspection methods are simplified, and the durability of planes increased.

**D**URING THE YEAR, the airplane speed record across the continent from New York to California has been lowered and lowered again, until Frank M. Hawks practically turned the trip into an overnight affair. Colonel Young feels that these flights will have a definite effect on transport aviation as a whole through improved design, so that within the next two years, passengers and mail will be flying, as a matter of course, at 150 miles an hour or more. Colonel Lindbergh, after the one-stop flight that preceded Hawks' achievement, told Colonel Young that, by making another stop or two, he could have carried 1000 pounds of mail or express; and Colonel Young believes that any-

one who would establish a fifteen, eighteen, or twenty-hour courier service across the continent—the possibility of which has been demonstrated by Lindbergh and Hawks—would quickly find it remunerative.

As to public patronage of the nation's air lines, 150,000 passengers were carried in 1929, and present figures indicate at least 200,000 will be this year's total.

"Accident rates are steadily decreasing on the lines offering regularly scheduled service," he observes. "It is true, and I think the public is coming to realize, that most of the crashes occur in an entirely different branch of aviation—among irresponsible pilots, in stunt flying, and with machines that have not been inspected and approved. Accidents are no more peculiar to aviation than to other forms of travel; they are inevitable now and then in any form of transportation, but it is highly encouraging that, in our particular type, the average is steadily on the down grade."

**T**HE FLIGHT of the British dirigible, officially known as His Majesty's Airship R-100, from England to Canada and return this summer, supplies at last a rival for the German *Graf Zeppelin*. In spite of the mishaps she suffered, this giant of the skies made an impressive showing for herself and strengthened considerably the case of those who champion the dirigible as the logical air vehicle for long distance over-water voyages. Additional impetus thus was given to plans for both transatlantic and transpacific airship services now being worked out in this country and Germany, while Great Britain goes ahead with her own schemes for a dirigible link with her possessions.

Hardly was the R-100 home from Montreal when the German von Gronau flew, slowly but with relative ease, from the fatherland to New York via Iceland and Greenland. And hardly had the cheers for von Gronau and his companions died away before the Frenchmen, Coste and Bellonte, reversed Lindbergh's historic route. With sureness and dispatch they flew westward over the grim Atlantic in which those who had flown before them had vanished, to make the first non-stop flight from Paris to New York. In so doing they put a fitting period, if only a temporary one, to a year of achievement in the air.



#### IN NOVA SCOTIA

Captain Wolfgang von Gronau's sturdy German seaplane, which recently crossed the Atlantic via Iceland and Greenland. Some idea of the forbidding territory of this northern route is given by this picture.



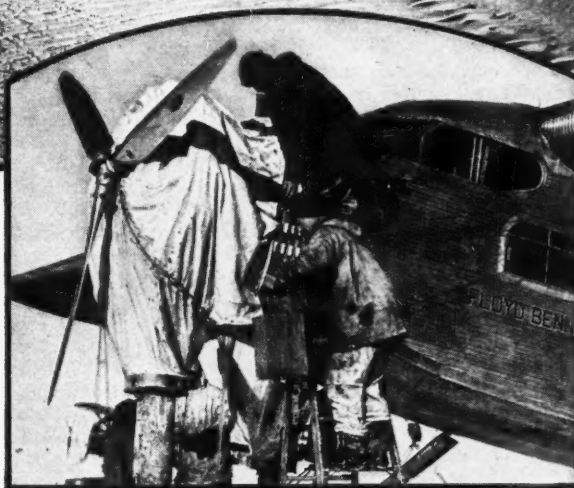


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# The Flight to the South Pole

By RICHARD EVELYN BYRD

From the National Geographic Magazine, August<sup>1</sup>



From Paramount Publix Corp.

## THROUGH THE GREAT WHITE SILENCE

The large picture was taken by Captain Ashley McKinley as Admiral Byrd's plane fought its way above Liv Glacier on the flight to the Pole. The inset, with pilot Bernt Balchen at top of the ladder, shows the motors being warmed before the flight.

ON THE MORNING of November 28 our geological party reached a point about 100 miles from the foot of the Queen Maud Range, and flashed weather reports to Haines. One of the reports from Gould said conditions over the plateau were favorable. Haines had a tremendous responsibility. "They could be more nearly perfect," he said, "but you had better go now; another chance may not come."

We took off on the flight to the Pole at 3:29 o'clock that afternoon. Clouds partly covered the sky at the base. Our concern, however, was the weather at the mountains.

The last thing we put in the plane was a stone that came from Floyd Bennett's grave at Arlington. We weighted it with the American flag, to be dropped at the Pole. This flight he and I had planned, as we had planned the transatlantic flight. Fate sidetracked him from both. But he was not forgotten.

As the skis left the snow I saw my shipmates in the white bowl beneath us, dancing, jumping, shouting, throwing their hats in the air, wild with joy that we were off for the Pole. I got the same kick then that I got when I looked down upon an exactly similar scene in 1926 as Bennett and I left the snow and headed toward the North Pole. These fellows had given us our great opportunity and they were unselfishly glad.

My planemates were. Bernt Balchen,

Harold June and Captain Ashley McKinley. Balchen was pilot. . . .

Soon great mountains loomed up ahead. We sped over the geological party at 8:15 P. M., 325 nautical miles due south of base. We had flown south straight as an arrow.

In a bag, tied to a parachute, we had trail photographs, messages—radios from home and letters from friends at Little America—cigarettes and other items the trail party had requested by radio. We also dropped aerial photographs McKinley had taken of the mountains. We had made a rough panorama of them and on it marked our tiny base and Axel Heiberg Glacier and Mount Nansen. These air views of the mountains would enable Gould to save time in selecting mountains for geological investigation.

We could see the men dashing out for the bag. They had been away from base for weeks. By radio I got their exact latitude and longitude. Here

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Here Begin  
Ten Leading Articles  
Selected from the  
Month's Magazines

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<sup>1</sup>© 1930: By special permission.



## Ten Leading Articles

we had an exact check on our position. We began our climb while the mountains were still 100 miles away. Before us lay the great uncertainty.

George Black, our supply officer, had weighed everything aboard the ship. The total was a trifle less than 15,000 pounds. By measuring our consumption of gasoline and oil we could tell at any moment what our weight was. This was one of Harold June's many jobs.

McKinley was "fighting" with his camera all over the plane. I was navigating. June was sending radios, dumping gas from cans to tanks, estimating gas from six tanks, and between times taking pictures. Later he took his turn at the controls. McKinley and I could take our turns at piloting only when there was no photographing or navigating to do. This opportunity probably would come on the return from the Pole.

We were heading for Axel Heiberg Glacier. Amundsen had reported that the highest point of the pass was only 10,500 feet. He also noted towering peaks on both sides.

To the right loomed another huge glacier. We had sighted it on our base-laying flight and it appeared wide enough for air passage. We were more than a mile high when we passed our little cache of food and gasoline—too high to see it. The sun on the bare, vertical rocks sent up warm currents which struck the cold air above and formed some fog. Balchen and I conferred.

Should we tackle Axel Heiberg, altitude known, but width and air currents unknown? The bordering peaks might be so high that the currents they created would dash us to the ground, hovering as we were near the absolute ceiling of our plane.

Or should we take the unknown glacier, which looked feasible? Beyond the wider pass there might be mountains to block us.

We had to choose now—and the choice would be irrevocable because we did not have enough gasoline to enable us to fly up a glacier and back again and try another. And we had to choose quickly—we were heading into the mountains at a speed exceeding a mile a minute in spite of our angle of climb.

We chose the unknown glacier.

The peaks and their formations now in view were majestic—colossal shapes carved into amazing jagged and rounded forms by untold centuries of ice.

When we had alighted on our base-laying flight the east-west mountain ridge four miles south of us loomed up from the snow as a large mountain. Now, from the air, the towering peaks around it made our base mountain seem a pygmy.

We realized anew how little the foot traveler sees.

McKinley was elated, snapping picture after picture, panting from wielding his huge camera at high altitude. Harold June was cranking his movie camera, dashing over to the radio to report our position and checking gasoline consumption. The air bumps were throwing both men about.

The critical time had come. The moment of a thousand discussions. How about our gasoline consumption? Enough left to reach the Pole? And not too much to prevent us from climbing over the hump? Czegka had installed a dump valve. We could drop 100 gallons of gas at a moment's notice.

Tranquil now, in a critical time, June examined the gauges of the five gas tanks in the great wing. Then he unscrewed the cap of the fuselage tank and measured that with a stick. He cut open several of the sealed five-gallon tins, dumped the gas into the tank, and threw the tins overboard.

Each can weighed only a pound, but every pound counted now. He figured on a pad and handed me the result. Then he looked at the engines.

Balchen was fighting to get altitude. The glacier loomed a long way ahead; the lowest point in the pass was still above the nose of the plane. At times the mixed air currents jostled and tossed the plane like a cork in a washtub. . . .

**S**UDDENLY THE AILERONS failed to have any effect; the wheel turned loosely in Bernt's hands.

Above the roar of engines Bernt yelled, "Its drop 200, or go back!"

June jumped to the dump valve of our fuselage tank. A slight pressure and 600 pounds of gasoline would go overboard. But if we did that we would not have enough gasoline to reach the Pole and get back to base. That was the story Harold's slip of paper told me.

The alternative was to drop food. Would that be fair to these men? It is doubtful whether we could have gotten off the plateau if we were forced to land. Food we would need most of all.

"A bag of food overboard!" I yelled to McKinley.

Over went a 150-pound brown bag.

I might have been wrong in that decision. The effect was instantaneous. A plane hovering near its ceiling is as buoyant as a balloon. Bernt smiled. The influence on the controls was marked.

But we were not yet high enough. Mac was still taking pictures. If I had told him to throw overboard his beloved camera, I felt that he would have preferred to go with it.

Slowly we went higher. Again the wheel turned loosely in Balchen's hands.

"Quick! Dump more!" he shouted.

I pointed to another bag. Mac nonchalantly shoved it through the trap door. He watched it hit the glacier. More than a month and a half's supply of food for four men lies out there on the ice.

Again the plane responded. No more food should go. I had 500 pounds left. Loss of gasoline meant missing our goal. Would we have to dump more weight? It seemed so.

Those were the slowest minutes we ever spent. Amundsen had described the grandeur of the eastern end of Mount Nansen, which we could see to our left. To our right were more majestic mountains no one had ever seen.

Finally we reached the pass. We ambled over—a few hundred yards to spare.

Bernt let out a yelp of joy. No mountains ahead. A clear route to the Pole, dead ahead over the horizon!

Our next thought was our engines. The plateau was so high that the stopping of one engine meant landing in the snow. We had to "ride the engines"—all three of them—to the Pole.

The starboard engine sputtered. June rushed to the gas tank valves. Even McKinley hesitated in his mapping. Balchen manipulated the wheel. The gasoline had been made too lean in our effort to conserve it. The motor sang again.

We had time to look around. The Polar Plateau, at last! Ahead was limitless, level, white. To the left mountain masses towered above the floor of the plateau 10,000 feet above sea level. Some of these peaks must reach 17,000 feet. . . .

About a half hour past midnight we tried again with the sextant. This sight was better and showed us to be very near our dead-reckoning position, approximately 50 miles from the Pole, which was good. Another sight later on gave us a line of position that went through the Pole. This sight put us at the Pole well ahead of the time that our other calculations had indicated.

June was piloting and Balchen came aft to report the air was not very clear ahead. Clouds were approaching. We thought we could beat them back to the mountains. Did they bring strong winds with them? It now appeared certain we should have to race the clouds back to our pass through the mountains. If we lost, our retreat would most likely be cut off and we might have to face the uncertainty of a landing 10,000 feet above sea level, perhaps on rough snow.

**O**UR TIME showed us that the barrier side was four hours back; and from there it is 300 nautical miles from the Pole! No wonder my companions thought I was flying beyond the Pole. The wind had slowed us up.

But the big moment had come!

That imaginary point—the aloof and lonely bottom of the earth—was beneath us. I handed June a message to radio to Little America!

"My calculations indicate we have reached the vicinity of the South Pole. Flying high for survey. Soon turn north."

Perhaps the last sentence was superfluous. We could fly in no direction other than north.

We opened the trapdoor and dropped the American flag, weighted with the stone from Bennett's grave. We saluted our country's flag and the spirit of our gallant comrade.

We turned right, and flew three or four miles, then circled and flew left for an equal distance, then back to our original line of flight on a diagonal course. After we had gone about six miles beyond the point where we first

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turned right, we turned back again.

We flew over the Pole at an altitude of about 2500 feet above the snow. This was about 11,500 feet above sea level. The temperature had dropped meanwhile to 15 below zero. Visibility was good, but not perfect. Clouds obscured the horizon in several places. . . .

The immortal Scott lost his life to reach that spot—the South Pole—which lay beneath us. His superhuman struggle showed that things of the mind and heart, the intangible spirit of a man, can have a far more enduring effect than the material results of his struggles. In honor of this hero we carried the British flag beside that of the United States.

We turned back at 1:25. A job lay ahead of us. Later, we saw patches of drifting snow beneath us. Like hawks, we watched the sun-compass and drift indicator; for we must hit that mountain pass. We must find our base at the foot of the mountains.

Time now seemed to crawl. The mountains which had been clear were now partly shrouded by clouds.

We aimed our course a few degrees right with the intention of descending Axel Heiberg Glacier. We wanted to reach the barrier east of the point where we had flown over it, in order to get a better view of Carmen Land and obtain photographs of it.

Suddenly Balchen gave voice to one of his happy shouts. To our left was the pass through which we entered the plateau; Axel Heiberg Glacier was slightly to the left of our course.

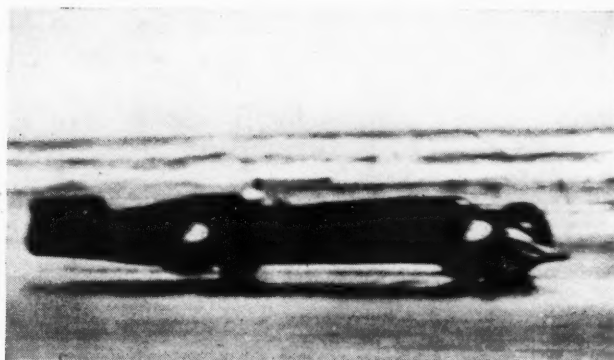
We landed at Little America at 10:10 A. M., having covered 160,000 square miles in 15 hours and 51 minutes. Peary, in planting the American flag at the North Pole, was out of touch with civilization for 429 days, and Amundsen, on his journey to the South Pole, for seven months.

We were deaf from the roar of motors, tired from the strain of the flight, but we forgot all that in the tumultuous welcome of our joyous companions.

## Nine Miles in Three Minutes

By WILLIAM F. STURM

From the Saturday Evening Post, August 16



MAJOR SEGRAVE'S CAR AT DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

Having achieved the world's speed record on land, the daring Englishman lost his life trying for that on water.

IN THE SPRING of 1927, while in Florida, I heard of a young Englishman, Major Sir Henry O'Neal Dehane Segrave, who had come to America with the calm announcement that he had a car which he would drive 200 miles an hour on the sands of Daytona Beach. It sounded absurd to me, for the recognized American Automobile Association record was 156.04 miles an hour for an American car, and the recognized English record less than 175 miles an hour. Later I was to learn that this young Englishman never made extravagant statements.

I went to see the car and its driver, and, like thousands of others, I fell under the magnetic spell of the slim young Briton, who, though only thirty-one years of age, had seen service on land and in the air in the World War, and after the war had become the greatest racing driver in Europe. At the time he was captain of the Sunbeam Motor Car Company racing team and London district manager.

I came to doubt him and stayed to help him out, and the friendship formed then lasted to his death on Lake Windermere, England, on June 13, while he was trying out his superspeed boat, Miss England II, preparatory to bringing it to America to participate in the British International Trophy race at Detroit, in September of this year. . . .

"I doubt whether anyone feels entirely normal at the moment he climbs into a car or boat or airplane for a speed trial," Segrave said to me not long before his

death. "I know, as I stood near my car on the beach at Daytona and waited for the word to go, I was highly nervous. I had just made a slow run down the beach at 177 miles an hour from the north to the south, in order to mark the path which I intended to follow on the record run. After ages of waiting, the O. K. came and I got into the Golden Arrow. The crew pushed the car off to give me a start. As I got under way all my nervousness began to fade like fog before the sunshine."

AS I LEFT the end of the course, which was Mile No. 9, I pressed the stop watch on my wrist so that I could determine how long it took me to negotiate the entire nine miles, with the slow start, the high speed for the one mile and the slowing down at the end of the run. . . .

"Slowly the car gathered speed, for I did not wish to spin the wheels and thus wear the tires thin, which were coated with only a sixty-fourth inch of rubber, just enough to make a smooth surface over the cord. The Golden Arrow could

do about eighty miles an hour in low, and at about sixty-five I changed into second.

"I gave a look at the gauges on my dash—oil pressure, O. K.; water temperature, O. K.; air pressure on the gas tank, O. K. I shifted into high when I reached about 145 miles an hour, though I could have waited until I reached 165, which was the car's top in second. The engine began drinking gasoline at the rate of a gallon to the mile. . . .

"I looked at nothing except the two wheel tracks straight ahead. Out of the corner of my right eye, I could see the flags on four-foot standards set in a straight line, 100 yards apart at the edge of the water, to aid me in keeping a straight course. I was absolutely at ease now. My head was pushed back tight against the cushioned head rest by the forward motion of the car. To have put it out the side of the car would have meant that I might have difficulty in getting it back in, not to mention the twist it might receive. To hold my hand out at right angles I think might have been impossible in the 200-mile-an-hour gale of the car's own creation. . . .

"I could not yet see the big red bull's-eye which I had had hung at the beginning of the measured mile, directly in the center of my path down the beach. The sand dunes on my left, crowded with spectators, went by in a steady blur—one long, waving ribbon. On my right, the ocean was a never-ending flat surface of burnished silver, made so by



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the rays of the bright afternoon sun. "At 231 miles an hour, a mile in 15½ seconds, 340 feet reeling by every second, one's eyes cannot be adjusted to pick up stationary objects. The distance presents only a solid wall to the vision—a wall toward which one is constantly plunging, yet which one never reaches. Closer by, the solid wall of distance changes to a fantastic blur, and the blur is the nearest one gets to clear vision, as even looking straight ahead the objects are out of focus, like the distant objects in a picture where the lens is focused on the foreground.

"One lives in a world of illusion. He sees ahead of him the ocean entirely across the course, but having been over the course a few moments before, he knows it is only an illusion. He doesn't believe his eyesight, therefore, but keeps his vision glued on the ever-present two lines unwinding before him, which he knows represent his wheel tracks made a short time before. The solid fence of flags still continues at the right, and beyond is the burnished sea.

"Now the big bull's-eye shows dully through the slight haze, like a bleary sun on a thick day. My mind is mechanical. I check the fact that my foot

is hard down on the throttle, for this is the record mile. The bull's-eye marks the timing wire stretched across the course at the beginning of the measured mile. The car wheels, hitting the wire, transmit the impulse electrically to the timer in the official stand. This records the exact time of the impact in hours, minutes, seconds and hundredths of a second. At the other end of the mile there is another wire stretched across, which operates in the same way. The difference between the two times printed on the tape of the timing machine is the time used in passing through the measured record mile.

"I look at my tachometer. It shows 2600 revolutions a minute—about 180 miles an hour. Then it drops to 1800. The solid wall ahead dissolves. I can pick up objects ahead and retain them in my vision. I apply the brakes gradually; to have applied them sooner would have fused the metal of the brake shoes.

"My ears still drum from the noise of the wind. I take things easy and roll up to Mile No. 0. I have run the reverse way of the course first. My mechanics await me there. I press the stop watch on my wrist and look at it. It has been a little more than three minutes since I

left the south end of the course, nine miles away. In spite of my easy start and my slowing down, I have averaged about 180 miles an hour over the whole course. That tells me nothing as to my speed over the measured mile, but I have an idea that I am going to be disappointed—that my speed was less than 240 miles an hour—a mark which I had set definitely as my goal.

"One of the boys standing at the telephone at Zero Post, which is connected with the timing stand in the middle of the course, rushes over to me: 'Fifteen and fifty-five hundredths of a second,' he screams as he looks at a paper in his hand—2-3-1-5-1-1-2-5 miles an hour!"

"It didn't surprise me any—that 231.51125 miles an hour. I had run alternately through scallops of sand and water, and as I did so I could feel the resistance under me, feel the car slow up; not much, but just enough to reduce my speed below the 240-mile mark.

"My crew went properly wild, but I felt low. I had missed the programmed average. I had known, ever since the car first began to take shape in the blue prints, that it would do its calculated speed—and here we had failed!"

## When Do We Come Out Of It?

By DR. JULIUS KLEIN

From the American Magazine, September

**T**HE DIRECTORS of one of America's largest banks, including some twenty-four outstanding industrial and commercial leaders, recently cast their ballots in a confidential poll, voting on a question which right now concerns more people than do prohibition and the fall elections. The question they were asked to decide was this, in effect:

"When do we come out of it? How soon may we expect to reach the first reassuring turning point, away from the general business depression which followed the stock market collapse of late last year, to the surer footing of reasonably 'good times'?"

These bank directors have their fingers on the pulse of industrial and commercial trends. When their votes were counted, two-thirds had picked this coming October as the turning point; the remaining third had set the time as next January.

That two-to-one verdict that we'll be "out of it" by the early fall seems justified. The signs are unmistakable that we are about to move out of the abyss of depression—more slowly, perhaps, than some optimists would have us believe, but also more steadily than some pessimists are ready to concede. In our busi-

ness recovery we may expect no sudden swoop up to the top. It will be a long time—a couple of years (possibly more) rather than that many months—before we climb back to the heights of 1929 prosperity. Nevertheless, we are climbing—soberly, unspectacularly—up to a healthier, normal level. . . .

In any estimate of business conditions, we have to straighten out some distorted ideas of what "normal" business really should be. Judgment in this respect was badly warped by the almost hysterical boom heights of 1928-29.

If we obliterate from our thinking that high-flying period, I am quite sure that we can view present-day business activity as warranting far less alarm than is now evident. In no case, even throughout the gloomiest period since the first crash of last October and November, have the dark spots of depression on the business "weather maps" covered areas even remotely comparable with those involved in previous crashes, such as those in 1907 and 1921.

We are coming almost every day upon some new and definite "signpost of recovery". . . .

During the first five months of this year the State Department issued more

than 110,400 passports—six per cent. more than during the same period in 1929 and ten per cent. above the 1928 figure. From this it is fair to assume that quite the usual amount of vacation money is available. . . .

As for retail trade, census figures of actual employment of sales personnel in all retail establishments indicate that at the time of the census in April this largest single branch of our commercial structure had already reached a sound and satisfactory footing. Surprising as it might seem, its schedule of employment was actually above that of a year ago by a small margin.

The April census figures covering unemployment in all trades among a quarter of our population indicate that the total number of those throughout the nation who were able and willing to work but unable to find jobs was approximately 2,400,000, or substantially less than was indicated by carefully prepared estimates earlier in the year.

One of the most significant industrial signposts is the production and consumption of electric power. Here we find that in each of the first five months of 1930, save one, power output exceeded that of the corresponding month of 1929.



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Meanwhile, the electrical manufacturing industry has been moving forward steadily, showing an increase over the 1929 business. . . .

But perhaps the most effective gloom-chaser of all is the evidence showing the steadily mounting number of stockholders in large corporations. At the time of the collapse last fall, the number of such stockholders in six major corporations was about 940,000. On the first of June, 1930, the number had jumped to a little more than 1,110,000, an increase of about eighteen per cent. It is evident that when it comes to the actual purchase of, rather than speculation in, standard stocks, the American people are not scared too seriously. . . .

**B**ACK OF SUCH encouraging signs as these, however, lies a more general and fundamental footing of economic security. This is the fact that the walls of ignorance, whose dark shadows engender fear and uncertainty in financial crises, have broken down before the marvelous recent advances in communication and transportation.

In the old days, when communities were isolated, comparatively few people could know actually what was going on. That isolation and ignorance bred suspicion and, all too frequently, panic. Today the unseen millions of the nation have been getting, so to speak, play-by-play reports of the decisions and actions of business leaders almost as quickly as they develop. In this the radio has been a major contributor. The press, too, has been tireless and remorseless in its vigilance. The air mail whirls bales of statistics to the far corners of the land while they are still timely enough to be useful. Our telephone wire mileage has advanced from 11.6 millions in 1910 to 69.5 millions last year, and our business organization is thus endowed with a vastly strengthened and more quickly reacting nervous system.

In short, business today is an infinitely closer knit unit than it ever was at any previous crucial point in its history. And this union, making possible the timely spread of reliable knowledge and information, makes for strength and security all along the line. Moreover, because of improved transportation and communication, recovery, having once started, will proceed much faster than in any similar period of the past.

And yet in the present situation are many new conditions which are reacting sharply upon business recovery—powerful influences which must be watched vigilantly and studied constantly. Conspicuous among these are the new advances in chemistry. The development of synthetic products as a result of the almost magical achievements of science is going on at such a rate that no industry can afford to sit back in smug satisfaction with its own security. *It is dangerous, these days, for any manufacturer to be far removed from sound scientific advice.*

Then, too, the speeding up of transportation by airplanes, motortrucks, buses, and automobiles has its ominous aspect

in relation to competition. Distant rivals are no longer remotely removed, so far as their effective striving for markets is concerned. Swift transportation has vastly facilitated hand-to-mouth buying. With express service by airplane and fast motortruck, it is no longer necessary for retailers or even wholesalers to carry large stocks. This throws an increased burden upon the manufacturer—a responsibility on his part to keep in the closest touch with the ultimate consumer of his product. He must follow and respond immediately to every shift in demand if he would avoid the grave perils of unduly large inventories.

Contributing indirectly but profoundly to acceleration in business recovery is the amazing spread of advanced education, particularly in technical fields. We lead the world in the scientific research so vitally important in this age of swift, widespread changes in industry and trade. Our chemical and metallurgical industries alone have planned the expenditure of \$25,000,000 for research in 1930. The application of new developments in chemistry and electricity has remade dozens of industries, and this new strength will play a large part in our climb out of the business abyss.

Still another favorable element is the remarkable steadiness of wages. Wage reductions, strikes, and lockouts, which are usual phases of business recessions, have been conspicuously absent. Since 1914, the number of our wage earners has increased about sixty per cent., but the amounts paid in wages have increased nearly one hundred and fifty per cent. Meanwhile, prices of commodities

which wage earners buy have advanced only about sixty per cent.

Our economic advance since the war accounts largely for the nation-wide saving of capital and for the healthy spread of installment buying of household equipment and necessities, which has played so large a part in the up-building of our living standards.

Lastly, and in many ways most important, the speed of our recovery will

be determined largely by the headway we make in eliminating wastes in the costs of distributing commodities. While many economies can be achieved in conglomerate operation, there is a distinct danger of overemphasis of large-scale distribution to the point of becoming a "mass mania." The dinosaurs suffered from that, and they have all been pretty completely dead for several million years. Perhaps it was because most of their mass was concentrated below their ears. Our economist friends have a firmly established rule

known as the law of diminishing returns, which it is well to remember before we find ourselves carrying our merger enthusiasms too far. . . .

As we reach the heights of a better, healthier business atmosphere, we can be assured that it will engender an *earned* prosperity rather than a *speculative* one. Business is getting away from brass bands and is getting back to brass tacks. Or, to change the figure, the cream puff age has been succeeded by a toughening diet of roughage. This will be hard on some flabby, once-fat-covered stomachs, but the resultant fiber will give a far more lasting, substantial physique to the economic body of the nation.



By Ding, in the New York Herald Tribune ©

### SAFE AT LAST!

It's so nice to have a man around the house, especially in times of panic.

## It's Time to Get Up

An Interview with Col. Leonard Ayres

By JOHN T. FLYNN

From Collier's, August 30

**I**N THE midst of good times we are manufacturing the next depression. BUT—

In the midst of a depression we are usually busy manufacturing the next prosperity. That is what we are doing now and we are pretty well along with the job.

That, in substance, is what Colonel Leonard P. Ayres told me when I asked

him a question, the substance of which was "Where are we at, where are we going and when?"

Colonel Ayres is vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, one of the great banks of the Middle West. He has a world-wide reputation as a practical economist and student of business. He keeps the customers of his great bank, with its fifty branches, advised about

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business. But his advice has been so generally sound that his little monthly bank bulletin, intended for depositors, has a national reputation. . . .

"Now, you ask me where we stand now," he said. "Well, I think I see in all depressions four fairly well-defined phases: First there is prosperity; second, decline. Next comes depression and then recovery. Described a bit differently, the first phase is confidence, the second doubt, the third fear and last hope."

"I note you include prosperity as a phase of depression," I commented.

"Yes, it is while we are prosperous that we begin to produce the elements of depression. There is an Arab proverb which runs: 'It is the sunshine which makes the desert.'"

"But let me stop you long enough to ask what you mean by prosperity."

**"P**ROSPERITY! Well, you are prosperous when you work for enough to live on decently and have a little more. And so I should say the country is prosperous when there is work for every man who wants to work at wages sufficient to afford him a living—and a little bit more. It is that little bit more which makes him feel good and which produces the feeling of confidence which is an element of prosperity. Well, sad to relate, it is in that confidence that the first seeds of depression are sown. Confidence spreads around, everybody is riding high, and everybody begins to produce as much as he can of everything, and as fast as he can in order to get as much of that prosperity as he can. He wants to get *while the getting is good*. One of the things he gets is a surplus. The next thing he gets is a pain like the one the greedy little boy who tries to eat too much gets. He has business indigestion.

"The next phase is decline, which begins in doubt. From acting as if the good times would never end, men here and there begin to wonder if they can last. Producers have been, in their eagerness, producing too much. They cannot sell it all. They are overstocked. A few of them suspend operations for a while. That means they stop buying and their suspended workers stop buying. Purchasing power is impaired. The people who are still working also begin to find they are overstocked. They have bought too much. They owe too much. They decide to retrench. They stop buying. More cuts in the purchasing power. More factories drop out or cut down.

"But here is the important thing: All this goes on without anybody noticing it. Meanwhile factories go on producing without having observed this phenomenon. *Production goes on after consumption has slowed up*. Even the stock market doesn't notice it. We used to think the market was a good barometer. But you see it did not notice the decline in business last year until months after it had set in. And this year it proceeded to rise—thus forecasting a return of prosperity when there was no returning prosperity, so it had to do a little collapsing again.

"The next stage is the depression. This takes a good while to develop. At first men are busy telling the world that everything is all right. They cling to the hope that all will blow over soon and they try to carry on. But slowly the depression gathers around. Then comes a kind of general, universal recognition, with dismay, that it is here in earnest. Now arises the emotion of fear. Things were brighter-looking than they were. Now they look darker than they are. The blue chorus gets into action. This is the last phase of the depression. That is the phase through which we have been moving. After this, as the old movie titles used to have it, comes the dawn.

"This is the reason why men have seemed to be more pessimistic in these last few months than at first. They were in the clutch of the fear phase of the cycle. But that is always the hour before the dawn. Oddly enough, in these mysterious industrial episodes, fear is the beginning of hope. And this phase is generally marked by a kind of final spasm of retrenchment in business, a general, desperate closing-down.

"You see how the medicine is at work. Factories and merchants have been getting rid of their surpluses and families have been getting rid of their debts. Meanwhile we have not been producing on as large a scale. *We are manufacturing shortages*. In good times we manufacture surpluses and it is surpluses which bring on depressions. In slow

times we manufacture shortages and it is shortages which cure depressions and bring good times. You have noticed that people have been buying at retail. Stores have not been selling quite as much as last year, but the level is far from low. But it is much higher than production.

"In the first five months of this year we produced only about the same as we did in the first five months of 1925—five years ago. Yet in those five years the population has increased by seven millions and it is certain that consumption is greater in 1930 than it was in 1925.

"Our living standards have advanced definitely in the last five years. We have been consuming more in the aggregate and more per capita and there are constantly more of us. With production lowered to the rate of five years ago and consumption higher, it will be seen that we cannot have much farther to go to produce the shortage which will send us all back to work again. All the history of business indicates that the end of this depression is approaching. When a plant pushes up its first new shoots above the ground, it does not mean that the process of growing has just suddenly started. A lot of work has been going on under the soil. When an airplane leaves the ground, it does not mean that at that instant the engine started. The engine had to run and the plane had to taxi for a while before it began to rise. We have been taxi-ing for a good while. At present we are about ready to rise."

## World Power

By EDWIN L. JAMES

From the New York Times, August 18 and 20

**T**HE MATERIAL SITUATION of the United States of America is such that the resulting political influence is enormous, so enormous that a failure to place its true value on it may be explained by the circumstance that it has not yet made its real force felt to a degree that will surely materialize. . . .

Officially, our government stays out of world organizations. We scorn the League of Nations; we continue to shy at the World Court. But such things count for less and less. We must deal with the world and the world must deal with us. Let there be an international conference, and the imponderable influences bring the United States there. A conference on reparations, we are there. The International Bank is set up, an American is made president. The World Court meets, an American is put on the bench. A naval conference gathers, and the whole business hangs largely on the American position. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

It is always the case that the American position is among the most important. Such is one of the prices of our power. Few world problems arise in which the influence of the United States

will not swing the decision if we take a real interest. Opposition to the United States is a serious undertaking. Our dollars are powerful; there are so many of them. . . .

The aftermath of the war has left the United States sitting on the top of the world. The predominance of our economic and financial position extends in every direction and is an example being used by the exponents of the movement for a Federated Europe and an economically united British Commonwealth of Nations.

It is generally realized in the United States how great the nation is economically. But there is not yet a realization of the great political power our material position has brought us. And whether we will use that power when we feel it as other nations have or whether we will use it in a new and different manner—there is the greatest question of world politics. . . .

It would be, doubtless, an unpopular thing to write that a hundred per cent. American is not the best kind of citizen. But there can be no doubt that it will be found to the interest of the United States eventually for us to let into our souls a



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certain percentage of regard for our position as world citizens. The problem is how to get that percentage of world citizenship into the soul of the hundred per cent. American citizen. . . .

Now, perhaps Mr. Coolidge's writings help us to picture the situation. The former President writes: "Because of the natural and inevitable unity of the human race, some day there is bound to be a federation of the world." It is taken for granted that the distinguished writer sees ahead a world federation which would include the United States. Therefore, he says, in effect, that it is inevitable that the United States will some day be a member of a world federation.

Then Mr. Coolidge opines that "Perhaps the League of Nations is a beginning." He adds, quickly, that "The national spirit has been of great benefit to

man. Its work is not yet completed."

Of course, no one supposes that Mr. Coolidge believes that eventually the national spirit will disappear. He would be the last to wish that. Therefore we must come to the conclusion that he thinks that eventually the United States will join a world federation; perhaps it will be something of which the League of Nations is the beginning; but that, for the present, the work of nationalism is not finished in the United States. By this we judge he means that Americans should put all their punch into the national spirit until its work has been completed, when we can afford to enlarge our vision by the development of some relative proportion of international spirit.

When will that be? Will it be when the United States has gone a little further and become unquestionably the

greatest nation in the world? That is a fair question. And undoubtedly Mr. Coolidge would not aspire to any higher relative position for the country.

In the meanwhile, it might be a logical conclusion, with which the former President might or might not agree, that the other nations have made what is perhaps a beginning of a development which he regards as inevitable, but that we linger backward because our national job is not done. At least, such seems to the writer a fair conclusion and a rather accurate one.

As Mr. Coolidge says, it is only a question of time. When do we decide not to continue the vain effort of isolation in a world where we lead? When do we make Mr. Wells apologize for saying that every time Europe looks across the Atlantic to see the American eagle it observes only the rear end of an ostrich?

## Feminizing Our Schools

By ROBERT E. ROGERS

From the Pictorial Review, September

**W**HAT I SAID in the speech that made the row was in part as follows:

"Our boys and girls have not been taught to think. They are interested in applications, not principles. They have had, in school at least, no fundamental instruction in the problems of ethics and conduct, in the problems of society and government, in genuine science as opposed to tinkering. Above all, they have been taught not to criticize or analyze. . . . They come to the age of maturity ignorant of and uninterested in the principles of ethics, government, science, and society, and unable to criticize them in any but the most superficial way.

"Whose fault is it? I will hazard one unpopular guess. For half a century now the largest part of our young people has been trained exclusively by women teachers. The faults I have been speaking of are the faults of women teachers: preoccupation with method, interest in details, insistence on discipline, disinclination for political, mathematical, and philosophical thinking; an inclination to insist on abstract beliefs to be accepted docilely, rather than the free give-and-take of criticism.

"Our American thinking is feminine thinking, highly competent in detail, immediate in its applications, rigidly idealistic, regardless of the working facts, and weak on critical examination." . . .

What man has won in the war for civilization throughout the centuries he has won by a method which woman cannot understand, cannot apply, and therefore despises and underestimates. It is the slow, determined, pragmatic method of trial and error. It is genuinely scientific and philosophic, however much it looks like "muddling through." It dis-

*Professor Rogers is an instructor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Last year he attracted nationwide attention when he advised a graduating class from a men's college to marry the boss's daughter instead of a stenographer. More recently he caused further disturbance by saying that women teachers are responsible for many of the defects in our educational system.*

counts theories, dogmas, a priori notions, "ideals" as the word is commonly misused. It is dubious of "authorities." It refuses to allow itself to be rushed into overt acts that depend on rigid beliefs, however promising they appear.

Its hesitation to commit itself to courses of action that seem theoretically unexceptionable often seems mere stupidity, as Bagehot once pointed out in his explanation of the practical stability and success of the English. It makes progress by inching along, by retracing its steps when necessary. It is opportunistic. It is slow. It is safe. And it causes less waste through inquisition, revolution, and war—all fruits of dogma and prejudice—than any other method.

**W**OMAN DOES not think that way. Her mind is quicker, more logical, more intense. She has less patience. She relies more on standards and authorities. She inclines to worship "ideals" for their own sake, because they look pretty, lacking that long, dubious, ruminating look-ahead of the man. She is naturally a reformer. She likes to mold and shape things over—her husband, her sons, her community. . . .

Man knows that truth is a plural kind of thing, capable of containing, and even sustaining, many inconsistencies and contradictions. He may not be entirely

satisfied with a pluralistic universe, but he knows enough to grin and bear it and to try to make the best of what he has. Woman is a monist. She carries round inside her head a picture of how things ought to be—rooms, houses, towns, schools, and states—and will not rest until she has made the thing over to her ideal specifications. The result will be highly logical, often very decorative and quite unlivable. . . .

Man trusts nature. Woman is profoundly irritated and put out by it. As a consequence, perhaps, nature has a way of helping man out of tight places when reason and logic fail, and, equally, a way of thwarting woman in her pattern-making. Nature has muddled, apparently beyond hope, woman's clean and beautiful dream of a politics purified beyond recognition by woman's hand and of a society drinkless and contented.

One might imagine that business, with its intermittent, unscientific give-and-take, would have taught woman not to be forever screwing herself up to concert pitch, but those who have dealt with woman in business are inclined to deprecate in her this same intensity which drives her ahead, without leisure or laughter, toward a self-centered satisfaction in her achievement.

Woman, business men tell us, does business in the same way that she smokes, furiously and without pause. A woman office manager is far more of an unnecessary martinet to her girls than is a man, so is a woman school principal, a woman college teacher. Even if more work does get done, one wonders whether it is worth the nervous strain.

Woman does not care for resolution by argument. She prefers to settle things herself, and have them settled for her,



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by ukase handed down from authority. That is why schoolboys will tell you that it is not possible to argue with a woman teacher. She does not like to have her authorities and her fixed ideas tossed about.

Once I quoted that very common testimony to a woman teacher. She informed me instantly that the only kind of boy who wants to argue with you is the kind that has not learned his lesson and wants to sidetrack the teacher. Would not, she questioned, the free give-and-take of discussion ruin morale? By morale she obviously meant discipline, which to her was in itself an end and a good. And so on. . . .

Recently a convention of school superintendents went out of its way to pass a resolution, as follows:

"RESOLVED, That the superintendents of the New England schools reaffirm their confidence in the women teachers of our public schools, believing that they are showing marked qualities of leadership and inspiration and are training their pupils so to think and act as to

bring about ultimately a keener public sensitiveness to the appeal of great moral issues."

I call your attention to the key words here: "leadership," "inspiration," "great moral issues"—the old, old line of goods that during two generations our schools have been selling instead of the hard facts and tough thinking we need so badly. So overwhelming is this feminine concept of education among us that the teacher's own superiors swallow it without criticism—even with approbation. They know no other.

*Alma mater.* Her children are the easy prey of every exploiter, every ballyhoo artist, every false prophet who comes along with a nostrum for the senses, the mind, the spirit. She has taught them to feel as she feels. But she has never taught them to think. Thinking makes her head ache. It is easier to teach methods, to draw patterns, to discipline, to preach ideals—and to manage. Incomplete Platonists all of us, living in an imperfect world that exists in perfection only in our minds.

eration to make collectors' items of the odds and ends of yesterday.

An assortment of old shaving mugs! What would the collector of a generation ago have thought of that? Or cup plates, or bone trays, or antimacassars?

They served a purpose in their day, these articles which now are hunted out of their dusty corners and prized beyond the dreams of their original owners. The mustache cup with its projection inside the rim to hold up Father's heavy "walrus" while he drained his coffee. The little glass or china cup plate, just large enough to set the cup while you cooled your coffee in the saucer. The antimacassar, round and of delicate needlework, which protected the satin backs of chairs and sofas from the oil that gentlemen of a past day used to slick down their hair.

**B**UT THEY have outlived their purpose. The "walrus" mustache is gone. People do not drink coffee out of saucers any more. Gentlemen do not saturate their hair with oil. So another purpose has been found for these things, practical no longer but "quaint." After all, why not? It is amusing to look at a mustache cup and recall that it was once considered a very sensible and serviceable article. Or to muse over the days when spotting the table cloth was a cardinal crime but drinking from a saucer was good manners. Or to remember that there was an age when hostesses had to protect the furniture even from their nicest guests.

It is this, the story behind these objects, the pictures of past days and customs that they recall, which, more than anything else, makes them sought after today. The men who collect shaving mugs, and there are a number of them in this country, are historians in their modest way, and they are collectors just the same as those who prize old Georgian furniture or Syrian rugs or Sheffield plate. They have the true collector instinct, and fever. They have found an institution, or custom, that has passed into history, and they pounce upon its visible remains, gathering them up and hoarding them to illustrate a memory.

The old neighborhood barber shop, with its shelves of private shaving mugs, its gossipy barber, its dog-eared copies of the *Police Gazette* and its Saturday night gatherings, has changed into an institution of white tile and big mirrors, with a marcelling machine in one corner, a manicure in the other and short-haired girls in the chairs. But thirty or forty years ago it was a strictly masculine rendezvous. The safety razor had not yet arrived to make shaving a legitimate risk, and the customers came daily to have their faces scraped. The same razor served for all, but not the same mug. Each man had his own up there on the shelf, a hand-painted picture on one side and his name in fancy gilt letters on the other. They were made to order, these mugs; and with consummate care. The picture was usually quite as identifying as the name. If the owner was a carpenter, there was a carpenter shop

## If You Must Collect

By LEONARD FALKNER

From the *Mentor-World Traveler*, September

**H**AVE YOU ever gone into raptures over a shaving mug? Or been entranced by the color of an old whiskey flask (empty and minus the cork)? Or sighed over a mustache cup in pristine condition? Or felt your breath quicken upon beholding a cigar band? Or lost a perfectly good heart beat over a cigarette picture, a china dog, or paper weight?

You have not? Well! Well! Then you are obviously not a collector. At least not of shaving mugs or flasks or mustache cups. For if you were you would know that there is nothing quite as fascinating, or as quaintly charming, or as—yes—as beautiful.

A mustache cup held to the light. A shaving mug yellowed by time and use—and soap. A cigar band of some long forgotten brand. Ah!

It is of ancient origin, this instinct of man's to collect. It started perhaps with Adam. At least with Noah. (His collection of animals, you must admit, has never been equaled.) And it rolled triumphantly down through the ages, gathering moss as it went. The Pharaohs



From Alice Gwynne

hoarded their treasures, and so did the Greeks and the Romans. The kings of old France had their palace walls covered with rare paintings and tapestries. The czars had vaults full of jewels, and wanted more. The emperors of Germany had their own museums. And even King George, besides being Monarch of Great Britain, Ireland and the Dominions, and Emperor

of India, has one of the world's best stamp collections.

The paintings of the great Florentines have been hoarded and prized for centuries. The furniture of Chippendale and Heppelwhite, of Phyfe and Savery and Chapin has long since passed out of the realm of mere furniture and stands in museums and the homes of millionaires. The laces of old France and Belgium and Italy, the china from the kilns of Staffordshire, Spode and Lowestoft, the porcelain from Chelsea, the glass from the factory of Baron von Stiegel and from Sandwich and Bristol have all been collected and collected until their value is well beyond the average purse. But it has remained for the modern gen-

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depicted on the mug. If a railroad worker, a picture of a racing train. If an undertaker, a hearse and a cemetery. The price, picture and all, was two or three dollars. But try to buy one for that today.

And bone trays. Who now would think of placing them on the table? But who fifty years ago would have thought of serving a chicken dinner without them?

The china dog is not the only object which has been rescued from the what-not and glorified. There are persons who collect conch shells and glass slippers and gilded rolling pins and wax flowers. Glass swans, too, are again having their day. And hands. Pressed glass hands. Porcelain hands. Hands in the form of a card receiver. Hands as ash trays.

Hands cupped around a graceful vase.

The Victorian period, it would seem, is creeping back upon us. Antiques are catching up. The rosewood chair is coming back, and the black walnut table, and the what-not. There is an antique shop in New York City which deals only in Victorian objects. The Antique Exposition held in Boston and New York recently had booths devoted exclusively to these pieces from the parlor of yesterday.

In time, perhaps, even golden oak will be collected. (The cut glass which went with it is already being sought.) So hold on to your sectional bookcase and your Morris chair. You never can tell, they may bring you the price of a new helicopter some day—who knows?

Local mail travels slowly and the husband has a chance to get three days' running start.

There is nothing to prevent remarriage immediately after divorce, or, in theory, marriage and divorce each day. If, however, it can be proven the marriage was incurred just "to take advantage of the girl," the court can step in, and has in such cases sentenced the man to two years in prison. . . .

When there are children the ease of divorce disappears. In ordinary circumstances the husband must pay 33 per cent. of his income until the child or children are sixteen. If he agrees, the divorce is granted without further formality; his employers (meaning, in cities, government institutions) are notified and the alimony is deducted from his wages at the source. Backward as Russia may be, thanks to a well-organized system of police-identification cards, it is difficult to hide one's identity in another city and thus jump alimony.

If the husband refuses to pay part of his income, if he wants the children, if the wife wants a divorce and tries to force him into the payment of alimony, or if he is out of work and she has a job, the case goes to court. In the latter case there have been instances when the court has ordered the wife to pay alimony to the husband. In normal procedure the children go to the mother. There are cases when a man pays alimony to one set of children, marries again, has children, again divorces. . . .

## Moscow Morals

By WILLIAM C. WHITE

From Scribner's, September

**N**O EFFECT of the Russian revolution interests the foreign visitor to Moscow more than the changes wrought on marriage, divorce, and, in the "bourgeois" usage of the word, morals. Other revolutions have flamed forth to success; but the aged institution of marriage, legitimacy, and continuous monogamy were left untouched. Yet the Russian revolution, in November, 1917, in the third week of its history, revised by proclamation the whole marriage and "moral" situation and has continued to revise it ever since; today the foreigner learning Russian need not worry about the words "illegitimacy," "morality," or "immorality," for he will seldom hear them used. . . .

Before the revolution marriage and divorce were in the hands of the Church; divorces could be obtained by "giving evidence," a procedure with concomitant expense that barred divorce for most Russians; a procedure with accompanying hypocrisy that blocked divorce for the hero of one of Tolstoi's novels if for no real people. Any institution of civil marriage would be a blow at the power of the Church.

Secondly, illegitimacy was a social problem that faced Tsars, merchants, and peasants. The largest hospital in Moscow was run for unmarried mothers; connected with it was an orphanage that trained nameless boys for the army and the fatherless girls for domestic services. A new code must provide for the great number of children born out of wedlock. At the same time property rights of women in marriage were recognized only in part and only in legal wedlock. A peasant would sometimes bring a woman into his house in the spring and use her labor during the harvest; then when winter came and "there was only room on the stove" for one he drove

her out with no share in the property she had helped acquire. And a few months later there was another child for domestic service or for the army. The new code was designed to equalize the property rights of men and women in marriage. . . .

Marriage is "formed" in the eyes of the state by mere cost-free registration of the fact in the local registration bureau. The woman can keep her maiden name, she can add a hyphen and her husband's name, or she may take only the husband's name. Church marriage alone is invalid in law. Marriage is "completed" when the couple live together and maintain a joint establishment, the latter is more important than registration. The marriageable age is set at eighteen, the voting age, except in those regions in the Russian orient where women mature earlier. Certain provisos are set forth in the law; both parties must be of sound mental condition (this could be more rigorously enforced); marriage between aunt and nephew, uncle and niece, and first cousins is permitted. Most important, both must enter voluntarily into the marriage, a rule that strikes hard at the traditional system of match-making and the power of the father in the family. Courts have often protected the daughter who suffers because she refuses to follow the father's wishes. . . .

The procedure in divorce depends on whether children are concerned or not.

Between childless couples divorce is granted with simplicity and without the question "Why?" Either husband or wife can come to the bureau, answer one question, "Are there any children?" and, if the answer is "No," receive the divorce immediately. A copy is mailed to the other party. A husband may therefore divorce his wife while she knows nothing of it—until the mailman brings the news.

**T**HE LAW implies that no children be considered illegitimate. The extinction of private real property has eliminated many of the factors that make legitimacy such an important question in Western lands. The mere fact of birth legitimizes the child, and the father, if proven, must pay expenses incidental to the birth. The mother can sue him for support of the child—no matter if the child is the result of casual relationship or unregistered cohabitation. The courts are always inclined to take the woman's word about the paternity of her child and to accept circumstantial evidence—as many young Moscow lads have found to their sorrow. Blood tests to determine paternity are sometimes used.

Soviet courts have the right to deprive parents of "parental rights" by sending the children to an orphanage if the parents are judged unfit. Such a sentence was passed last autumn in the case of a woman involved in an important contraband affair; she was sentenced for three years and deprived of her parental rights for life—the little daughter going to a children's home.

Registration of a marriage does not affect the rights of a mother nor the claim of a child on its father. But on registration depends the property rights of a wife. In case of divorce the divorced party, if registered, can sue for an equal division of household goods acquired during marriage, or, in some instances, for a division of all the property in the household however great or small.



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PICTURES LIKE THIS SELL PAPERS

Photographers snapped William J. Gaynor, then Mayor of New York, an instant after he had been shot by a fanatic as he was about to sail for Europe in 1910.

## Newspictures

From Fortune, September

**N**EWSPICTURES is a business in which the name of Mr. William Randolph Hearst is justly honored and stands high.

Newspictures is not a business like another. Basically it is absurdly simple. Something important happens and is recorded by the newscamera's cold eye. That is all. Except that important things happen in broad daylight, storms, pitch-black night, leagues under the sea, miles above the earth, in planes, trains. . . .

In the roaring California nineties, when Mr. Hearst personally edited his San Francisco *Examiner*, he began to make those regal gestures which soon stamped him as the undisputed King of Newspictures. In 1897 we find Mr. Hearst chartering a special train to rush pictures of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fistcuffing at Carson City, Nevada, to him ahead of the U. S. mail. No other editor dreamed then of such "wild extravagance"—thousands of dollars instead of a two cent stamp! But the scoop made Hearst *Examiner* circulation jump like a cow pony stung by a wasp. When the mail train finally chugged in with fight pictures for other San Francisco papers, they did not print them, fearing mockery for being "on the freight." . . .

Since the War Mr. Hearst has been the only news magnate to extend his activities into the cinema field. He was dabbling in this as early as 1914. Pathé had pioneered the newsreel in 1910, but it was Mr. Hearst who made Ansel Wallace the first newsreel foreign corre-

spondent by sending him to Mexico City. Another Hearst cinemaman, name of Ariel Varges, was sent to Palm Beach to make the first open-air shots of social celebrities. Previously the few films of this sort in existence were studio-made. The novelty of watching real and important people move about in the open air while one sat indoors—what a palpitating thrill that was!

In 1929 Mr. Hearst decided that the silent newsreel was definitely dead, though only some 10,000 theaters are yet wired for sound. Today the Fox-Hearst Corp., producing Fox Movietone and Hearst Metrotone talking newsreels, claims to supply "considerably more than half" the films of this character seen and heard throughout the land. With a fleet of sixty-five motor trucks equipped to make talking newsreels, each costing \$35,000, the regal tradition is maintained. The King of Denmark and Iceland, His Majesty Christian X, recently consented to follow one of these newspaper trucks in order that posterity might observe his equestrianism and hear the hoofbeats of his horse!

"What's funny about that?" challenges a bristling Fox-Hearst newstalkie editor. "Maybe that day the King didn't have anything he wanted to say!"

In the last few months Mr. Hearst has discovered his latest news toy, the newest wrinkle to keep his newspaper men ahead of others in some definite phase of technique. This is the "Candid Camera," a German contraption seemingly

all lens, with which pictures can be taken of people without their knowing it across a room lit by ordinary electric light. . . .

It costs so much to make newspaper pictures that the founders of the industry were necessarily men like Mr. Hearst, dynamic proprietors of wealthy newspaper chains who could and did say in effect:

"Get me the best pictures in the shortest possible time. Damn the cost! The prestige of my papers demands complete picture coverage and as many scoops on top of that as you can get!" . . .

Are the old guard newspaper executives downhearted about the poor results of peddling? By no means! They are successful business men creating Profit in the form of Prestige. One ghastly picture—Ruth Snyder "burning" in the electric chair—when slapped upon the front page of the New York *Daily News* jumped sales 500,000 extra copies.

The panic pictures of passengers aboard the sinking S. S. *Vestris* were another scoop for the same Manhattan tabloid and its parent, the Chicago *Tribune*. Bought "dirt cheap" for \$1,200 from the amateur who snapped them, the *Vestris* pictures were valued by *Tribune-News* editors so highly as Prestige, that, at the time, they would not sell these negatives at any price.

Now that stocks and bonds of the Hearst enterprises are being sold to the public, Mr. Howey of International [the Hearst picture enterprise] has to think fast. There were squawks a few months ago that he was spending too much. With a snort worthy of W. R. himself, Mr. Howey plunged into a survey of the entire English language press. Soon he had figures to prove that the twelve circulation leaders, five English and seven American papers, all carry at least one full page of pictures daily and intersperse others throughout the text. Today the left half of envelopes in which International mails pictures is splashed with a thundering slogan "THE WORLD'S TWELVE LEADERS ARE PICTORIAL PAPERS AND EIGHT OF THEM USE INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS." It was a tough assignment, but Mr. Howey feels he has proved the case for Prestige, and Mr. Hearst has said in effect: "Spend whatever is necessary to keep up the pace you have been setting." This includes exclusive pictures taken from the round-the-world *Graf Zeppelin* at a cost of \$50,000, distribution of the Sharkey-Schmeling pictures to their clients throughout the country hours ahead of competitors, and the first picture showing Pope Pius XI emerging for the first time from the Vatican. Like all newspaper executives, Mr. Howey hires an ambulance and equips it as a developing darkroom whenever pictures must be rushed across a crowded city and developed en route.

Newspicture men must be sufficiently suave to handle John D. Rockefeller Sr. and J. P. Morgan. Although his aversion to newspaper men is great, Mr. Morgan's heart is not of stone. He once relented at the half-sobbed appeal of a young photographer: "Sir, it means so



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little to you, but it means my job to me!"

Years ago the boys made their peace with John D. Jr. He was afraid that his daughter, Abbe, might be kidnapped. He thought that publication of her picture might aid kidnappers to spot her. Would the boys promise not to picture his child if he would pose for them? They prom-

ised, and the promise was kept. Messrs. Rockefeller, Edison, and Ford are the three older men whom Americans like most to see in newspapers. Young men: Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Sr.; Edward, Prince of Wales; Babe Ruth. Try to name a woman who equals in American picture popularity one of these men.

school principal; that he graduated from high school at fourteen and won a competitive examination for West Point only to have the appointment refused him because his brother, now General Jay J. Morrow, was already there; that he went to Amherst, formed the friendship with Coolidge and was recognized as the most brilliant man in his class; that he was the first apprentice clerk in the law office he entered ever to be paid a salary his first year; that he is Colonel Lindbergh's father-in-law; that he ties his necktie very poorly, and so on to the gradual evolution of a Morrow legend. . . .

And so it seems likely that he will win the election in November and go to Washington, touted too extravagantly by that time perhaps as a superman, as the leader of the Wets, and as the next President. Then the sharp-shooters at the Capitol, who do not like supermen, except themselves, will take out the ammunition they have been storing up against his appearance and start firing, but I do not think they will shoot as often as they are planning. Some of them had similar intentions a few years ago when he was scheduled to come before the Senate Committee on Foreign Loans. It all ended without bloodshed, however, and the Democrat Pat Harrison said later that Mr. Morrow was the best witness who had appeared.

## Morrow—a New Legend

By ROBERT CRUISE McMANUS

From the North American Review, September

**T**HE DAY after Dwight Morrow rolled up enough votes in New Jersey's Republican Senatorial primary to win an ordinary election, I was sitting in a coach of a train pulling out of the Grand Central Terminal when a stranger came in and dropped down beside me.

"What did you think of that business over in Jersey yesterday?" he asked me immediately.

"Great," I told him.

"You bet it was!" he said with a chuckle. "They can't beat Morrow."

Then he started telling me about the man. He was Dwight Morrow's friend.

It was a characteristic act, for it seems to me that those who are friends of the retiring Ambassador to Mexico would rather talk of him than of any other subject. They regale you with the latest account of his absent-mindedness, or his skill in placating hot-headed Latins, or something witty he has said about his entry into politics. One yarn always leads to another; they go on for hours gleefully praising the extraordinary little man whose personal charm seems to exceed even the power of his mind; and just as Mr. Morrow himself will invariably make use of a story to drive home the point he is trying to make, so do these tales throw the final revealing light on his character.

Examples of his absent-mindedness, of his utter unconsciousness of dress or external surroundings when his mind is fixed on some unsolved question, are almost without number. A dozen times men have seen him fix his secretary, Arthur Springer, with an inquiring eye after an absorbing mid-day conference and put the following solemn query:

"Arthur, have I had lunch?" . . .

There is another tale of the time he appeared at Morgan's in a golf suit. Employees noticed but, knowing of his eccentricity, hesitated to speak. At last, however, one of them thought the matter ought to be brought to light.

"Mr. Morrow," he pointed out gravely, "you're wearing a golf suit."

The partner of J. P. Morgan looked down at his knicker-clad legs. He seemed unable to account for them at first, but finally found the explanation. "Oh, yes," he muttered apologetically,

"I'm supposed to be playing with a fellow out in Englewood." . . .

Dwight Morrow is first of all a man to come to with a problem that has snarled itself into almost inextricable knots. By his own admission, that was why Calvin Coolidge turned to Morgan's partner when our affairs with Mexico had reached the point where relations might soon have been broken off. . . . Departing for the initial Presidential audience, he left the Embassy interpreter behind, to the open-mouthed surprise of his diplomatic staff, and let the Mexican provide whatever interpreting was necessary.

Calles, naturally, was pleased. Here, he must have felt, was no suspicious representative of the "Big Stick Policy," but a man who prefers to trust those with whom he negotiates. They had a breakfast which has since become famous, another meeting or two, the complicated oil problem was attacked by Morrow as a matter of reconciling the historic Anglo-Saxon and Latin views of subsurface rights, and within two months a settlement was announced. . . .

The Ambassador and the President had formed the undiplomatic habit of dropping in on one another. Mr. Morrow, unannounced by telephone or messenger, would walk up to the Presidential Palace and inquire if Señor Calles could see him for a minute. A day or two later the President, with something on his mind, would make a similar unannounced visit. . . .

At the London Naval Conference, Mr. Morrow was true to form. According to one of those present, he spent his time trying to get the French and the English together, trying to appreciate the French point of view, "instead of calling them names, as everybody else was doing." When the conference seemed to be breathing its last, when Briand had thrown up his hands and taken the train for Paris, it was the Ambassador to Mexico who touched off the "consultative pact" suggestion which brought him back and started things off afresh. . . .

Within the ensuing few months hundreds of thousands of words will be printed about Dwight Morrow. We shall be told over and over again that he was a poor boy, the son of a Pittsburgh high

**A**T LONDON he became the good friend of Senator Joe Robinson, Democratic leader and candidate for his party's Presidential nomination. It is difficult to quarrel with Dwight Morrow and more difficult still to pick holes in his armor.

A man said to me: "I think Morrow is highly overrated. He has Will Rogers in back of him and he's Lindbergh's father-in-law, which is enough to make a hero out of anybody. But what has he ever done?"

Well, let's see. He was joint author of New Jersey's first workmen's compensation laws. He was chairman of the New Jersey Prison Inquiry Commission that radically revised the state's penal legislation and introduced reforms which have been models for the rest of the country. He was a member during the war of the Allied Maritime Transport Council, which handled all Allied shipping, and Chief Civil Aid to General Pershing, who personally presented him with the Distinguished Service Medal and said he was responsible for "the first intelligent epitomization of the Allied tonnage situation," for which he was also decorated by the French, Italians and Greeks. He drafted the project by which government credit was restored in Cuba. He was chairman of President Coolidge's Aircraft Board, which presented a unanimous report in two months' deliberating, virtually all of which became law. His work in Mexico has already been cited, while his philanthropies, his devotion to Amherst as a member of the board of trustees, and his civic endeavors in Englewood, are further evidences of his activity.

# Religion

## The Bishops Whisper "Yes"

### CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

A procession of the Anglican bishops who attended the Lambeth Conference, entering the famous English cathedral for the opening service.



**T**HE SEVENTH Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops has concluded its five weeks' session. The 307 Bishop delegates are now back in their cathedrals the wide world over, interpreting the counsel contained in the seventy-five resolutions passed at the conference. These conferences, periodical assemblies of the Anglican Bishops from all countries, have been held at Lambeth Palace, London home of the Archbishop of Canterbury, since 1867.

At that time there were 144 bishops in the whole communion, but many of them refused to come. Dean Stanley refused to permit use of Westminster Abbey for the final meeting, because of the incompleteness of this first conference—a contrast to this year's 307 delegates, representing about 400 bishops. Though from the beginning the office of these conferences has been one of counsel rather than legislation, the years have increased their importance and weight.

To be sure the Archbishop of Canterbury, reporting on the 1930 conference, declares that there are no sensational headlines in its work. Perhaps. But headlines at least there were even in American papers—notably because of the whispered yes with which the bishops approved the practice of birth control.

Birth control has in the past been banned, and indeed categorically condemned, by most Christian churches. Here Catholics and Methodists have met on a common ground of denunciation and Anglicans, if less outspoken, were likewise opposed. Their present declaration is, according to the *Christian Century*, a declaration "extraordinarily bold considering the naturally conservative tendency of such a body." Another commentator, the prominent London advocate of birth control Dr. Norman Haire, said:

"The pronouncement of the Lambeth Conference on birth control is a very tardy recognition of the demands of the majority of their adherents. Although their approval is limited and qualified

very much, they have taken the step from which there is no turning back, and there is no doubt that the limitations and qualifications of their approval will be widened with each future church congress that occurs in this country."

It took earnest, fevered effort to go even as far as the conference did. A vote of 193-67 finally carried the declaration, and the report is that the conservative, opposing bishops burst into tears at its passing.

Another vital section of the report concerns itself with youth and its estrangement from the church today. The conference concluded that there was too great a remoteness between religion and contemporary thought.

### A SUMMARY OF some of the pronouncements follows:

**ON GOD AND SCIENCE:** Realizing the enlarged knowledge gained in modern times of God's ordering of the world, and affirming the supreme and unshaken authority of the Holy Scriptures as presenting truth concerning God, "we recognize in the modern discoveries of science veritable gifts of God, to be used with thankfulness to Him."

**ON WAR:** "We affirm that war as a method of settling international disputes is incompatible with the teaching and example of Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . and believe that peace will never be achieved till international relations are controlled by religious and ethical standards . . . and we therefore appeal to the religious leaders of all nations to give their support to the effort to promote those ideals of peace, brotherhood, and justice for which the League of Nations stands."

**ON RACIAL RELATIONS:** "We affirm that the ruling of one race by another can only be justified from the Christian standpoint when the highest welfare of the subject race is the constant aim of government, and when admission to an

increasing share in the government of the country is an objective steadfastly pursued. . . . The conference affirms its conviction that all communicants without distinction of race or color should have access in any church to the Holy Table of the Lord."

**ON MARRIAGE AND SEX:** Calling the function of sex a "God-given factor in human life, essentially noble and creative," it emphasizes the need of education in all questions of marriage and sex; this education to be supplied by parents who in turn will receive guidance from the church. For this, the conference feels it necessary to secure better education for clergy in moral theology, to increase study on problems of sex, to improve in content and circulation available literature. It adds:

"Where there is a clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood, the method must be decided on Christian principles. The primary and obvious method is complete abstinence from intercourse as far as may be necessary in a life of discipline and self-control lived in the power of the Holy Spirit. Nevertheless, in those cases where there is such a clearly felt moral obligation, and where there is a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence, the conference agrees that other methods may be used, provided that this is done in the light of the same Christian principles. The conference records its strong condemnation of the use of any methods of conception control from motives of selfishness, luxury, or mere convenience." Admitting the seriousness of the economic factor, it condemns propaganda which would solve this problem by contraception when these same conditions should be changed by Christian public opinion.



# EYES—

# RIGHT!

By

## Floyd Gibbons

reading of those gorgeous Penrod yarns lighted memories for me, carried me back to my own boyhood!

To me, Booth Tarkington's tragedy loomed as the nation's tragedy. If Tarkington lost his eyesight it spelled the halting of that inspired pen; a pen which to my way of thinking has grown in power with the years. Authors can dictate? Yes; some do. But then the fine touch—the rapier play—is gone from their work. The glistening passages, the sentences that sing, the happy phrases, the marionette words that dance on strings—no, you can't tell me that even a writer with a sense of expression and feeling for rhythm as exquisite as Booth Tarkington's can sit back in darkness and talk literature.

Better news came after that scare story. But the shock had started something with me. Better say, it had started something all over again. Once more I was "eye-conscious"—as I very decidedly had been when I came out of that hospital in France a while after Belleau Bois, with only one eye left to do the work of two.

In those days—well, I won't dwell on it, but I certainly learned to have a bigger regard for that right eye the surgeons saved than I ever had for the complete set. The distance between me and everlasting darkness had been shortened by more than the apparent fifty per cent. They were frank enough to tell me that in the hospital. When one eye is gone, there is no telling how long the other will hold out. Even when a man guards against strain, it is a question.

Yes, I was certainly "eye-conscious" for a period. Then the panicky feeling wore off—thank Heaven, we humans are built with check-valves in our panic department. We worry just so long, and then Nature shuts things off.

But for years I did retain a considerable interest in eyesight—not only my own, but everybody's. I no longer took good vision for granted. That old right eye of mine stayed handsomely on the job. It gave every promise of lasting as long as the rest of me.

**H**ELLO EVERYBODY! The other day, on the air, I wanted to say what I am sitting down to say now. I wanted to editorialize on what had hit me as the big tragedy of the month—wanted to hurl a warning into the "mike."

But when you've got the news of this bubbling, struggling world to race through in something less than fifteen minutes, there are limits. Editorials are "out." In the studio Time is a despot—and the second-hand is his lash. The "production" man was beside me, with one eye on that inexorable clock and the other on the pile of notes representing news yet to be broadcast.

His fingers squeezed my elbow, and that meant: "Faster, faster!" I had let something get under my skin. I had choked over my story in the telling,—lost pace. Those seconds gone in faltering must be made up.

*Faster, faster!*

I had to get on. Larry turned the crank, and the globe spun, and I lighted in India, China, South America—Lord knows where. But in the back of my mind, all the while, the somber headline over that story I had to touch and pass kept repeating itself.

**"BOOTH TARKINGTON GOING BLIND!"**

That was personal to me, and to pretty much everybody in America. Real, poignant, under-the-skin news. Booth Tarkington—*Monsieur Beaucaire*, *The Gentleman from Indiana*, *Penrod*. How many times had re-

*Advertisement*



But cases kept cropping up to remind me how utterly dependent we all are on our eyes.

For example, the case of Paul Williams. The war was over—the Great War, anyhow. I was in charge of a great foreign news service, with headquarters in Paris, and Paul was one of the stars of our staff.

Well, a flash came telling of the Russian invasion of Poland. It was the most important news story in the world at that time. The first service to get a top-notch man into Poland would take the bow and the orchids.

I took a quick squint at my wall-map—and, man, oh, man! I was all set to pose for one of those Briggs cartoons. Yes, sir. I sure knew the ultimate in “grand and glorious” feelings when I spotted a certain red pin on that map. The red pin was Paul Williams—in Constantinople. He had cleaned up his job there and was ready to jump. I could have him in Poland far ahead of the other boys; and Paul, let me tell you, is a crack-erjack.

Out went one of those old boot-and-saddles telegrams to Paul. I told him to grab a plane and streak for Warsaw, and before I had time to worry about the wire going astray, he came back with one of the sweetest three-word answers you ever heard of:

*“On my way!”*

Maybe I wasn’t sitting on the world then. The air was certainly invigorating and fragrant up there on the Alpine peaks for a few hours. Then Paul came down—and I came down, too. And, gosh! what a rough landing.

Paul had dropped in some outlandish town in Bulgaria. It was a stop for petrol, and Paul had strayed into a nest of trachoma germs while the plane was gassing up. He went blind as a bat, and his race to Warsaw was off. So was the greatest foreign-service scoop of months. Paul got himself packed onto the Orient Express, somehow, and came back to Paris. He spent the next ten weeks in a dark room, and came out with the eye-bugs licked.

But—that was “eyes” for you. The best war correspondent in the world isn’t worth a nickel if he can’t see what is happening.

LATER ON, when I was good and tired of bruising myself on that office chair in Paris, I took a little lope of my own into the open spaces. And, what I mean, open spaces! I set out to cross the Sahara from Algiers to Timbuctoo, with a camel-train—two thousand blazing miles—and I had to pick summer time for the trip at that. Whoof! What a journey that turned out to be!

I could tell a lot about it, but it would be getting off the track. What I want to say is that when my caravan finally poured me into Timbuctoo and I wrung myself out, I had added one new show-piece to my stock of assorted parlor information. I knew just what that Biblical metaphor about getting a camel through a needle’s eye referred to. As a matter of fact, it really isn’t a metaphor at all. It isn’t the eye of an ordinary sewing-needle that is meant. The Needle’s Eye is a gate—a narrow gate through which donkey-trains pass into and out of the walled cities of the desert. For camels they have to provide wider gates. A camel simply can not be persuaded through the Needle’s Eye. He is afraid of rubbing some of his bark off, and there is no use pushing and hauling.

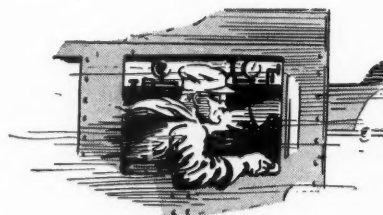
The reason why the camel won’t be put through the Needle’s Eye? Well, that comes back to eyesight. Countless centuries of desert travel have elongated the

camel’s eyes for distance. I used to marvel at them on the long trek down from Algiers. They always plugged along with their heads up—peering into the infinite wastes as they went. Their eyes were regular telescopes when it came to covering distance ahead. But width fooled them completely. Houses might be five hundred feet apart, but our camels would want to go around them. On the evidence of their eyes they were sure they couldn’t squeeze between.

I suppose that wouldn’t have made as much impression on the average man as it did on me. And neither, probably, would my recent adventures in railroading. They came just a few weeks ago. I had to make a swing west, and some friendly officials of the New York Central and Pennsylvania roads gave me a chance at a couple of the big thrills of my life.

I rode in the engine of the Broadway Limited from New York to Harrisburg as honorary pilot; and returning, I had a similar experience on the Twentieth Century’s engine from Chicago to Elkhart, Indiana.

Both times my mind fastened again to the subject of eyes. What wonderful vision those engineers and firemen had! And how vital it was that they should have it! At the speed our crack trains make, the wind pressure is something terrific. I want to tell you, it is a good hard slap in the face you get when you lean out of the cab—and engineers and firemen can’t close their eyes to it, either. The safety of their hundreds of passengers hangs absolutely on their correct reading of signals ahead.



Railroad men must pass the most rigid sight and color tests for the safety of the riding thousands.

Riding with the engine crews from New York and from Chicago, the value of clear vision was driven home to me more spectacularly and dramatically than ever before.

What a boat I would be in, myself, if my sight failed. I have to go through a prodigious stack of newspapers every day, of course, to prepare my news broadcasts—and that is a job no one can do for me. To wade through those thousands of close-packed columns, reading every word, is manifestly impossible. It takes a trained eye racing over the pages to catch the high spots; and the brain of the man who is to sift and parcel and broadcast the news must be in direct coordination with that eye.

If I couldn’t read my own papers I’d be dished, anyway. And at the studio end I would be absolutely out of luck if I had to stop and puzzle out my notes. To cram even the high spots of a day’s news into the time allotted—and that, parenthetically, is perhaps the costliest time in the world—a machine-gun delivery is required. Well, it is the eye that slips the fresh belts

*Advertisement*



Floyd Gibbons in sheik regalia.

into the machine-gun, and when that gun isn't served with the speed of chain-lightning—I'm through.

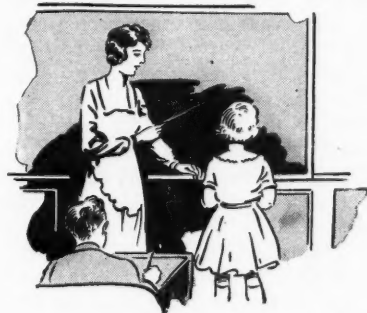
**L**ATELY, PREOCCUPIED with the problem of preserving my own vision at the highest possible efficiency, I have made some mighty interesting discoveries about eyes in general.

For example, it has come to my knowledge that five million out of our twenty-five million American school children are handicapped by defective vision. I do not mean that five million of them are wearing glasses; the tragedy of the situation is that they are not wearing them.

You will see some of the five million in every school-room, blinking and squinting, bending low over their books, straining at their writing exercises with their noses all but in the ink-wells. They are "trials"—the "tag-enders," the "left-backs," finally the "subnormals."

I have before me now the transcript of an address made by an eminent authority on the subject. He said: "Many a child groping with poor eyes and struggling for an education against his handicap becomes not only a stupid child but a rebellious child—a truant child, and a truant child is a criminal embryo. There is no question about this; it has been demonstrated again and again."

Statistics gathered from state prisons show the percentage of convicts with defective vision to be abnormally high. And certainly the troubles of a great many of them can be argued back to bad eyesight.



5 million school children are handicapped by defective vision.

The supreme tragedy does not lie in statistics, though. The fact is—and experts advise me of that—that glasses would correct the defects in the vision of our five million handicapped youngsters, so many of whom are doomed to unfruitful lives. And there may be geniuses among them, Miltons fated to go through life unheard. Among five million American kids? By the simple law of averages, certainly there are!

Right now a classic example occurs to me. It is the case of a man whose name is already written in history as one of America's great. Bad eyesight was the great handicap of his early boyhood—a handicap that his wealthy parents would surely have removed if they had only recognized it. But the boy did not know that his vision was faulty. No child thus handicapped realizes the fact. How can he, when he has only his own poor eyes to see with, have a standard of comparison?

So this boy, awkward and shy and unconscious of his physical discrepancy, fumbled his way through the years. He loved nature, and yet was at a hopeless disadvantage in studying her. Why, he did not know.

His awakening to his nearsightedness came during the summer when he got his first gun. Companions would pop away at things he couldn't see at all. That puzzled him—worried him. Full realization dawned one day when other boys with him tested their eyesight

*Advertisement*

by deciphering the letters on a distant billboard.

Describing the incident that night to his father, the youngster was close to tears. He had not only been unable to read the sign; he saw no letters. But with his revelation, the handicap was stripped away. A specialist examined his eyes, spectacles were prescribed, and a new world opened to the boy who had known only a shadowy world before.

It was a beautiful world the lenses disclosed to him, and at last seeing it as it was, the boy grew up to take a dominant and dramatic part in its affairs. If you haven't read his splendid autobiography, you should. If you have, you know already that the great American of this story was Theodore Roosevelt of San Juan Hill and the White House.

Industry has also fallen into stride since a staff of engineers working under the direction of Herbert Hoover disclosed an eyesight condition among industrial workers little short of appalling.

Good vision and color perception had always, of course, been required by railroads; but it has been only of recent years that manufacturers have learned how great a proportion of industrial accidents resulted from bad eyesight. The idea that it is cheaper as well as more humane to prevent accidents than to pay damage claims is steadily gaining in recognition.

Goggles are more generally being used for eye protection in industrial plants. Many employers provide for periodic vision tests, and where eyes are found defective proper corrective lenses are fitted to the goggles worn by the worker.

A number of the states also have recognized that the motorist with defective vision imperils himself and his passengers and the occupants of every car he meets on the road. These states—and it is rather amazing that they are comparatively few—have adopted laws requiring that prospective automobile operators pass an eyesight test before licenses are granted.

We are living in a high-speed age and with road congestion what it is, and speed laws everywhere being liberalized, I personally do not think it will be long before at least a majority of states will demand that all drivers have good vision.

It happens that I have a friend—M. J. Julian—who is an executive of the Better Vision Institute and through him I am in touch with the situation.

Scientists have demonstrated that we acquire eighty per cent of our knowledge through our eyes; and certainly the average man or woman is close to one hundred per cent dependent on the sense of sight. That average person, says Julian, has been educated to take care of teeth and stomach; yet he cheerfully goes on



Good Vision plays a major part in quality work—in mass production—in better wages.

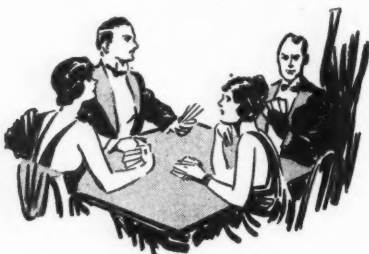


abusing his eyes without a thought to them until vision is so badly impaired that he is driven to purchase glasses.

One out of eight school children has a defect or disease of the eye which is so serious that it should be treated at once.

Defective eyes, though, cannot be told at a glance. The victim himself is slow to realize his handicap, and when he does seek correction it is generally in a hit-or-miss fashion.

Without question we have advanced beyond the day when we picked our eye-glasses out of a peddler's satchel, trying first one pair and then another until we found a pair of magnifying lenses which restored some measure of our failing sight. Lenses for years



To see the spots—all the spots—clearly, quickly and easily often requires the help of specially focused lenses.

have been ground with scientific precision to meet individual needs. And yet—again on the average—we buy a single pair of glasses and expect them to supplement our eyes in all the infinitely varied uses to which we put them.

Proper lenses and skilled professional service united to carry us one long step away from the peddler and his satchel. Now, with the introduction of occupational analysis, the optical profession has taken a still bigger stride.



The eyes—and the man, too—play a better game when equipped with light-tinted lenses especially prescribed for accurate focus.

Occupational analysis? Well, that was a new one on me until my friend Julian introduced me to the term and defined it.

We had been talking eyes, swapping experiences. My mind had gone back to war days—back to those wholesale rejections of men otherwise physically fit who hadn't been able to make the grade for military service because of defective vision.

"And it's a safe bet," observed Julian, "that lots of them haven't done anything about their eyes yet. People are that way. Teeth have a faculty of making the fact apparent when they need attention. Overworked, failing eyes seldom pain. A man may have severe headaches resulting from eye-strain, but he will be sure that his sight is perfectly all right.

He will tell you that his eyes, themselves, never ache." I spoke of my work at the studio, the frequent need to make quick references while I am "on the air," going at a gallop.

"Exactly," nodded Julian. "The focus is one thing there. It would be entirely different, for example, if you were playing golf. A man who tries to do different kinds of eye-jobs with the same set of lenses isn't getting the best service possible from his eyes. Not by a

*Advertisement*

long shot. Today the optical profession is awake to that. And as a result occupational analysis is here."

Now, just what is this great new step away from the peddler's satchel? Well, as Julian explained it to me, it seems to be a modified and altruistic form of the old third degree.

The up-to-the-minute eyesight refractionist no longer considers his job done when he has examined your eyes



Driving ease and steady nerves very often depend upon eyes that are aided and protected by proper lenses.

and prescribed the proper corrective lenses. He wants a case history, wants you to tell him the story of your life.

Step by step he takes you over the incidents of your working day. When he is through, he knows as much about your job as you do yourself—in so far, that is, as it makes demands on your eyes. And all the time you are talking he is classifying those demands. He knows that those lenses you need for close work won't be right for the conference room. They won't give you the aid you must have to study that wall chart, for instance. And if you can't see the chart as well as the next man to you, then you will be at a disadvantage,—a disadvantage which some day you may find to have been costly to yourself.

As he asks his questions, the refractionist makes entries on his occupational analysis card. When he has reached the end of your office day, you may think that he is through with you. Not so. He asks what your recreations are. Golf? Motoring? Boating? Hunting? Fishing? Flying? Tennis?

Ah! Motoring and golf, eh? Then there is the glare of the sun, and the glare of the headlights, to consider. Your comfort will be served best by tinted lenses.

But the end isn't yet. Remember, your eyes are on the job during every waking hour, and there is still the item of your social relaxations to be gone into. They may be relaxations for you and still not for your eyes.

By the time you are in the chair, picking out the letters on the chart, telling the refractionist when they seem to list to port, and when to starboard—by that time you have no secrets from him, so far as your eyes are concerned. When his examination is completed—an examination, by the way, that you should undergo once a year for safety's sake—he will be able to make recommendations through which you may have one hundred per cent. visual efficiency from rising time to bedtime.

Perhaps you may have thought that one pair of glasses would get you by handsomely. But probably you could make no investment returning more lavish dividends than in providing yourself with means to perfect vision for every task and diversion. For when your eyes are not at their best, you are not. A high degree of concentration becomes impossible. You can't do yourself justice at your work or at your play.

All that Julian points out. And for myself, "eye-conscious" as in the very nature of things I must be—"Check and double-check!" says I.



# "Business is Business"

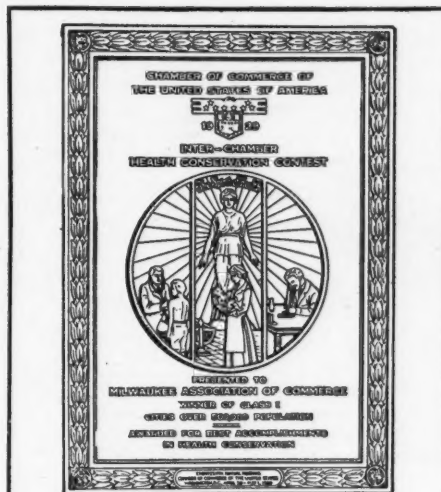
SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reason for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business."

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an



Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to  
FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest held under the auspices of  
THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN	CLASS 1
Cities more than 500,000	
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK	CLASS 2
Cities 100,000 to 500,000	
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY	CLASS 3
Cities 50,000 to 100,000	
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK	CLASS 4
Cities 20,000 to 50,000	
SIDNEY, OHIO	CLASS 5
Cities under 20,000	

annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its death-rate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your com-

munity may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.

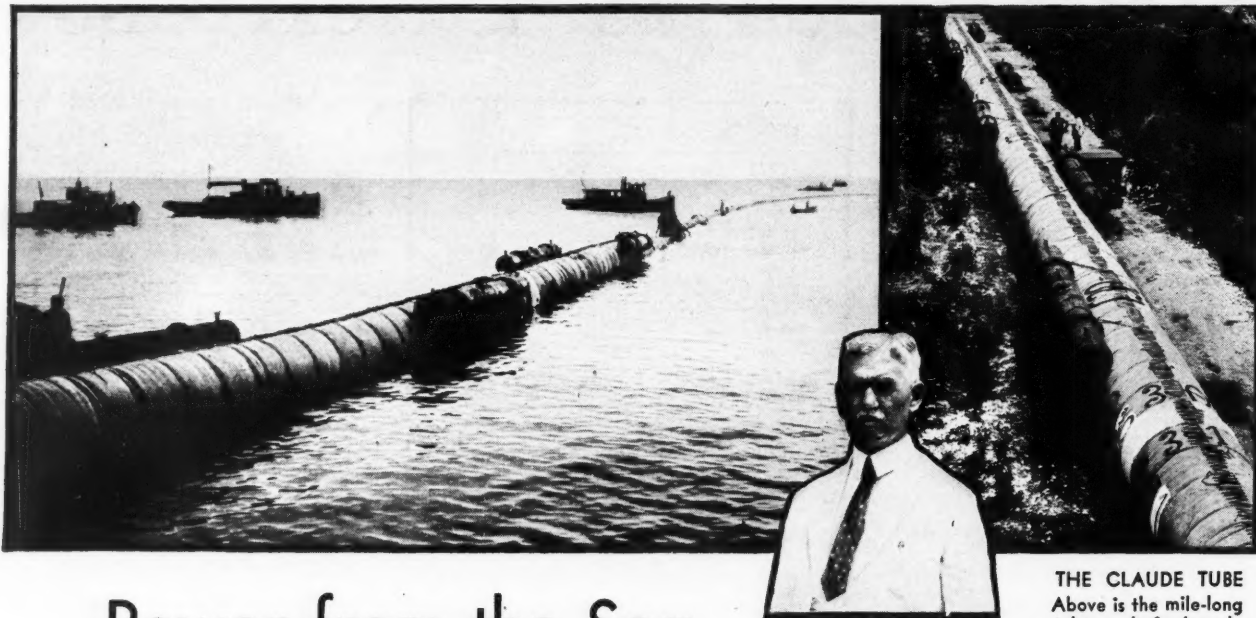
For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America at Washington, D. C.



## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



## Power from the Sea

THE STORY of a strange steel tube in Cuba, and of sunshine on tropic waters.

By LEWIS

R. FREEMAN

THE CLAUDE TUBE  
Above is the mile-long tube ready for launching, and at left it is launched and ready for sinking. Inset shows Professor Georges Claude, the inventor.

**T**HAT MUST have been one of the strangest sights the New World has seen since the caravels of Columbus stood in toward the green coast of Cuba, which wrung from the lips of the enraptured Admiral the exclamation, "This is the fairest land the eye of human being has ever beheld!"

Cuba is still the jewel of the Caribbean's necklace of pearls, and no section of her thousands of miles of coastline is more fair than that where the Valley of the Yumuri comes down to the shores of Matanzas Bay. But the present scene arrests not for its beauty so much as for its significance. There is about to take place an event which may change the whole future course of industrial history. It may, indeed, cause wholesale shifting of cities and manufacturing centers, reorient trade-routes and even affect the balance between the temperate and torrid latitudes. Or it may not.

The drama is set in the fresh scar of clearing where cactus and palm and tropical scrub have been stripped off the raw coral rock. A galvanized-iron building hangs precariously above the low rocky wall of the coastline. A hundred yards inland is a long, low, open-sided building, rambling crazily along the base of a cliff. But the dominating feature of the scene is an endless dragon-like affair which stretches from the tall iron building far back inland, disappearing into a narrow strip of clearing in the scrub. The dragon gleams snowy white under the perpendicular July sun—white, with inky-black splotches mottling the silver shimmer of its back at regular intervals.

Slowly the weird amphibian begins to move, creeping seaward on a hundred pairs of twinkling legs. Or at least such is the effect. What appear to be legs are really revolving wheels. And the dragon is not moving of its own volition, but is being dragged over a narrow railway into the water by a giant hawser running from a powerful yacht which steams slowly seaward.

That stout craft contains the brains of the beast. On the low bridge a small, wiry, gray-haired, intense little man is sputtering mixed French and Spanish into a megaphone. And that little man is the reptile's master, just now trying to teach his pet to swim.

As the dragon's undulant length clears the end of the track at the water's edge one pair of wheels after another drops into the blue depths at the cliff-edge. But the great white body itself keeps the surface and heads obediently off at the behest of the towline. It sinks belly-deep and more, held up by the black spots previously noted on either side of its dorsal line. These are steel floats. Finally nineteen hundred yards of the dragon—a mile and a quarter—have thus been floated out to sea.

It is apparently the desire of the master that his amphibian shall sink to the bottom. He has held ready some scores of trained swimmers, whose duty it is to open as nearly simultaneously as possible one hundred and twenty cocks which will let water into the supporting air-floats, gradually deprive them of their buoyancy, and so allow them to sink with the tube to the bottom by their

own weight. Like killers attacking a whale, the swimmers swarm from their convoying boats and take station along the sides of the gently undulating monster. After anxiously conning the length of the heaving tube with his glasses, the little white-haired man on the bridge of the yacht orders a prearranged signal that can be seen and heard by every one of the men in the water.

**S**WIFT, SUDDEN and terrible comes disaster. Where there should have followed carefully rehearsed coöperation there is confusion. The men at the outer end of the tube appear to have anticipated the signal; others hesitate and lunge away toward the boats without opening the cocks. The outer sections of the tube plunge downward toward the bottom, while the middle and inner sections remain afloat. As the descending sections gain momentum the strain on the supporting cables, tested to withstand a pull of 150,000 pounds to the square inch though they are, is too great. One after another they snap with the detonation of exploding shrapnel, and the whole length of the tube follows the diving outer sections to the bottom. Coiling and squirming like a wounded snake, it has gone down not as its master planned, but piled and twisted into masses of tangled metal which are a total loss.

A million dollars' worth of material and labor have left nothing to show for themselves at the end of a few seconds, save the gradually obliterating swirls of the Atlantic. Professor Georges Claude's

# THERMOFLEX

NO. 3 OF A SERIES—

THIS series of advertisements is designed to acquaint business men with Grinnell Company as it really is. Automatic Sprinkler protection for which it first won international fame and leadership is not the chief business of the Company. Its equally high reputation for many other industrial piping specialties and commodities has been built on super-standards of manufacture and on original conceptions which are well known to engineers and architects. Businessmen, too, need to know the real quality in these products.

## RADIATOR TRAP

*for instance*

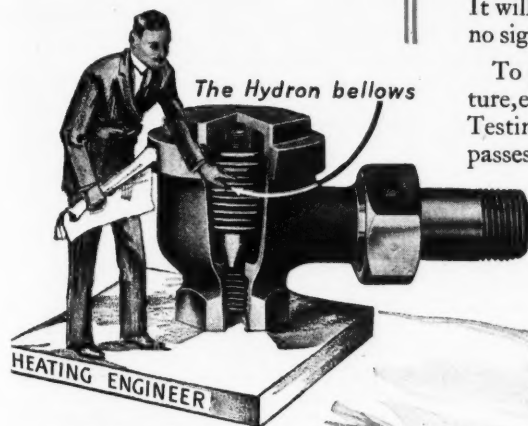
DO you know of any device which would be *destroyed* while it was being made, if there was the slightest weakness anywhere in its structure?

Each Hydron bellows in Thermoflex steam traps is made by internal hydraulic pressure, which tests its structure—infallibly. So you have a guarantee of strength of each trap on each radiator far beyond any demands in actual use.

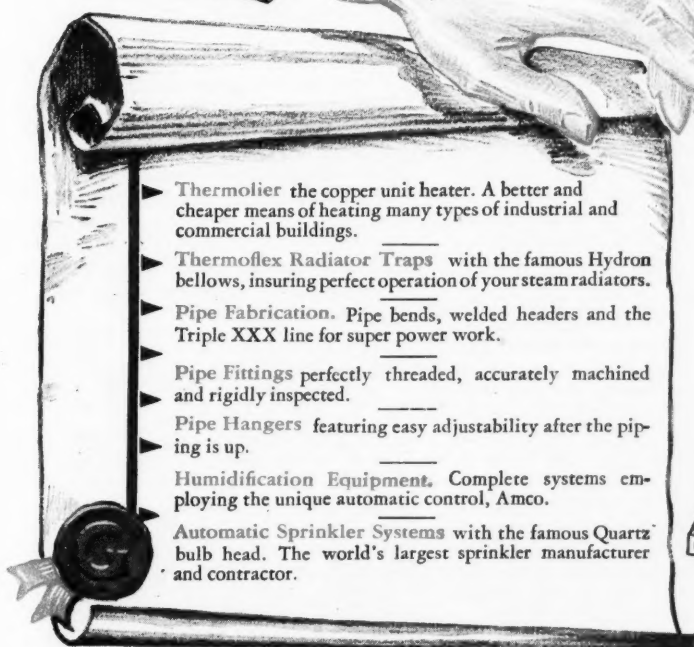
The heart of a Thermoflex trap is this strong, quick acting bellows. It will open and close the drain orifice millions of times a year with no signs of giving out.

To guarantee reliability under operating pressure and temperature, each trap is tested and certified by an engineer of the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory. He affixes a certificate tag to each trap which passes his tests.

Grinnell Company is the exclusive distributor for these traps.



*The ORGANIZING HAND  
prepares for your needs*



# GRINNELL COMPANY

Branches in all Principal Cities



Executive Offices: Providence, R. I.



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## Science

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second attempt to launch the equipment for his ocean-power scheme has resulted in failure as had a previous one.

The little man's face is drawn with anguish and disappointment as he lands from the yacht, but the fighting light has not died in his keen blue eyes.

"Wilful disobedience of orders by the swimmers, due to the intervention of parties not in sympathy with the success of my plan, caused the disaster," he said.

That was in July. Professor Claude soon announced that he had financed a new tube, which would be launched under full protection of the Cuban Army and Navy. Then he sailed away to France for a rest. And now the new tube has been sunk.

**N**EWSPAPER ARTICLES and editorials to the contrary notwithstanding, the Claude plan has nothing to do with "harnessing the power of the Gulf Stream." Nor can it be laughed off as the dream of another perpetual-motion crank, since it aims at converting into electricity the energy stored by the heat of the sun in the surface layer of tropical ocean water. Nor, finally, is the plan calculated to produce energy at no cost, as has been somewhat loosely stated. While it costs nothing to run water down hill, there are many hydro-electric projects in which millions are invested.

Professor Claude won fame and fortune through his perfection of the neon gas light that goes by his name and through other experiments. Hundreds of millions are invested in the United States alone in the industries founded on his inventions. It is his record of tangible achievement that has won him the respectful attention of the scientific world in his present attempt.

It is conceivable that, although the scheme prove technically practicable—like the manufacture of artificial diamonds, for instance—the huge investment involved might defeat its commercial use. On this point we shall have for the present to accept Professor Claude's assertion that the cost of electricity will be so low that it will in time render obsolete, or at least obsolescent, all steam electrical plants and leave only the most favorably located hydros—such as those at Niagara—economically justified. This proving true, it follows as a matter of course that radical regrouping of industrial centers would be inevitable, with much manufacturing being carried on both along the shores of tropical seas or at points in the temperate zones within easy transmitting distances of the tropics.

While the details of the Claude plan are, of course, extremely secret, the general principle involved is that behind the simple high school physics laboratory experiment by which water, subjected to a vacuum, boils. It gives off steam at temperatures much below the 212 degrees Fahrenheit, or 100 degrees Centigrade, which is the boiling-point of water at sea-level. It is a law of thermodynamics that differences in temperature can be converted into energy. The ordinary steam engine works on this principle, though, of course, on a much higher differential than exists between

the temperatures of bottom and surface sea-water. The crux of the problem is whether or not this sea-water differential is great enough to be transformed into energy at a cost to make it commercially feasible.

Roughly speaking, the temperature of surface water in the tropics varies from eighty to ninety degrees, Fahrenheit, according to regularity of sunshine and proximity to the Equator. At a depth of two thousand feet the temperature is from forty to forty-five. Colder water is found farther down, but at a depth probably to make pumping prohibitive, at least in the earlier stages of experiment. The differential between surface and two thousand feet may be said to average about forty-five degrees at Cancer or Capricorn, on the edges of the torrid zone.

Professor Claude proposes to start his boiler by making a vacuum high enough so that water will boil at a surface temperature of eighty-six to eighty-eight. The steam from this will be directed against a turbine, and then cooled rapidly by cold water drawn up from the bottom through a pipe. This cooling will produce a vacuum and so permit continuous operation with the starting vacuum pump cut off. As fast as water is taken from the upper end of the tube pressure from below will force it in at the bottom. Heavy insulation of the tube will prevent more than slight loss of temperature of the water in its rise to the surface level. The passage of this "cold steam" through the turbine revolves the latter and that in turn imparts its movement to a dynamo in the usual way.

That the principle of Claude's idea was workable he demonstrated a couple of years ago with a small plant at Ougrée, Belgium. Here, with a difference in temperature between bottom and surface of but ten or fifteen degrees, he had a fifty-watt plant in successful operation. The Matanzas experiment is an attempt to demonstrate the same principle on a much larger scale. If this is successful, the site for the first commercial plant will be made after exhaustive surveys of tropical waters.

**B**Y THE END of July, some weeks after the destruction of the second tube, work was well under way on the third. Steel for the new tubes came in flat sheets about six feet wide by nine in length, specially chosen for its toughness and ductile strength. Its thickness is three-eighths of an inch.

The first process consists of the acetylene-welding of two of these, end-to-end, to form a ring—a wobbly section of tube two meters in length and slightly less in diameter. Revolving this section in a corrugating machine for ten minutes gradually develops rounded bulges in the steel which give an astonishing increase in stiffness. Where the newly-welded cylinder shivered at the pressure of the hand, the corrugated one withstood the weight of a man on its side with only a slight flattening of section.

This corrugated section is next moved

to a line of trucks on a narrow-gauge railway and welded, again by the acetylene process, to enough similar cylinders to form a solidly connected section fifty meters in length. At each end of one of these longer sections is a flange fitted with a rubber gasket, permitting it to be rigidly bolted to the other similar sections as they are completed. Thus a continuous tube, resting on trucks, is formed, and as each new fifty-meter section is bolted on under the protecting shed the main section is pushed out on the tracks laid in a cleared strip of the scrub for a mile or more along the base of the limestone cliff once beaten by the waves of the ancient sea.

Then the tube is insulated to keep the cold sea-bottom water from gaining temperature in its journey to the surface. This is accomplished by the simple but effective expedient of lashing a canvas-covered six-inch layer of common excelsior all around the tube. The heavy canvas is laced together at the top of the tube and covered at frequent intervals with hoops of iron.

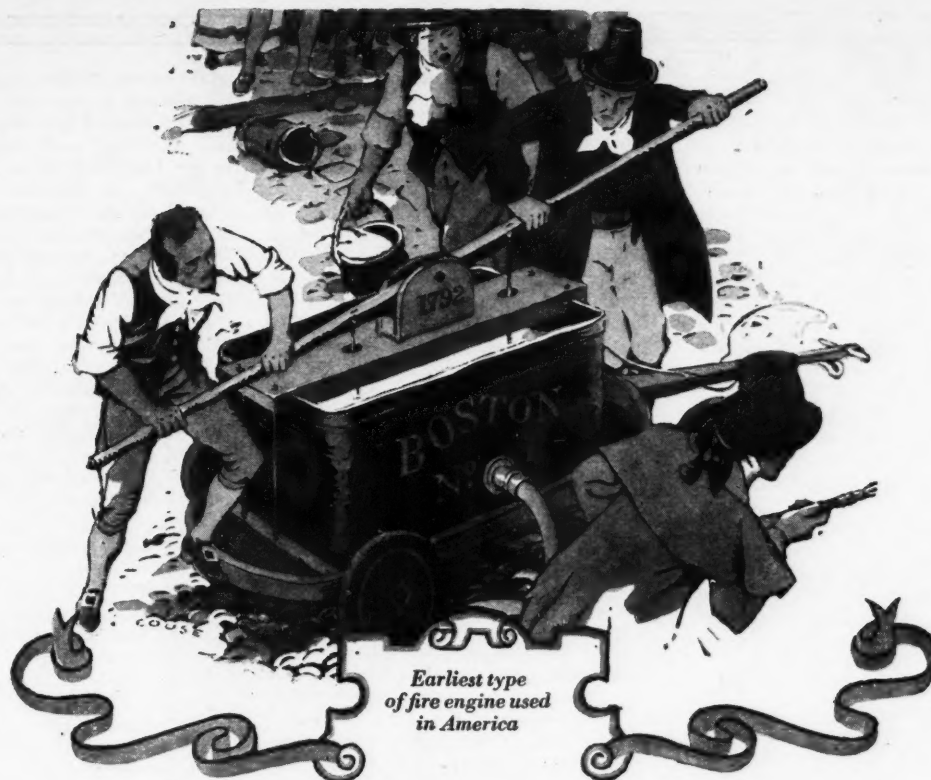
The final step is that of fixing the floats in place. These are ordinary steel cylinders with a length of twenty feet and a diameter of a bit less than two. They are bolted rigidly in pairs to either side of the top of the tube, with two pairs to every fifty meters. Each float is fitted with a cock by which sea-water can be admitted when the moment for sinking the tube arrives. The insulated float-fitted tube as completed is shoved along to the far end of the track, a mile from the work-sheds, forming the gleaming white dragon with the spotted back already described.

The third tube was launched successfully September 7. Three hundred workmen and about forty expert swimmers were required to manipulate it, and preparations are being made to test it.

Will it work? Perhaps not. But one may remind the skeptic that the dream of the steam engine seemed just as fantastic a dozen or so decades ago as does Professor Claude's present-day dream of power from the sea. So did Morse's telegraph of three generations ago, or Bell's telephone of two generations back, or the Wrights' flying machine only a single generation away.

## Why Stars Twinkle

**A** CLOUDLESS, brittle winter's night brings forth the stars in all their glory—for the ordinary stargazer. But not for the astronomer. "The cloudless sky still is too often our worst enemy," writes Henry Norris Russell in the *Scientific American*. "The atmosphere is lamentably far from being optically satisfactory to look through. It refracts light, which would not be a serious matter if it were only homogeneous—but this it never is. The air is full of streaks and patches of different temperature and unequal densities, which are carried along by the wind and churned into a still more turbulent complexity wherever the wind is puffy or



Earliest type  
of fire engine used  
in America

## One Way to Reduce Overhead

**T**HE unfortunate aspect of most plans to reduce overhead is that they require a considerable initial capital investment.

There is one major item of property ownership overhead that may be reduced appreciably and safely—and with no initial investment. It is the item of fire insurance.

Thousands of property owners, corporations, estates, partnerships and individuals are turning to strong, legal reserve, mutual fire insurance companies for the safety and saving they offer. A mutual corporation is under no compulsion to make profits for stockholders—for there are no stockholders.

The sole aim and the one authentic measure of the ability of mutual management, is to furnish sound insurance at the lowest possible cost to the insured.

Mutual Fire Insurance has served American property owners for 178 years. Few periods in that time have presented so definite and practical a need for its saving and service.

A booklet is available on request. It will help any property owner to judge of the merits of the various types of fire insurance carriers. Address Mutual Fire Insurance, Room 2207-H, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

### *An Unparalleled Record*

75 leading, legal reserve companies under State supervision constitute the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The oldest Federation company was founded in 1752. Five others are more than 100 years old.

Of the remaining companies—

9 are between 75 and 100 years old  
10 are between 50 and 75 years old  
30 are between 25 and 50 years old  
20 are between 10 and 25 years old

The Federation companies are protecting property to the extent of six billion dollars—have assets in excess of ninety million dollars—have returned to policyholders savings of more than one hundred and thirty millions of dollars.

# Mutual Fire Insurance

FEDERATION OF MUTUAL FIRE  
INSURANCE COMPANIES





## Science

where winds blow in different directions at different levels. . . .

"These larger irregularities are not always present, fortunately for the astronomer, but the smaller ones are always there and make trouble enough. Looking through them is, on a smaller scale, like looking up through running water or the rippled surface of a pool. Every streak of denser or thinner air, like the crest or trough of a ripple, acts as a lens would to concentrate or spread out two parallel rays of a star's light. If only the starlight was strong enough, said Young many years ago, we should see on a white surface illuminated by it a moving pattern of lighter and darker patches resembling that formed on the sandy bottom of a pond when the sun shines on its rippled surface."

Dr. Russell describes an experiment which illustrates the foregoing remarks. Choose a dark room with a window free from all disturbance of artificial lights and let the light of Sirius come through a space a couple of feet square of the window and fall on a white sheet a dozen or more feet away. When one's eyes become accustomed to the dark, after perhaps a quarter hour, he will see that the patch of starlight on the screen is distinctly visible. "For Sirius," says the writer, "it is bright enough to exhibit the shifting lights and darker patches which Young predicted. Now imagine an observer looking through a hole in this screen. As the brighter or fainter patches pass over it he will see the star increase or diminish in brightness. In other words it will *twinkle*, and of course it will do so just the same if the screen is not there."

## Sunken Treasure

**A**FTER A NIGHT of silent, gloomy fog, pierced by the booming of fog horns and of wailing sirens, an Italian diver went overside and down into a gray-green sea off Cape Finis-terre, in France. Four hundred feet down he touched bottom, and groped his way forward.

"Can you see anything?" he was asked by telephone from the ship above.

"No, not yet," he answered. He could not see his own feet in the murk.

But a few minutes later he did see something—the hull and three-barred taffrail of a large ship. And thus was found the *Egypt*, London-to-Bombay liner which went to the bottom in 1922 with a hundred human beings and \$5,000,000 in gold and silver.

Six months of arduous search preceded the finding of the liner. She is lying upright on her keel, and was identified by her seven hydraulic cranes, a type no longer used. Divers saw the cranes and also watertanks, insulators, and skylights which they recognized from having studied the *Egypt's* plans.

The first step toward recovery of the buried gold was the firing of explosives

400 feet beneath the surface of the Atlantic in order to detach one of the cranes from the top of the vessel. Above the strong-room, located in front of the forward funnel, are the boat decks, hurricane deck, spar deck, and main deck. These decks are made of steel and must be cut through before the gold can be recovered.

The *Egypt* was rammed by the French cargo ship, *Seine*, in a heavy fog May 20, 1922, as it was bound for India. She sank in twenty minutes and the death list was placed at between 95 and 100 persons, including passengers and crew. Two American women missionaries were among the victims. More than 230 persons were rescued by the crew of the *Seine*.

## Road Hogs

**I**F YOU ARE to be in an auto accident the chances are one in three that that accident will be caused by discourtesy. Either the driver of your car will have failed to observe the right of way of another motorist, or the driver of the colliding machine will have attempted to cut in on your path.

Owen B. Augspurger, president of the New York Automobile Club, recently made an analysis of the causes of 100,000 accidents in 1929. The results of the investigation follow:

Cause of Accident	Odds in Favor of Accident	Odds Favoring Fatality
Right of way theft	1 to 3	1 to 48
Speeding	1 to 5 or 6	1 to 14.5
Driving on wrong side of road	1 to 6	1 to 32
Running off road	1 to 10	1 to 10
Failing to give signal	1 to 10	1 to 68
Cutting in	1 to 13	1 to 42
Ignoring stop sign	1 to 33	1 to 48
Passing another car at curve or crest of hill	1 to 90	1 to 15
Passing another car on wrong side	1 to 90	1 to 34
Passing a standing street car	1 to 64	1 to 46

## Science Sidelights

**A** CHAPTER of accidents, almost as bizarre enough to cast doubt on the immutability of the laws of chance, is reported in a recent announcement of the National Safety Council, based on 1929 accident claims of an insurance company. One man lost his front teeth when the baby broke them with a milk bottle. Another man was injured lifting a horse onto the operating table. One policyholder swallowed a tack which happened to be in his mouth when someone hit him on the back. Another swallowed his false teeth

while asleep. Still a third broke his foot by kicking a mad pig. A fourth was scalded when a hot-water bottle got too full of steam and exploded. A man broke his hand by pounding too emphatically on his own desk. Another slipped on the sidewalk, broke his flask and cut two arteries in his leg. One man was hurt by the explosion of his glass eye. One injury was due to a moth that flew into father's ear while he was walking the baby and had no extra hand to brush the invader out.

The cause of another accident is described as "insured's daughter poked a sardine can in right ear." Two men had ribs broken during the year by being hugged by girls. A third swain sat with a young lady on his lap until his legs were numb, and when he got up they gave way under him and he sprained his ankle. One masculine ear-drum was lost when a pin in the hair of the girl with whom its owner was dancing slipped in and pierced it. A man and his wife saw the household dog about to steal a roast chicken. Both grabbed simultaneously to save it. The wife had a carving knife in her hand and cut off the husband's finger. Perhaps the climax of the year's bad luck was a man who received a sharp electric shock while in the bathtub, slipped and fell out of the window.

• • THE MOST SERIOUS fact in England at the present time, said Professor Julian Huxley of the University of London in a recent address before the British Social Hygiene Council, is not bad business or unemployment or the chance of a new war—but the fact that the percentage of mental defectives in the population has increased notably in the past twenty years.

## Science Articles

**V**OLCANOLOGY, by T. A. Jaggar, U. S. Geological Survey; *Scientific American*, September. Observation of the earth's internal fluids is being made an experimental science.

**MEDICAL SKETCHES IN THE ORIENT**, by Dr. Alfred C. Reed, University of California; *The Scientific Monthly*, September. The disease-ridden East resists Western ideas of medicine and modern sanitation.

**NATURE VERSUS NURTURE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MIND**, by Professor S. J. Holmes, University of California; *The Scientific Monthly*, September.

**SECRETS OF SLEEP REVEALED BY THE CAMERA**, by H. M. Johnson and G. E. Weigand; *Popular Science Monthly*, September. The healthy sleeper changes his position thirty-five times in an eight-hour night.

**FIVE HUNDRED M. P. H. CAN'T BE DONE!** by John B. Rathbun; *Popular Aviation*, September. The terrific heat caused by the air resistance would melt steel, and present-type planes would burn up if driven at such a speed.



# SILVER WINGS

## ACROSS THE SIERRAS

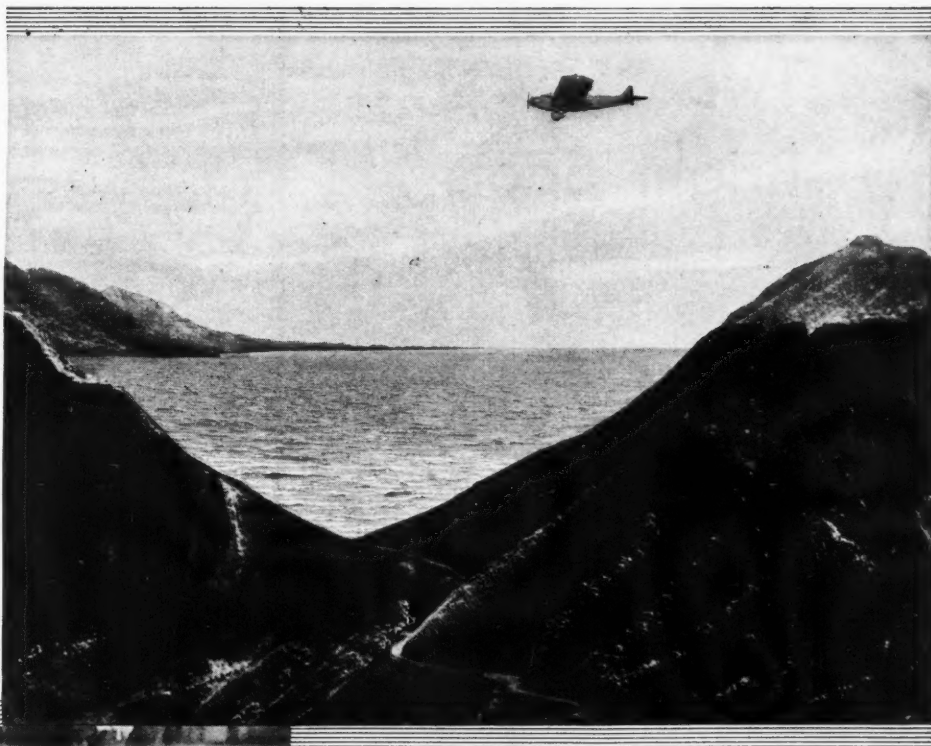
### THE FORD PLANE

The Ford plane is planned, constructed and operated as a commercial transport. Built of corrugated aluminum alloys, it has great structural strength and durability, and is most economical to maintain in operation. The uniformity of its material is determined by scientific test. All planes have three motors in order to insure reserve power to meet and overcome emergencies. The engines may be Wright, Pratt & Whitney or Packard Diesel, totaling from 675 to 1275 horse-power. Ford planes have a cruising range of from 580 to 650 miles at speeds between 55 and 135 miles per hour. Loads carried from 3630 to 6000 pounds.

The capacity of these planes is 9 to 15 passengers and a crew of two (pilot and assistant). Planes can be equipped with a buffet, toilet, running water, electric lights, adjustable chairs.

The price of the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane is exceptionally low—\$40,000 to \$50,000 at Dearborn.

Ford branches will be glad to give you information on the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane in all models.



*All the comforts of a yacht*

THE Forty-niners looked up from their covered wagons in awe at the soaring California condor. Today their sons and daughters look down from comfortable arm-chairs, shadowed by tireless duraluminum wings that outfly the lonely condor as an eagle outflies a sparrow.

Whole fleets of all-metal, tri-motored Ford planes wing up and down the coast, from San Francisco to Los Angeles and southward to Agua Caliente . . . and from Los Angeles eastward to join the great airlines that reach across the continent to the Atlantic Coast.

The T. A. T.-Maddux planes are today essentially a part of the blue Californian skylines, their shadows drifting with the regularity of the mail over snow-capped mountains, orange grove and purple sea!

So dependable are these lines using Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes that during the first quarter of the year passenger traffic increased 500 per cent over 1929. Four additional services have been added to care for the increase in traffic. Passengers carried this year are already being numbered in tens of thousands.

The T. A. T.-Maddux lines demonstrate daily that on the Western Coast business men are using air transportation as a positive public necessity.

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

*Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport at Detroit*

Paying No Attention  
to the Sign

By Brown, in the N. Y.  
Herald Tribune

## Two Bright Spots: Savings and Insurance



### Walter Chrysler Says:

**I**N RESPONSE to your request for some statement as to the condition of the automobile industry (which, as you rightly state, has become the key industry of the country) in these temporarily trying times, I have these underlying facts in mind:

Automotive transportation has become an essential part of the daily personal and business life of a large proportion of our people. I will not quote figures; one has only to look at the streets, highways, and byways of our country. There are more automobiles in use than telephones.

The automobile business is not going to stop. Maintenance and replacement alone, of the vast number of dependable and swift-moving vehicles now in use, constitute a great business in itself; and I think that we all believe that our people will continue to be able to pay for what they want. So will other peoples in an increasing degree. American automobile manufacturers, furthermore, with a background of great domestic demand, will be able to meet foreign competition for many years to come.

The automobile industry has attained a state of enduring stability. It is most notable that after undeniable overproduction during the first half of last year, it has carried through almost twelve months of pronounced depression without serious impairment of its resources.

(Continued on page 111)

**SAVINGS** banks and life insurance set new high records in a year of general business depression.

**A** YEAR AGO Tom, Dick, and Harry—and even Mary and Joan—were drawing their money out of savings banks. Four per cent., or four and a half, was an old-fashioned idea. It required fifteen or sixteen years to double your money if you intrusted it to the ultra-conservative officer in a savings bank who still believed in bonds, and gilt-edged bonds at that, as an investment. You could double your money within a year or two in Wall Street; at least some people you know, or had heard about, had doubled their money.

But something went wrong with the rainbow-chasing pastime last fall. The bottom had fallen out of the pot of gold by the time the crowd got there. A goodly number of persons thereupon discovered that the dollar withdrawn from the savings bank had shrunk to fifty cents overnight, perhaps had disappeared entirely. They found that while a savings-bank book is worth its face value to the owner, and a little more besides, a stock certificate is usually worth only what someone else is willing to pay for it.

With the rush of erstwhile depositors to invest in Wall Street, and the subsequent scramble to protect what suddenly proved to be speculative accounts, the savings banks found themselves paying out more money than they were taking in. During the latter half of last year \$76,000,000 went out of the savings banks of New York City alone. The total on deposit in all the mutual savings banks of the country fell from \$8,954,835,000 on July 1, 1929, to \$8,872,125,000 on the first of January, 1930—a net loss of \$82,710,000.

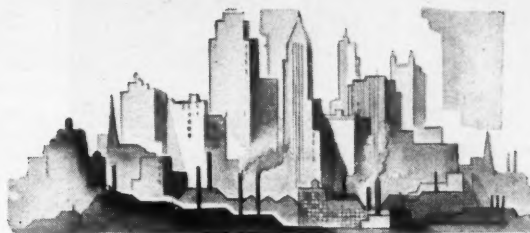
When the convulsion in common stocks was over, the man who had left the care of his investments wholly to savings-bank officials discovered that he had not

been touched by the cyclone. The assets that lay behind his deposit had decreased, it is true, by \$62,000,000. Expressed in comparative figures, they had dropped from 9.99 billion to 9.93 billion dollars. But the banks' liability to depositors had decreased at the same time, through withdrawals, by \$82,000,000. Thus there was actually a net increase of \$20,000,000 in the assets belonging to the remaining depositors, when most other investors were surveying the wreckage.

It is not that officers of a savings bank are wiser than other buyers of securities; but they are conservative by nature and training, and by virtue of all the safeguarding restrictions that state lawmakers have been able to invent. In New York, for example, a savings bank is not permitted to buy common stocks or even preferred stocks. It may invest 70 per cent. of its funds in first mortgages on improved property; it is not permitted to lend more than 60 per cent. of the appraised value; it cannot lend money on second mortgage, nor on vacant city lots or farm land. It may invest in bonds of the Federal Government, of the city and state of New York, and of such other states and cities as are able to meet certain standards. In like manner the bonds of approved railroads and public utilities may be bought with the funds deposited in savings banks.

The vice-president of one of our largest savings banks furnishes us this set-up, as the ideal which he keeps in mind for the funds of his institution:

65 per cent. in	mortgages
10 " " "	United States bonds
14 " " "	municipal bonds
7 " " "	railroad bonds
4 " " "	cash



*"Take charge of the Middle West next week"*

A district manager for an Eastern shoe company was promoted to a bigger job. His salary increased. His surplus for investment increased.

But, his executive duties also increased. Between sales meetings, road trips and office work, he could devote less attention to his own holdings. Formerly he had "shopped around" among different investment houses. Would he save time and trouble by dealing with a single large investment organization?

WHAT he will find in National City service

CONVENIENT OFFICES.

National City offices throughout the world are at his command.

MARKET CONTACTS.

National City offices are in close touch with all investment markets.

INVESTMENT EXPERIENCE.

He will be dealing with an organization with a background of over a century of financial experience.

INVESTMENT RANGE.

National City's broad lists are made up from the world's finest investment offerings.

Whatever *your* investment problem may be, you will find practical and prompt assistance at your nearest National City office.

# The National City Company

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK

INVESTMENT



SECURITIES





## ENTERTAINMENT —A GIANT INDUSTRY

**T**HE tempo of modern life makes recreation and amusement more nearly than ever an actual necessity. And to meet this universal need, the genius of American business has been applied to mass entertainment with characteristic organization and enterprise.

It is estimated that the people of the United States spend for admissions to organized amusements each year around two billion dollars, or more than half the present annual expenditures of the United States Government for all purposes. Approximately one-third of this huge sum is paid for admissions to motion picture theatres.

To-day, there are more than 22,000 motion picture theatres in the United States with a total estimated seating capacity of 11,300,000. An average of 16,400,000 men, women and children attend daily—almost as many in one week as the total population of the country. About two billion dollars is invested in the motion picture business.

Halsey, Stuart & Co. has taken a leading part in the bond financing of important factors in the motion picture industry. This financing is soundly secured, based on supplying a demand from every stratum of the population. Investors will find it worth while to read our new booklet containing up-to-date facts and information about the motion picture industry as a field for investment. A copy will be sent on request.

## HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO, 201 So. La Salle St. NEW YORK, 35 Wall St.

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

### THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN



Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the Halsey, Stuart & Co. program. ♦ Broadcast over a Coast to Coast network of 37 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. ♦ Music by symphony orchestra.

9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time  
8 P.M. Central Standard Time

7 P.M. Mountain Standard Time  
6 P.M. Pacific Standard Time

## Finance

The president of another great savings bank informs us that he keeps his mortgage investments down to 60 per cent. He includes, in addition, a fair proportion of public utility bonds. Mortgages are the money-earners for the depositor. They yield, let us say, from 5 to 5½ per cent. When a savings bank pays out 4½ per cent. to depositors, as those of New York City do, it is obvious that it loses money on every dollar invested in bonds of the United States Government; and it is quite as plain that there is no margin of profit in money invested in other bonds of the excellence demanded for savings-bank funds.

Next to safety, liquidity is the prime requisite. A run on a savings bank may occur any day, for no good reason whatever. A bank must be able to pay all the money of all depositors who ask for it. It must be ready at all times to help some other bank, especially a smaller and weaker institution. One of our informants tells of selling \$5,000,000 in Government bonds hastily last year and using the money to take over an equivalent amount of the frozen assets of an institution whose depositors were panicky. A big-brotherly act. These officers of large savings banks are conservative, it is true; but they have the courage to act in emergencies, and they have become accustomed to do things in a big way. Buying a million dollars' worth of bonds is just part of a day's work.

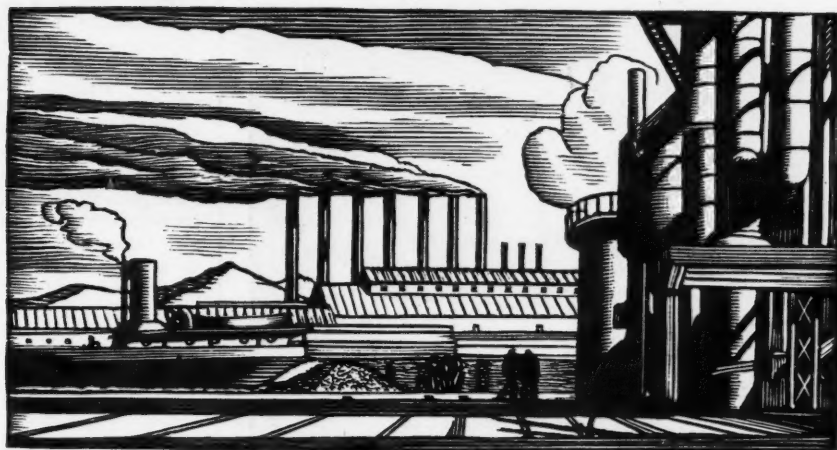
**W**HEN LAST YEAR'S prosperity was accompanied by a falling-off in savings-bank deposits, what might one expect during this period of depression? Whatever one may have expected, the fact is that deposits in savings banks increased during the first half of the present year by the sum of \$273,000,000. On July 1, 1930, they aggregated \$9,145,891,859—the largest sum ever on deposit in the mutual savings banks of the country.

The deposits of a single institution will show the trend. These are the sums due the depositors of one bank, on three significant dates:

July 1, 1929.....	\$198,205,312
January 1, 1930.....	197,574,615
July 1, 1930.....	203,352,906

Some persons had evidently learned a lesson; and since savings banks do not appeal to the rich—the average account is now \$745—it is fair to assume that it is the moderately well-to-do who have thus renewed their faith.

Mutual savings banks, where there is no private ownership and no profit to anyone but the depositors, exist in only seventeen of the states of the Union. These are the block of states that extend from Maine to Indiana and as far south as Maryland, with Wisconsin, Minnesota, Washington, and California in addition. As one might surmise, the idea came to the United States from Scotland. The oldest institution of this kind in New York is the Bank for Savings in the City of New York, chartered in 1819. Others were established at about the same time in Philadelphia and Boston.



DECORATIONS BY ROCKWELL KENT

CUT IN WOOD BY J. J. LANKES

## Investing in Underlying Industries

**U**NDERLYING the present and future development of all modern countries are their great basic industries, engaged in turning raw materials into commercial products and distributing them to consumers. The growth of these industries has been remarkable and, regardless of minor fluctuations, should continue to be very great.

Total petroleum production for the four year period 1901-05 was 100 million barrels. In 1928 alone it was 900 million barrels. During this 1901-05 period steel products in the United States were about 13 million long tons. They advanced to about 37 million in 1928. Mineral products increased in value from slightly over 1 billion to well above 5 billion dollars. Between 1899 and 1927, manufactured food products increased

in value of annual production from 2 billion to 11 billion dollars.

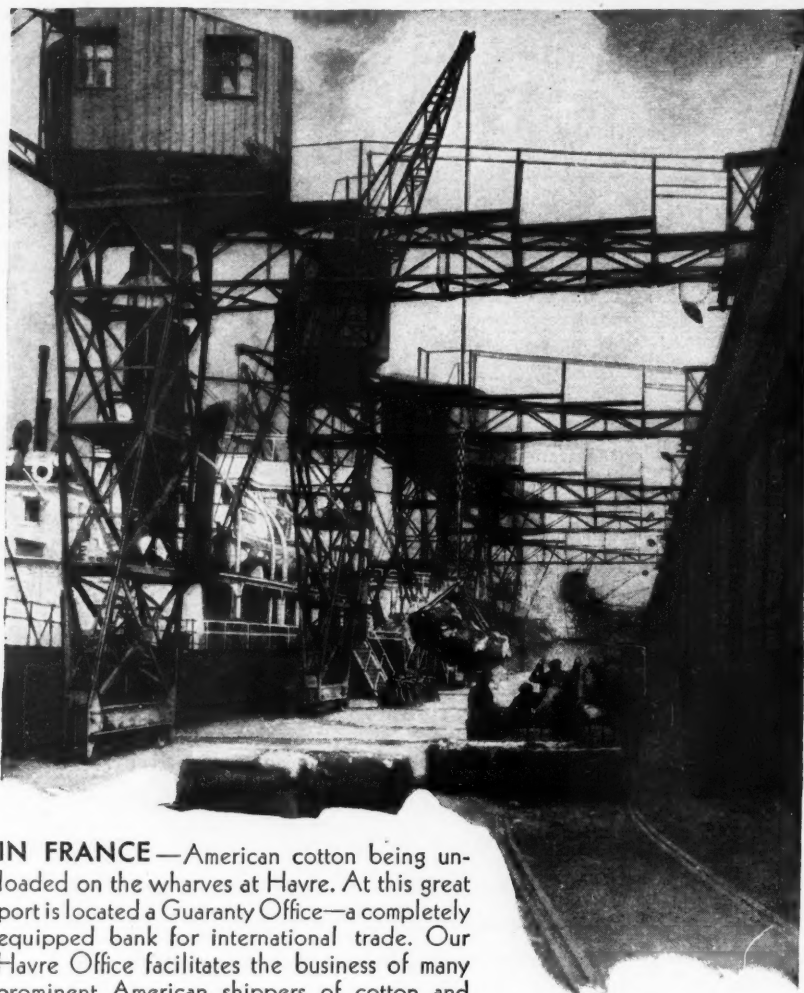
In keeping with its policy of broad diversification, United Founders Corporation, directly and through subsidiaries, invests in industrial securities carefully selected for present soundness and future prospects. These have been chosen from mining, oil, iron and steel, food and tobacco products, merchandising, and other industrial companies. On May 31, 1930, the combined portfolio included 79 American industrials, and 64 chosen from 18 countries throughout the world.



United Founders, directly and through subsidiary investment companies, also has broad holdings in five major fields: insurance, public utility, railway, investment company and banking.

## UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

◀ This advertisement is the fifth of a series outlining the investment activities of United Founders Corporation ▶



**IN FRANCE**—American cotton being unloaded on the wharves at Havre. At this great port is located a Guaranty Office—a completely equipped bank for international trade. Our Havre Office facilitates the business of many prominent American shippers of cotton and other products.

A SUBSTANTIAL part of the total export and domestic movement of cotton is financed by the Guaranty Trust Company. Our exceptional service to the cotton interests is typical of that rendered to every important branch of American industry. We shall be pleased to discuss with you the banking problems involved in your domestic and international business.

## Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

LONDON    PARIS    BRUSSELS    LIVERPOOL    HAVRE    ANTWERP

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS MORE THAN  
\$295,000,000

## Finance

**S**IMILAR IN many respects to the deposit in a savings bank is the life-insurance premium. At the moment the comparisons are especially noticeable. More new life insurance was written in the first seven months of this year than in the same period of the extremely prosperous years 1929 and 1928. For those who like precise information we state below figures compiled from reports made to the *Spectator*, the insurance weekly, by forty-four United States companies representing 82 per cent. of the total business outstanding:

Life Insurance Sales—Seven Months (In millions of dollars)			
	1928	1929	1930
Ordinary.....	4,901	5,242	5,384
Industrial.....	1,618	1,734	1,726
Group.....	651	658	639
Total.....	7,170	7,634	7,749

Analysis of the returns by months shows that ordinary insurance—where the yearly premium is paid in not more than four instalments—has fallen off since the first of May. Industrial insurance—where the premium is paid weekly—was off by 8 per cent. during the first five months, but was unbelievably good in the next two months.

Taking the figures for industrial insurance only, for June and July in each of the last three years, we find this extraordinary showing: 1928, 409 million dollars of new business; 1929, 465 millions; 1930, 559 millions. There is no sign of poverty among those who buy insurance on the weekly instalment plan.

Group insurance, where the premium is paid wholly or in part by the employer, has its ups and downs. A single policy, written for a large corporation, will throw all the percentage tables out of line. The \$400,000,000 policy placed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company upon the lives of 200,000 employees of the General Motors Corporation, in July, 1928, is an example. Thus we find group insurance down by 35 per cent. in January when compared with the same month of 1929, up by 57 per cent. in April, and suffering a net loss of 3 per cent. for the whole seven months.

Investments made by life insurance companies are almost as conservative as those of savings banks. The *New York Evening Post* prepares a weekly statement of purchases made by more than a score of the largest life insurance companies. Consolidating these statements for three weeks during August we obtain the following analysis:

		Per cent.
Loans		
on farm property.....	\$7,421,835	9.3
on dwellings and business property.....	37,556,723	47.2
Railroad		
bonds .....	6,271,920	7.9
stocks .....	737,035	.9
Public utilities		
bonds .....	15,454,749	19.4
stocks .....	1,513,950	1.9

(Table continued on page 106)



# PARTNERS

## IN AMERICAN BUSINESS •



On street cars, on subways, on suburban trains—wherever people are going to and from their work—you see men and women of all walks and stations of life reading the financial pages.

They are partners in American business—partners with millions of other shareholders—partners with the executive management of American industry. And their number is steadily growing.

Business management, under this far flung partnership, becomes tremendously important to a large number of people. Upon that management depends very largely the value of the billions of securities which they own. Small wonder then that they seek facts by which to appraise the management of concerns with which their fortunes are linked.

But effective appraisal of management rests on much more than the news of the day. Diversified experience

and intimate contacts with the problems of management over a long period of time are necessary for sound conclusions.

For 37 years, A. G. Becker & Co. has made the appraisal of management its chief concern. Long before the detailed reports of today were available, we were buying and distributing millions of corporate obligations each month, basing our judgment of those obligations primarily upon the character of the management identified with their issue. Now, as then, our recommendation of securities rests upon this basic factor in every business situation.

An unusually comprehensive investment service has developed out of our long association with American Industry. An interesting booklet, "Sound Corporate Financing," describes this service. We will gladly send you a copy without obligation. Ask for R 105.

### A. G. Becker & Co.

BONDS, STOCKS, COMMERCIAL PAPER

54 PINE STREET, NEW YORK

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## An Important Consideration for National Manufacturers and Distributors

**1<sup>st</sup>**  
NATIONAL BANK  
-IN ST. LOUIS-

ST. LOUIS' LARGEST BANK

NATION WIDE SERVICE

60 DIRECTORS

60 OFFICERS

COMPLETE FINANCIAL FACILITIES

NATIONAL business comes to St. Louis to develop its trade in the South and Central West. An important consideration in these trade expansion plans, is an influential banking connection. The First National Bank, St. Louis' largest bank, is a center of influence in the business life of this vast trade territory. Acting as the financial representative in this territory for national manufacturers and distributors, this organization has not only a national point of view, but exceptional facilities for rendering every banking service.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK ST. LOUIS' LARGEST BANK

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which serve as the highest criterion of selection among financial firms.

*Real Estate Bond, Investment Trust, or Public Utility houses, which by their nature are not eligible for membership in the above classifications, are acceptable when their securities are distributed by a member house of the above associations, or when they are guaranteed in a manner acceptable to Review of Reviews.*

Please communicate directly with these reputable firms about your individual investment problem. They will be glad to serve you.



## Finance

(Table continued from page 104)

Government bonds			
United States.....	3,152,500	4.	
State, county, city....	3,995,414	5.	
Miscellaneous			
bonds .....	2,338,705	2.9	
stocks .....	1,146,710	1.5	
	\$79,589,541	100.	

Every dollar invested by life insurance companies during these weeks was thus split as follows: 57 cents for loans on property, 9 cents for railroad securities, 21 cents for the securities of public utilities, 9 cents for Government bonds, and 4 cents for miscellaneous stocks and bonds. Carrying the analysis a step further, we find that the 43 cents (out of each dollar) invested in securities is split 39 cents for bonds and 4 for stock.

## The Government's Business

UNCLE SAM performs many services for his 122,000,000 people, and in return charges a fee. The amount varies in accordance with ability to pay, but no one escapes. It costs approximately four billion dollars to run the government for a year. Out of each dollar spent, 69 cents pays for past wars and preparedness for future wars; 7 cents is the cost of purely administrative departments; 17 cents is expended for what might be called betterments, such as public buildings and public works, the promotion of health and education, the conservation of natural resources, and various aids to agriculture, aviation, and shipping; and the remaining 7 cents is for miscellaneous purposes, including rebates.

The real problem is to extract this sum of four billion dollars more or less painlessly from the pockets of the taxpayers. Customs revenues have been producing about six hundred million dollars annually for the past eight years. Internal revenue has produced approximately three billions.

A detailed report of this internal revenue for the year ending June 30, was made public by the Treasury Department on August 24. The tax on incomes of individuals and corporations—an invention of the year 1913—yielded \$2,410,000,000. Slightly more than half of this came from corporations, and slightly less than half from individuals. More than a third of the total came from New York State. Miscellaneous taxes yielded nearly \$630,000,000, two-fifths of which came from North Carolina through the stamp tax on cigarettes.

Annual reports, however, often fail to reflect current tendencies. Uncle Sam in August was reporting the largest income-tax receipts since 1921, when high war rates were in effect; but his figures related to the fiscal year that had ended on June 30. They included two quarterly payments, March 15 and June 15, on individual and corporation incomes for the most prosperous year in the na-

# CITIES SERVICE COMMON

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**C**ITIES SERVICE Common stock has been thoroughly seasoned through two decades, including the severe test of the World War and the drastic economic readjustment that followed the War.

The organization has behind it a long record of conservative management and rising earnings—and ahead of it the continuously expanding demand for CITIES SERVICE products—factors that determine the desirability of investing in the Common stock.

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CITIES SERVICE COMPANY Common stock—one of the world's most widely held investment shares.

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Petty Island Refinery.

### CREW LEVICK COMPANY

**A** CITIES SERVICE subsidiary—one of the oldest petroleum companies in existence. The original Crew Levick Company was founded in 1862, shortly after the first oil well—the famous Drake Well in Titusville, Pa.—was drilled. The Company owns and operates a complete compounding plant for the handling of products for export and a refinery with a rated daily capacity of 5,000 barrels, which are located on Petty Island in the Delaware River opposite Philadelphia. In addition, the Company owns and operates a refinery at Titusville with a daily capacity of 2,000 barrels and owns 400 miles of main and gathering lines in connection with its oil production in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Crew Levick Company also has an extensive marketing system distributing refined petroleum products through tank and service stations located in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Delaware, Virginia and District of Columbia.

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Nevada—long famed for the richness of its mines—is now finding new wealth in its expanding live stock industry which already closely approximates in value the present output of its famous mines. Beef cattle and calves, sheep and lambs, dairying and other live stock industries, yield Nevada farmers and ranchers an income of more than \$17,000,000 a year. This exceeds in value the state's annual copper output; is almost three times its gold and silver production.

**B**ANKING service to Western Business...and eastern and foreign correspondents...is based on a broad-gauged experience and complete knowledge of Pacific Coast business and industrial problems covering a period of almost three-quarters of a century.

Products of Nevada's live stock industry find a primary market in the thickly-settled population of California. Shipments are also regularly made to other important markets of the Pacific Coast and Middle West.

Nevada's live stock development is typical of Western Empire industry and business which focus upon the Port of San Francisco—key city of distribution on the Pacific Coast and gateway to the markets of the Orient.



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A fascinating book which sets forth a new economic plan—a part of Hoover's prosperity program. No mere school book theorizing, but a practical working plan, in brilliant novel form, for overcoming that dreaded bugaboo, periodic business depression. If you buy or sell, or borrow, or loan, if you are a citizen of the U. S., this book is of vital interest to you AND WE WILL SEND IT TO YOU FREE.

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Perhaps you've thought that bad times always have to follow good times, that economic problems work out automatically. But do they? THE ROAD TO PLENTY offers the sure way, the safe way to permanent prosperity for this country. The new plan for putting American business on a firmer footing is all told in an intensely interesting story. This book concerns YOUR FUTURE and it is important to read it now—FREE.

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## Finance

tion's history. The whole world knew that the story would be different at the end of the new fiscal year. The Government is a year behind. The quarterly payment that comes into its cash drawer on the 15th of next December will arrive after a full year of depression; yet it is a tax upon earnings of the abnormally prosperous year 1929.

Current indications are vastly different. It does not require the genius of a Treasury official to discover that American corporations have been earning this year not better than two-thirds of what they earned in 1929, and the year is already three-fourths over. The Government's income from the corporation tax in 1931 will be written in much smaller figures.

Internal revenue receipts for July, the first month of the new fiscal year, showed, it is true, little change from the corresponding month of 1929. Milady was making her bridge cards last longer, but the factories were turning out more revolvers; fewer persons were paying club dues, but more cigarettes were being smoked. One item was up, another was down.

Customs receipts, on the other hand, had fallen off by nearly a million dollars each business day. For this class of revenue we have figures for the first fifty days of the Government's business year. During that period in 1929, customs receipts had been \$85,778,000; in the same period of 1930 the receipts were only \$45,912,000. The decrease this year, in fifty days, was almost \$40,000,000. Some will blame this on the new tariff, others will admit that we are buying less abroad.

It is already apparent that this year's special reduction in income tax rates, which applied only to 1929 income, will not be continued next year. In order to avoid a deficit it might even be necessary to raise the rates which applied to 1928 incomes, though the government will very likely accept a deficit rather than impose a higher tax.

## Unemployment

**T**HE FIRST comprehensive figures relating to unemployment in the United States were made public by the Census Bureau late in August. Even yet the returns are preliminary. Persons able to work, out of work, and looking for work totaled 2,508,151 when the census count was taken last April. This was a shade more than 2 per cent. of the whole population. In New York State the percentage was 2.9; in New Jersey, 3.2; in Pennsylvania, 2.2; in Michigan, 3.3; in California, 3; in Oregon, 2.6. It is generally assumed that the situation has grown worse, rather than better, in the months that have passed since April.

Records of factory employment in New York State have shown a steady decline since October of last year. Then the index number was 100.4 (100 being the monthly average for the three years 1925-'27). By July of the present year

## Finance

the index had fallen to 83.3. Stating the thing in another way, for every 100 persons employed in the factories of New York State last October, only 83 were employed nine months later. Seventeen per cent. of idleness there. Some of it was seasonal.

Governor Roosevelt of New York, a presumptive candidate for reelection, has been urging a state-supervised scheme of unemployment insurance. He condemns the "reckless and deceptive" promises that this country would never again have a widespread condition of unemployment. Broadly speaking, he adds, the situation is today more serious than at any time since 1893.

Unemployment in Great Britain passed the 2,000,000 mark in August, for the first time since the period of strikes that followed closely upon the end of the War. Premier MacDonald seems to receive most of the blame, for when he took office in June of last year—Labor's own Premier—there were only 1,100,000 out of work. In Great Britain the figures are precise and up to date, for the reason that the unemployed register in order to receive the Government's dole. Statesmen are turning once more to remote corners of the Empire in order to find a brighter outlook for the jobless; and it is understood that this is one of the subjects set down for discussion at the Imperial Conference now assembling at London.

Unemployment insurance in Great Britain is said to be based upon an estimated 4 per cent. idleness. Now it appears that there is at least 16 per cent. of unemployment among the insured industrial workers. The dole is reported to be costing \$400,000,000 a year.

In Germany it is stated that the out-of-work number 2,845,000, nearly two million of whom are receiving public relief. France is the brightest spot in the whole world, so far as employment is concerned. No one is out of a job there, and a million Italians and Poles have been imported to help do the day's work.

## Big Business on the Farm

IT IS NOT easy to decide whether to get mad at Hickman Price or to congratulate him. A few years ago he was a motion-picture executive in New York, one of Will Hays' young men. Now he is the wheat king of the Texas Panhandle, doing more than his share to create a surplus crop and embarrass less efficient farmers.

Stories of Mr. Price's achievements that have come to us from Texas read as though some literary Burbank had crossed a Ford book of modern standard practice with a rare edition of Arabian Nights. Tractors used are of the sixty-horse-power variety, operating in a battery of six. Five of them will be pulling overlapping disc plows, turning up the soil for a width of nearly sixty feet, while the sixth follows along behind with a gang of harrows that shred the sod

An airplane tour of the communities served by the operating properties of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



The region about Greensburg, Pennsylvania, is one of the most prosperous in the famous steel, coal, coke, and gas territory surrounding Pittsburgh. It has extensive steel, glass, engine and brick works, flour mills, and other industrial plants, giving employment to a large population.

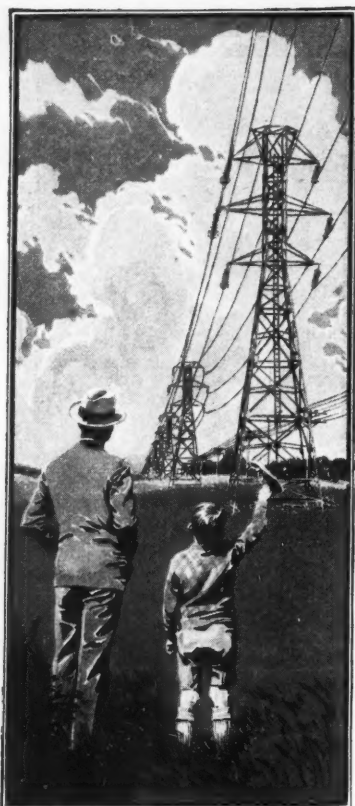
THE West Penn Electric System, one of the chief units of the American Water Works and Electric Company group of public utilities, has served this region with electric light and power for many years. It is just one of the many important industrial centers in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maryland and Virginia, which depend upon the West Penn for electric light and power.

The securities of this electric system are backed by growing properties serving growing communities. It is these electric companies, together with more than forty water companies, that furnish the revenues of the American Water Works and Electric Company.

Send for booklet descriptive of the business and securities of our electric companies.

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**WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY**  
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country, is supplied to factory, home, and barnyard at finger-tip control. Electric power is an essential service ... and a safe investment. Q We distribute the securities of Public Service Company of Northern Illinois—whose electric power lines serve 309 cities and 4,805 farms in Metropolitan Chicagoland—and of other progressive utility companies in 31 states. Send for our list of offerings yielding 6% and more.

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## The Common Sense of Money and Investments

Some A B C instruction by Merryle S. Rukeyser, financial editor and lecturer at Columbia University, who has guided over 30,000 large and small investors.

This book answers, simply and clearly and completely, the many questions which most of us would ask if we could spend a few hours in frank conversation with a real financial expert. Any person who has money invested in stocks or bonds or real estate, any person who anticipates having money to invest, will do well to read it carefully at

once, and to keep it as a guide always to be referred to as the need arises.

Above all, it is a book of guidance, a book meant to teach you how to earn more money than you do now, to save more money than you do, how to keep your money from being filched from you, legally or illegally, how to make your money increase instead of diminish.

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Name .....  
Address .....

## Finance

clumps of the whole strip—all in one operation.

Mr. Price mounts searchlights on his iron horses and turns night into day. He uses them in winter as well as in summer. Why work an expensive tractor ten or even twelve hours a day for a few months only? He estimates that his tractors operate from 5000 to 6000 hours a year. If we take 5500 as the average, allow three weeks for bad weather, it means that his machines are in use sixteen hours a day the year around.

They travel at the rates of three miles an hour. When plowing, each tractor pulls sixteen disc wheels, turning over the sod in a strip twenty feet wide. In an hour the machine will have plowed a piece 60 feet wide and a mile long. In 88 hours, or 5½ of its long working days, a single machine will thus turn over the soil in a field a mile square, or 640 acres. Operating a battery of six tractors—five overlapping plows and one harrow—the square mile can be prepared in less than two days.

Farm hands here are high-class mechanics, paid well and treated well. They live in houses on wheels, coupled together when desired like a train of cars, and pulled to each new location by one of the tractors. It is said that these portable houses have electric lights, radios, and hot and cold showers.

Mr. Price is not depressed by a single year's low price or poor crop. He figures on a ten-year average of twelve bushels of wheat to the acre, at \$1 a bushel. His cost per acre for production and marketing, carefully figured for a full year, was \$6.31. It would be easy to figure Mr. Price's profit on 30,000 acres at more than \$5 per acre. Is efficiency an alternative for farm relief?

## Who Began It?

RICHARD WHITNEY is the new president of the New York Stock Exchange. He is also the man who stood on the floor of the Exchange last fall—like Horatius at the bridge—and led in the movement to stem the tide of panicky selling.

Addressing the Merchants Association of New York on September 9, he sought to place the horse and the cart in what he believes to be their proper order. Because liquidation in the security market occurred earlier and in a more dramatic manner than in the mercantile markets, some have been led to think that it was the stock-market panic (we are using his words) which caused the depression in trade. In reality, he declares, stock panics are an effect rather than a cause of trade depressions.

"The peak of production was reached in May, 1929, but the stock market did not definitely reflect the gradual dropping off of business in June, and the more important decline in production in July, until September and October. This was due in large part to the fact that much important statistical information showing the trend in trade was not available until some time after the movement had started. . . . It is unde-



## Finance

niable that the decline in stock prices in the fall of 1929 did not cause, but actually followed, the decline in business production."

### Watching for Signs

A GREAT AMERICAN pastime at the moment bears some resemblance to a treasure hunt. You look for hidden signs of returning prosperity. The first hundred thousand or so to discover such signs have various opportunities for financial profit; but acting upon a false lead is liable to be costly.

Here are some straws that showed prevailing winds in early September: Steel mills which had been operating at 52 per cent. of capacity one week (in August), had increased to 54 per cent. the next, then to 55, and in the first week of September were operating at 58 per cent. of capacity.

During the whole month of August the ingot output of all companies was larger than it had been in July—the first upward swing in six months.

Weekly reports of loading of revenue freight showed consistent increase for three successive weeks.

Gross earnings of railroads for July were found to be 3.1 per cent. larger than in June. Net earnings were 19 per cent. larger, an indication that the railroads were tiring of their commendable but unprofitable attempt to maintain prosperity, and were beginning to cut down expenses.

These were welcome signs; more welcome if it happens that they are to be followed by others.

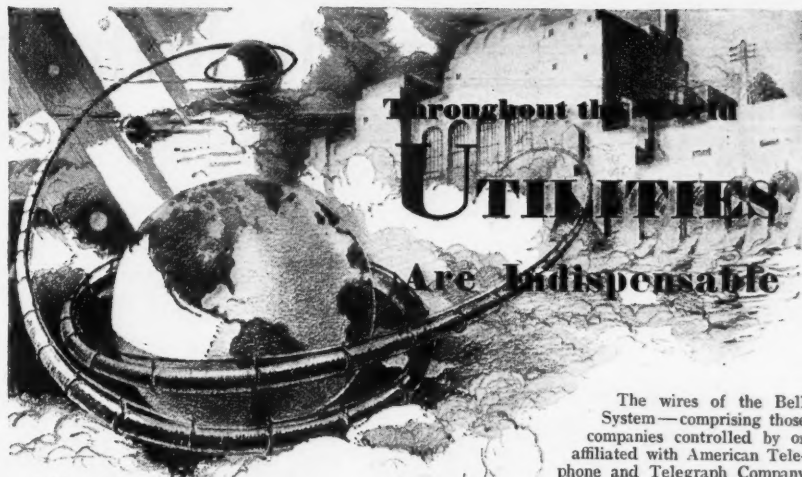
(Continued from page 100)

Many dealers have suffered, principally on account of excessive overhead expenses established during less competitive times; but adjustment is only a matter of time, and there is now a very much better understanding and workable agreement between manufacturer and dealer than ever before.

Net earnings of the Chrysler Corporation have been reduced during the last nine months. Yet its resources have not only remained unimpaired, including its large cash holdings, but it has still further improved its manufacturing facilities and products, and made the most of the opportunity to establish economies and reductions in cost which will endure with a return of normal business.

I venture to say that the automobile industry will be one of the first to feel the effects of the recovery.

WALTER P. CHRYSLER.



The wires of the Bell System—comprising those companies controlled by or affiliated with American Telephone and Telegraph Company—would span the distance from the Earth to the Moon more than 260 times.

PUBLIC UTILITIES are among the great pioneers of progress. Their many essential services have become so closely interwoven with all industrial and social life that they have come to be regarded as an indispensable factor in both.

The consistency with which the public utilities have been able to show increasing revenues over a period of years testifies to the essential nature of the services of this industry.

Many of us take for granted the various services which have become such integral parts of our daily lives. We do not realize their true importance to us until we consider what life would be without them—electric power, gas, water, telephone and telegraph service, etc.

When we stop to think what we should do without these necessary services we realize that they are in most cases worth far more to us than we pay for them.

### North American Trust Shares

*The largest fixed investment trust\**

represents an interest in three of the most prominent utilities in the world. The services of these companies include electric light and power, gas and telephone and telegraph communication.

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The New York Central Railroad Company  
The Pennsylvania Railroad Co.  
Southern Pacific Company  
Union Pacific Railroad Company

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Standard Oil Company of California  
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)  
Standard Oil Company of New York  
The Texas Corporation

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A Department  
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Ewing Galloway

## Fire—America's Greatest Enemy

"New plans were drawn before the blackened ruins of the factory had cooled." But why have blackened ruins?

**E**VERY TWENTY SECONDS there is a fire. Every day of the year, every hour of the day, there are three fires a minute. This makes more than 1,577,000 fires a year. Every day, the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies tells us, fire destroys 1211 buildings. Of this number 931 are residences, five are schools, five churches, fifteen hotel buildings, six department stores, two theaters, eight public garages, three printing plants, three dry goods stores, and ninety-six farm buildings.

Our fires cost more than \$800 a minute, or \$48,200 every hour. In the five years from 1924 to 1928 the total property loss from fire was \$2,086,392,098, which makes an average of \$417,278,413 a year. With this went a loss of more than 50,000 lives—almost as great as that of American soldiers during the World War. Yet fully nine of every ten fires could have been prevented.

The actual cost of fire is, of course,

vastly greater than the recorded fire loss because of the loss of uninsured property and wealth irreparably destroyed. The cost of fire prevention is still greater, for it must include the colossal expenditures for maintaining municipal and industrial fire departments, fire-fighting apparatus and water supplies, pumps, sprinklers and storage tanks, watchmen, signal and patrol service. Moreover, fire insurance premiums must exceed fire losses, augmenting still further the cost of fire and fire protection.

It is impossible to estimate the sum spent for fire protection. But, according to George W. Booth, chief engineer of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, municipal fire department appropriations will run from one-half to the full amount of the fire losses. On that basis the total fire department expense may be between 200 and 500 million dollars. Consequently the cost of fire and its prevention runs well over \$900,000,000.

Fire is a direct charge added to the cost of living. It is a burden distributed indiscriminately—rich man, poor man, wage earner, capitalist, citizen, and alien alike are affected.

Why is America's fire loss so great? Where do the fires take place? How is it that so many fires are possible? These answers are found, in part, from the table shown on page 115 which shows the loss from different individual causes for the years from 1926 to 1928.

**F**IRE LOSSES increase when business is poor. The trend of fire loss totals is in reverse ratio to the upward or downward trend of general business prosperity. Fire losses—or rather insured losses—show an annual decrease from 1926 to the latter months of 1929. This was the period of the nation's greatest prosperity. The year of 1920 bore the brunt of the nearest previous depression period—and suffered an

## Industry

increase of more than \$125,000,000 in fire loss. During the first five months of 1930—when the country was going through the worst depression since 1920—fire losses had already increased \$14,000,000.

One reason for this reverse ratio to trend of business is that unscrupulous business men sometimes resort to incendiarism as the easiest way out from business losses. Another is that during hard times business men let down on their alertness against fires. They let down on carefulness, protection, inspection, and precautions by reducing their organization. There are fewer watchmen, rubbish is allowed to pile up, and fire protective equipment is not maintained or replaced. When business is good, executives are more willing to spend money on protection. Moreover protection then assumes greater importance because a fire means not only loss of property, but also loss of profit and curtailment of business.

This is borne out by the recent, incomplete reports of twenty insurance companies whose fire insurance premiums in the Chicago district, for the year ending June 30, decreased from \$3,474,934 to \$2,546,630—a slump of \$828,354. This is due partly to less protection, and partly to deflated values.

**M**YSTERY FIRES that “just happen” have given a sinister meaning to the term spontaneous heating. There are many conditions under which spontaneous combustion is to be expected, as for example coal piles, paints and varnishes, or steam pipes adjacent to combustible and inflammable materials. But there are others where spontaneous heating would ordinarily not be suspected. Granulated sugar, for example, is thought to be a culprit, although the Chemical Engineering Division, Bureau of Chemistry in Soils, is not yet sure. Meanwhile, within the past three years there have been more than fifteen costly fires in stored sugar, many of them starting during the night in the center of piles of sugar, in warehouses subject to regular and rigid inspection.

Is it the sugar or the burlap bags lined with cotton cheesecloth that have caused these losses of thousands of dollars? It is known that damp piles of jute bagging will heat—wet bagging is one of the most serious marine hazards. Some authorities point an accusing finger at the ink on the bags, for the quick-drying oils used in these inks are known to create a hazardous combination with fabric. Perhaps the oil used to soften the sisal fibre or jute may, in combination with warmth, bacteria, moisture, and pressure bring about the heating that ultimately springs into flame.

The oily rag or wax cloth is a well-known spontaneous heating hazard. But who would suspect the baskets of dry laundry? Yet each year the basket load of dry laundry causes a number of laundries to be burned to the ground. Had the laundry been compressed tightly enough in its basket to prevent the oxygen of the air from entering, the



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## Industry

basket would not have been a fire hazard. Pack the laundry in that basket so loosely that the air passes through it freely enough to dissipate heat, and that basket of laundry is no fire hazard. But where the wash is neither compressed enough nor porous enough, cumulative heating may occur until the contents flash into flames—and another fire is charged to spontaneous combustion.

Spontaneous combustion is seventh on the list of fire causes, with an average yearly loss for 1926, 1927, and 1928 of \$41,252,077. Spontaneous combustion is costing the agricultural industry alone nearly \$2,000,000 yearly, and much more that is hidden under the classification of "unknown." According to H. C. Dickinson of the Department of Commerce, American farms and rural communities suffer an annual fire loss that ranges from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000. This is a real property loss, mostly uninsured.

**P**RACTICALLY ANY combustible dust will explode with violence when mixed with the proper proportion of air, under favorable conditions, and ignited by a spark or flame. In addition to coal dust, grain dusts, starches, hulls and wood dust, hard rubber, sulphur and sugar dust, milk, chocolate, cocoa powder, and the dust from pitch grinding, pulverizing fertilizer, spice plants, and textile plants can easily explode. Even such non-combustible materials as aluminum, aluminum bronze, and the dust in metal-working plants may be ignited suddenly and violently.

The Bureau of Chemistry and Soils in Washington, investigating dust explosions in fifteen different industries, found that during the last twenty years thirty major explosions occurred in feed-grinding plants alone. They cost sixty lives, injuring 118 and doing damage of more than \$5,000,000. In 1927 one explosion of lacquer dust in Detroit cost twenty-eight lives, and did \$4,500,000 damage to property.

Since the above was written, ten days in August of this year brought three more dust explosions. A railway grain elevator in Baltimore was destroyed, and four men were killed. A grain warehouse in Kansas City exploded and burned, killing two. And two more men lost their lives when another dust explosion turned a Minneapolis grain elevator into a flaming tower. The damage from all three fires was more than \$400,000.

Dust is a menace, therefore. Every industrial plant in which dust may be produced and where static from belts, electric sparks, naked flames or friction can exist must be on the alert against conditions that may cause the dust to take fire.

Fire prevention is everybody's business. A fire in the home of your neighbor, or in the plant of your competitor, may destroy your home or your factory. The cost of fire must be borne by everyone, because insurance premiums are based upon losses. The cost of protection is an item in business costs.

The remedy? First and foremost to become fire-minded, that is, to think of

## Industry

fire hazards. Insist upon safe conditions through fire-resistant materials and cautious practices. Compel employees to act sanely by preaching and practicing the gospel of fire prevention. Safeguard plant and property by adequate fire preventive and protective measures, backed by fire-fighting facilities and discipline.

Sprinkler systems, fireproof construction, and fire-fighting apparatus cut insurance premiums enormously. They quickly pay for themselves by lower premiums, as well as in security for life, property, and enterprise.

Fire takes its colossal toll because of

These changes brought about a saving of from 30 to 40 per cent. in manufacturing costs.

Four buildings were vacated and profitably rented. The total floor space was reduced by one-fifth. Nineteen departments were consolidated, and several of the new departments located on one floor were placed under one head. This eliminated handling costs, reduced supervision charges, centralized authority and responsibility. Machines were placed so that work traveled from machine to machine in uninterrupted sequence. This work required four

months to complete, the departments involved being shut down only from each Friday to Monday during the four-month period.

Do you know how many square feet of floor space are required per employee? What is the revenue per square foot of floor space? Which departments are profitable, which unprofitable? One benefit of asking questions like these is that in finding the answer you will find solutions to your problems. Go through your drafting room, tool room, stock room and

various departments, looking for trouble. Contentment is stagnation. Stagnation means obsolescence, decay, oblivion. Give your plant the once over.

## Productive Equipment

ONE JOKE at the vaudeville always brings a laugh. It is about the man of the house who stores worthless things until his better half determines to throw them out, only to find that something that hadn't been needed for many years is suddenly wanted. How many executives cling to old equipment that is never used expecting—almost hoping—that some day it may be?

Recently the Department of Commerce sent out to the textile industry what might be called an A. B. C. of a scientific machine policy, which will enable the department and the individual manufacturer to obtain a clearer cross-sectional knowledge of just how old machines must be to be discarded. The purpose of this questionnaire, of course, was to determine when a machine is obsolete—which has really nothing to do with age.

Because this matter is of vital interest to every user of machinery some of the more pertinent questions taken from this catechism are indicated here:

1. Is mere age a reliable guide to the time to scrap a machine? (A negative answer is indicated by the department's findings in Cleveland knitted-outerwear plants.)

2. Can your present machines produce

CAUSES OF FIRE AND THEIR COST		
	1928	1926
Chimneys, flues, cupolas, and stacks overheated or defective.....	\$ 19,588,878	\$ 23,111,618
Electricity (except electric irons and similar small devices).....	12,277,185	10,999,260
Exposure.....	41,219,494	54,074,554
Lightning—buildings rodged and not rodged.....	7,708,155	18,205,326
Matches—smoking.....	27,902,919	30,160,233
Petroleum and its products....	12,207,297	14,978,599
Sparks on roofs.....	12,932,552	14,172,947
Spontaneous combustion.....	12,112,461	15,498,812
Stoves, furnaces, boilers and their pipes.....	19,311,169	21,977,114
Unknown.....	170,330,314	202,369,737
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$335,590,424</b>	<b>\$405,548,200</b>

carelessness. Carelessness thrives only because the danger and magnitude of fire losses are not more widely understood. Therefore, try to grasp—and broadcast—the prolific causes of fire, the gigantic loss it causes, and terrific expense in which we all share, directly and indirectly, because of it.

Fire is America's greatest extravagance and her gravest calamity. It is more. It is America's greatest disgrace, because it is unnecessary. It is her outstanding opportunity—and responsibility.

## Looking for Trouble

WHEN YOU GO out into the street looking for trouble you can usually find it. But when you go through your files, analyze your office routine, or go into your plant you can generally find it just as easily. Therefore the wise executive, when opportunity permits, will analyze his business, methods, and procedure to see what can be improved.

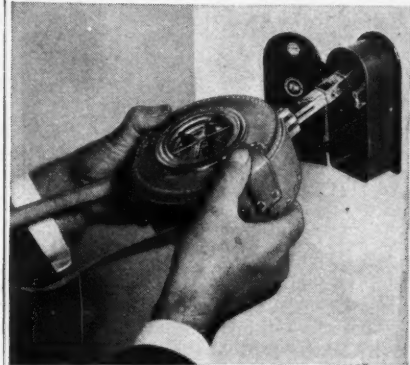
One well-known manufacturer of machine tools went through his own plant with these results:

The plant layout was completely rearranged.

New equipment costing \$475,000 was installed to replace antiquated machinery which had a book value of \$556,000.

Rearranging the plant, moving, painting, and cleaning expenses cost an additional \$249,000.

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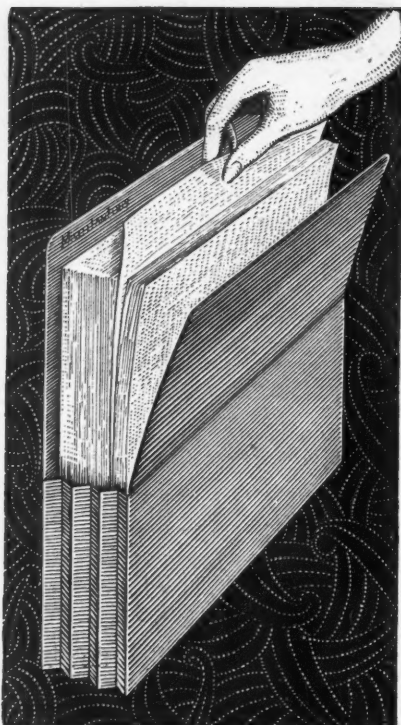
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## Industry

what you want them to as cheaply as other machines on the market?

3. Will you buy additional machines or will the alteration of new machines be more economical? (It was indicated that the answer to this question depends in no small measure upon the ingenuity of the knitting foreman and the knitters in adjusting machines to up-to-date styles.)

4. If you decide to buy additional machines, will you buy new or second-hand ones?

5. Have you considered the effect of excess machine capacity in your industry on what has been termed "profitless prosperity"?

6. If you give up the use of some of your present machines, will you sell them, break them up, or merely store them?

7. Will you establish a reserve for future purchase of new machines when necessary?

As we grow older time seems to travel faster. Something which we look upon as new may not be new any longer.

Many executives fail to realize how old their equipment really is until they check it up or discover that a competitor has a big advantage as regards unit cost or unit time or precision. Think of the enormous strides that have taken place during the last ten years—when airplanes could cause a commotion and radio was new. Perhaps no greater strides have been made than in the design and perfection of machine tools, without which large-scale production would be impossible. And yet, according to Omar S. Hunt, president of the Marshall & Huschart Machinery Co., 44 per cent. of the machine tools in the United States were found to be ten or more years old during a survey made in 1927. This percentage is even greater at present.

Speaking before the Associated Machine Tool Dealers at their convention at Granville, Ohio, Mr. Hunt explained that greater effort should be made to prove to executives that modern machinery would save time, make money, and that payments spread out over a reasonable period would enable savings to help finance the purchase. Where equipment must be purchased out of the capital account it is often more difficult to obtain it than where the estimated savings can be used to finance the purchase. Instalment buying has not yet found adoption where its possibilities and benefits are greatest—namely for the buying of money saving equipment.

points in areas of congestion, and the hampering effect of difficult access on business and real estate values are taken into consideration as well.

Individuals can help themselves by choosing their routes so as to lessen congestion while timing their loading or shipping time so as not to be cumulative to that of others. Half an hour often makes all the difference in starting or stopping a trip or a day's work.

## Industrial Sidelights

"IDEAS lose themselves as quickly as quail, and one must wing them the minute they rise out of the grass—or they are gone," said a Mr. Thomas F. Kennedy. Suggestion boxes located at strategic places throughout the plant enable employees to drop their suggestions in them when the spirit moves. Many suggestions are of use only after prolonged study. But others, of real value, come on the spur of the moment. Men who work with their hands are often self-conscious and shy, hesitating to make suggestions if it requires going to the office or attracting attention among their fellows. The suggestion box makes it easy to offer suggestions, and encourages employees to use them.

Have you adopted a suggestion policy? If it has not proved beneficial, the probability is that the policy is at fault.

• • STACKING goods upon skids is now recognized as a major factor in cutting handling costs. The insurance interests now recommend the use of skids because doing so greatly reduces the water damage in case of fire, by enabling goods to be more quickly removed. So here is a further inducement to use skids, though the savings in handling costs are reason enough.

• • ALUMINUM piston rods for Ford automobiles are finished to exact weight automatically. Delivered to the automatic machine finished but slightly over weight, metal is machined off, the metal chips dropping into a cup. When the amount of metal removed is that required to give the piston the exact weight, the machine is automatically stopped. The entire operation requires only a few seconds.

• • IT PAYS to filter lubricating oil. California's agricultural experiment station tested two Chevrolet cars, one with filter in use and the other with filter bypassed. The principal wearing parts were accurately measured and weighed. The two cars were run over a 10,000-mile route and the parts were then re-measured and weighed again. The piston rings used with unfiltered oil were found to have lost twice as much weight due to wear as those where the oil had been filtered. The loss of weight of piston, wristpins, crank pins, and bearings were too slight to justify drawing definite conclusions concerning them.

## \$2,000,000,000

TRAFFIC congestion is responsible for an annual loss to the American people of \$2,000,000,000, according to an estimate submitted at the third national Conference on Street and Highway Safety. This includes an estimated loss of \$800,000,000 from accidents, to which lack of proper traffic facilities is a contributing factor. Loss of time at



# Education

## A Rhodes Scholar Speaks

CECIL RHODES dreamed of awakening sympathy between Britain and America by sending the best of American scholars to Oxford. How real is that dream now?

By  
WILLIAM  
BREYFOGLE

Ewing  
Galloway



THE HIGH STREET ENTRANCE TO MAGDALEN COLLEGE, AND AN OXFORD CREW

**T**HE QUESTION of the advantages which Oxford offers to foreign, and, for the present purpose, especially to American students, is an old and a vexed one which will perhaps never be settled. But if a stay of two years confers sufficient authority, these impressions of Oxford as it is to an American today may be of some interest.

This Oxford is a city on the Thames, the seat of a university, and the home of Morris automobiles. It has nothing in common with Samarkand and the other glamorous cities of romance. Traditionally, as one approaches Oxford, the gray sky breaks into a mist of "dreaming spires and singing towers"; actually, the first thing one is likely to notice is the municipal gas plant.

To go to Oxford one takes the train at Paddington and travels through a pleasant part of England, the Thames valley. Leaving London behind, one's mind begins to build pictures of what Oxford will be like. When the train stops and one alights from a third-class smoker, the sensation is one of mild disappointment. The beauties of Oxford are hidden away and the famous High Street has really little to recommend it, in architecture, from Carfax even unto Magdalen Bridge. "The High" is part of the main London road, and noisy. It is a

relief to find one's college and achieve comparative quiet.

Inside most of the colleges it is much more pleasant. The gardens of Trinity and St. John's, the Cloisters of New College, and Addison's Walk in the grounds of Magdalen are oases to be prized. Also the buildings are more attractive from within. One settles down and begins life as an undergraduate once again.

To omit the first term, with its formalities of matriculation, assignment to a tutor and such things, one finds as the year passes that certain definite impressions have emerged in one's mind about Oxford and Oxonians. One had, for instance, thought of the English undergraduates as superior in mental attainments and social grace to the American, above all, as individuals thinking for themselves. It would be foolish and perhaps impossible to maintain the superiority of either side of the Atlantic. Fortunately they are different from each other. But the undergraduates of Oxford are open to many of the charges commonly made against those of Harvard and Yale, of Princeton and Dartmouth. There is a "type" at Oxford as well as in American universities and colleges, a type which in comparison seems distinctly insular, somewhat ill-

mannered, and rather less vigorous.

With the background of the English public school system, such a result is to be expected. This is not the place to discuss public schools, but the fact remains that in the writer's opinion their alumni are cast much more in the same mold than the graduates of American or Canadian secondary schools. During their impressionable years the students are largely removed from the freer atmosphere of a home, and except in cases of pronounced individuality, they conform unquestioningly to the standards of their school, in which "good form" is apt to assume the place of initiative. This, I believe, is not true of certain more favored institutions, particularly in London.

When the graduate of the average public school arrives in Oxford, usually at about eighteen, he is prone to do just as his fellows are doing—to go in for games, the Union and the institution of tea, and to frown upon, or ostracize those who vary from this norm. The worship of athletic prowess is just as prevalent in Oxford as in any other university, although athletics are indulged in rather more casually on the whole. Rowing, of course, takes the place accorded to football in the American scheme of things, and culminates in

## Education

"Eights Week" once each summer term.

One's hypothetical thirst for knowledge is accommodated with a tutor and a system of lectures. Actually, one depends almost entirely upon one's tutor. The weaknesses of such a scheme of things are at once apparent. There is the chance that one will be saddled with an incapable tutor, which means an enormous waste of effort, and there is the practical certainty that in any case one will come into effective contact with only the one instructor.

In the four years an American graduate spends in college he will probably study under perhaps twenty different men, and his opportunities will be increased accordingly. It seems to the present writer that there are serious objections to the tutorial system in its undiluted form. Oxford lectures are not above the average in excellence and, except for the women students, relatively few undergraduates attend them.

The disciplinary system is galling to one accustomed to the greater liberty afforded in the better American universities. One must be in college or in one's "digs" by midnight; permission of the Dean is required for lunch-parties with more than six present, and for all dinner-parties in college; one may dine only in restaurants and hotels approved by the Proctors . . . the list is endless. The curious may consult the "Excerptæ Statutis."

ONE UNFORTUNATE undergraduate of my acquaintance fell asleep on an evening train from London and was carried far past Oxford, well toward the borders of Wales. He came back in the early hours, seated on a milk-can, and was obliged to climb over a perilous fence garnished with iron spikes in order to effect his entrance. He was normally a late sleeper, and the effect on his scout of finding him fully dressed at half past six in the morning may be imagined. Somehow, that rule of "in by twelve" has always been the most galling; and great ingenuity, coupled with considerable physical effort, has been displayed in circumventing it. Many a water-spout could tell tales.

All these rules are strictly enforced and offenders are visited with divers penalties ranging from fines to expulsion. Foreign students are usually older, and the statutes call a more vigorous rebellion from them than from the English undergraduates.

The position of foreign students at Oxford is difficult, for the university and for themselves. Their habits are customarily more deeply rooted, and their requirements are different. It is not surprising that so large a percentage of them leave, either voluntarily or by request of the authorities. The Oxford system is not elastic. Yet, because of its reputation, students come to Oxford from all corners of the world. One can see Chinese and Hindus, Negroes, Japanese and a score of other peoples. The problem, for them, is to fit themselves into a system originally designed for the graduates of English public schools.

For that is the system in use at Oxford, and one has little right, really, to demand its change. I quote part of a letter from one of Oxford's more intelligent Dons:

"I quite understand the difficulties of Rhodes scholars, and have often doubted whether the arrangements were good ones. It would be absurd to alter our ordinary life and discipline for so small a minority: yet if they are not altered that minority finds itself living under conditions that were intended for people of different age and upbringing. Naturally it does not work very well."

For some of the students from the Continent it must be even harder to adapt themselves to the Oxford way of life. But for the majority of its fosterlings, that is, for English students, Oxford does serve the purpose of preparing them for life in English society, and is perhaps a valuable background to their later careers. This statement of course has no reference to the education they acquire, in the narrower sense of that word. It is a comment on Oxford as a social center.

From Gibbon to H. G. Wells there have been vigorous critics of Oxford and all it stands for. So much adverse criticism must have some basis in fact. It is primarily England's problem, but, so far as the foreign student is concerned, he too may voice an opinion. If he feels inclined to go to Oxford, would not a year there be enough? To live in a college and observe from within the workings of a system of education and society hitherto strange to him, and to leave without taking a degree, might well be a valuable experience. At least he would probably enjoy his stay much more than he otherwise would. And a year is quite long enough to subject oneself to the English climate and the English chef. Such a student would probably feel some regret at leaving Oxford, but as his train stopped at Paddington, even he would have a sensation of relief and of escape.

One has a variety of pleasant recollections of a stay in Oxford—dinners in college and "The George," odd moments when the scouts, who privately consider themselves the real educators, dispensed wisdom on many subjects, the country near Oxford with its villages, Wytham, Godstow and "The Trout," Babcock Hythe and the river, all the haunts of the Scholar Gypsy. But for such things Oxford, as Oxford, is not responsible. You will find as many such attractions in Cornwall and Sussex and Ireland, far away from any university. To achieve an impartial estimate they must be left largely out of the reckoning.

There are many excellent things about Oxford and there are many faults, just as there are in other institutions in all countries. But for the purposes of the foreign student, Oxford does not seem to me particularly desirable. In all probability, however, it will continue to attract students from all parts of the world and it will be exceedingly slow to change. The bonds of its traditions bid fair to become fetters, and Oxford itself

may some day become the last of those lost causes to which it has given a home for so many generations.

## Education Sidelights

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT of New York has warned against overcrowding in the teaching field. At the laying of a cornerstone of a new building at the Oswego State Normal School, he said: "It is, perhaps, a tendency of mothers and fathers to think when their daughters start to grow up that the finest thing they can do is to become teachers, that the whole world will be opened up to them that way, but to-day there are 5000 women teachers, qualified to teach in the state, out of jobs. That is the other side of the picture. We need to stop, look, and listen."

• • FOUR UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS of \$5000 each are offered to American boys in a contest sponsored by the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, organized recently with the announced purpose of perpetuating the ideals of the ancient craft guilds. Other awards having a total value of more than \$50,000 will also be given to the boys who build the best miniature models of a Napoleonic coach. The contest is open to boys between the ages of 12 and 19 and there are two class divisions: juniors aged 12 to 15; and seniors, 16 to 19. Dan Beard, national commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America, is honorary president of the guild, and William A. Fisher, president of the Fisher Body Corporation, is active president. To obtain nationwide accessibility to the contest, the entire dealer organization of General Motors, of which the Fisher Body Corporation is a division, has been drafted into service. Enrolment blanks may be obtained from any of the 20,000 motor car dealers throughout the country. At the end of the contest, coach models made in each state will be judged separately, and winners in each state will be given a free trip to Detroit as guests of the guild, and \$50 in gold. The four first awards of \$5000 scholarships may be used at any university in the country selected by the fortunate young men.

• • A SIXTEENTH CENTURY English manor house, immortalized in Pepys' diary, has been donated by Chivers & Sons, Limited, to the Cambridge Education Committee to form the nucleus of the village college area of Histon and Cottenham in Cambridgeshire. It is Impington Hall, built by John Pepys, great-uncle of the diarist.

The purpose of the village college plan is to unite in a single institution all educational activities of the village from the nursery school up to the classes for adult education, as well as to provide social and recreational facilities not usually found in rural districts.

The house, which is still substantially as it was 300 years ago, has a number of



## Education

beautifully paneled rooms which will be used for classes for adults, a library, and a new court, to be built at a cost of approximately £20,000 as well as for classrooms, laboratories, and so on.

• • STUDENTS at the University of Southern California may study aviation from two different angles—aeronautical and commercial—as a result of the recent establishment there of two chairs in aviation education. The Western Air Express and the Richfield Oil Company are the donors. Commercial aviation will be in the curriculum of the college of commerce and business administration of the university. The course will include detailed study of the selection and layout of airports, night lighting equipment, radio, meteorological service, records, and management.

• • IN OCTOBER fifteen persons will be elected to the Hall of Fame of New York University. There are 105 candidates up for election. No one is eligible for election until he has been dead twenty-five years. The persons so honored have their names engraved on tablets; above the tablets are placed their busts. Only five educators have gained entrance to the hallowed group. They are Horace Mann, Mark Hopkins, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, and Alice Freeman Palmer. Authors lead the list with fifteen. No business man has ever achieved the honor, although five candidates have been suggested.

This year there are five educators among the candidates. They are Samuel Chapman Armstrong, Henry Barnard, Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, Eliphalet Nott, Henry Philip Tappan.

## Education Articles

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN? by Katharine Blunt; *School and Society*, August 2. The new head of Connecticut College explains how women's education may be adapted to the changing position of women.

WHICH COLLEGE—IF ANY? by M. K. Wisheart; *American Magazine*, September. Helping the high school graduate decide whether he should go to college and what he should study.

THE SCHOOL MEETS THE FARM, by Elinor Goldmark Black; the *Survey*, August 15. Experiments wherein children from New York City schools are taken to nearby farms for several weeks in the summer.

WHAT TO EXPECT OF A SCHOOL, by Joseph K. Hart of the University of Wisconsin; *Parents' Magazine*, September. Advice as to the functions properly performed by the school and the home.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY OF TODAY, by F. Schoenemann; the *New Freeman*, September 3. In 1911, 70,000 Germans went to the universities; in 1929, 114,000; how the post-war years have affected the traditional German university is also described by the writer.

## Your Financial Course—



## Are You Mapping It Out? To Buttress It Amply with Life Insurance

a policy in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is the first step to be taken. It is a standard contract approved by the Department of Insurance of the State of New York. It combines (a) indemnity against death, (b) total disability benefits, (c) savings in the reserve accumulations. For these good considerations and for an *extra reason* its policy has been highly favored and taken out by many. What is that extra reason? *Dealing Direct*—acting as your own agent.

By the POSTAL'S "direct" or non-agency method, you make a substantial saving, 9½ per cent, which can be immediately invested in more life insurance or used for other purposes. Because of the resulting economies of 9½ per cent—a commission dividend credited to policyholders—about one-tenth more insurance can be taken, \$11,000 instead of \$10,000; \$110,000 rather than \$100,000.

### How Lapse Is Prevented

This 9½ per cent. commission-dividend, guaranteed each year as premiums are paid, gives POSTAL policyholders a better break—a distinct advantage over all others. It saves much overhead expense also, which improves the contingent dividend. The POSTAL COMPANY does not need to pay out money year by year, or month by month as in some companies, to influence policyholders to keep up their policies. They keep them paid up themselves quite naturally. That's the reason the lapse-rate is low in the POSTAL. Without cost to the Company, the guaranteed dividend prompts its policyholders to renew their payments; they preserve that pleasant profit for themselves and often take out additional insurance. This is an automatic retentive force operating in the Company's every household. It eliminates the cost of maintaining the usual conservation department.

### How It Wins Policyholders

Every one prizes highly what he has studied out and done for himself, and has in hand the reward for it. The POSTAL LIFE operates on that principle. Those who can think and act for themselves become its policyholders. It draws its own kind as a magnet attracts steel filings, having on other metals no drawing-power. Its kind is increasing. More are seeking it. They will find it, for the POSTAL is lighting up the way to itself. That is what this advertisement is doing. It is your time now to act—to write and find out for yourself: you will be pleased with the POSTAL'S method. It will send you such information as will meet your needs on any form of life or endowment insurance.

As a company operating without personal representatives, it has a background of much interest and a special claim upon intending insurers.

### What Sustains and Commends the Company

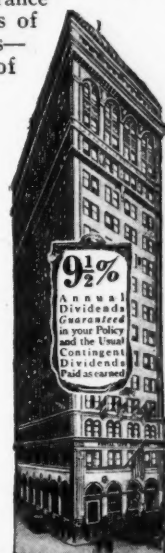
Standard Policy Reserves, resources over \$22,000,000; Standard policy provisions approved by the New York State Insurance Department; Operating under strict requirements of New York State; Subject to the United States Postal authorities everywhere.

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Simply use the coupon or write and say, "Mail me Insurance Information." Be sure to give your full name, your occupation and exact date of birth. Information as to any form of Life or Endowment Insurance will be gladly furnished you. Your inquiry will receive prompt attention by mail. We desire to co-operate with you directly, and have you think out your problems from documentary matter submitted. We invite you to call at our office if you can find it convenient.

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There have been paid to policyholders, \$37,972,032 as follows:  
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In maturing Endowments.....1,809,200  
In Surrender Values and Dividends.....4,444,079  
In Loans on Policies.....16,761,085

R.R. 10-30

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Please send me full information about a policy you recommend.

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Address .....

Occupation .....

EXACT DATE OF BIRTH.....



# Among the States



A million dollars a year for the state, from the sales tax on coal alone

## How West Virginia Found New Revenue

By WILLIAM G. CONLEY, Governor

**S**O FAR as I have been able to ascertain, Georgia and West Virginia are the only states of the Union which levy a gross sales tax. Georgia enacted its law in 1923, West Virginia in 1921.

The method of its application can make such a tax take on the color and character of an income tax, a depletion tax, a consumption tax, or a production tax. West Virginia's law provides what is in reality a selective gross sales tax at different rates, which is considered the least objectionable of all the sales taxes.

Every state in the Union is familiar with the sales tax in some form. The tax on gasoline is the most familiar application. In some states, particularly Alabama, a severance tax is laid on certain natural resources, such as minerals, which differs only in language from the gross sales tax imposed on minerals in West Virginia. In one state a tax is imposed based on the purchase of commodities, rather than on the sale of commodities, but the effect is similar.

In West Virginia the sales tax might be considered as an occupational tax based on gross receipts, and the title of the act designates it as a "tax upon the privilege of engaging in certain occupations."

In Pennsylvania a sales tax is imposed upon dealers and vendors, based on the gross sales principle. Retail dealers and

GOVERNORS and legislators lie awake at night seeking new and painless methods of producing revenue. This department discussed the gasoline tax in August, and the state cigarette tax in June of last year. Now we present an analysis of West Virginia's tax on gross sales, which produces a fifth of the entire revenue of the state. In his address before the Governors' Conference in July, and in this shorter statement, Governor Conley does not pose as an advocate of the sales-tax; he merely offers an impartial discussion of its merits and demerits.

vendors pay a tax of 10 cents per \$100 on the gross volume of business transacted annually. Wholesalers pay half that sum.

Kentucky recently passed a sales tax statute which applies to retail merchants, with rates of about 20 cents per

\$100. It is a sales tax, I understand, in a very modified form.

West Virginia's gross sales tax was enacted as an emergency revenue-producing measure in 1921. Every person, firm, copartnership, association, and corporation engaged in business for profit, and doing a business of more than \$10,000 annually, is required to pay a gross sales tax. Originally, those engaged in the practice of professions were included, but in 1925 the law was amended to exempt them.

Also exempted are insurance companies which pay a special tax under the insurance laws; mutual savings banks; labor and agricultural and horticultural societies not operating for profit; cemetery companies operated exclusively for the benefit of members; fraternal benefit societies, domestic building and loan associations, corporations or associations operated exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific or educational purposes; business and other organizations oper-

### WEST VIRGINIA'S SALES TAX REVENUE (Year ending June 30, 1929)

		Per cent of Total
Coal.....	\$945,764	25.86
Oil and gas.....	520,531	14.24
Clay, sand, etc.....	29,567	.81
Timber.....	31,958	.87
Manufacturing.....	855,762	23.4
Sales, not wholesale.....	564,652	15.45
Sales, wholesale.....	79,127	2.16
Banks and utilities.....	360,061	9.85
Other business.....	269,209	7.36
	<b>\$3,656,632</b>	<b>100.00</b>

## States

ated exclusively for the benefit of the community. While agriculture is not exempted, it pays annually less than \$1000 under this law.

West Virginia's gross sales tax became effective on July 1, 1922. After three years the rates were increased. The old rates and the new are shown in the following table:

AMOUNT OF TAX FOR EACH \$100	Prior to July 1, 1925	Since July 1, 1925
Production, gross value:		
Coal.....	.40	.42
Oil.....	.40	1.00
Natural gas.....	.40	1.85
Other minerals.....	.40	.45
Timber.....	.00	.45
Manufactures, gross value.....	.20	.21
Retailers, gross income.....	.20	.20
Wholesalers, gross profit.....	1/3%	
Wholesalers, gross income.....		.05
Utilities, gross income:		
Steam railroads, pipe lines..	.20	1.00
Telephone, telegraph, express, electric light, power.....	.20	.60
Street railroads and other utilities.....	.20	.40
Banks, gross income.....	.20	.30
Amusements.....	.20	1.00
Other businesses.....	.20	.30

Forty per cent. of the total revenue from the sales tax in West Virginia comes from three sub-soil products: coal, oil, and natural gas. The state is the largest producer of bituminous coal in the Union. The tax on coal production was but slightly increased when the law was amended in 1925, but the tax on each \$100 worth of oil produced was raised at that time from 40 cents to \$1, and on natural gas from 40 cents to \$1.85. Natural gas now pays the highest rate of all.

**T**HE GROSS SALES tax of West Virginia was passed under a section of the state constitution which provides that: "The legislature shall have power to tax, by uniform and equal laws, all privileges and franchises of persons and corporations." The Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia and the Supreme Court of the United States have held that the act violates neither the state nor the federal Constitution. In a suit brought by a natural gas company, to test the high rate imposed on its product, the state court held: "Within reasonable limits the state legislature may classify various occupations for taxation and may impose different specific taxes thereon, provided the enactment applies alike to all within each class."

In the same case, the court held, however, that: "The legislature may not under any formula or characterization lay a direct tax on the gross proceeds of interstate commerce, except where such tax is in lieu of all other taxes and amounts to no more than the ordinary tax on property."

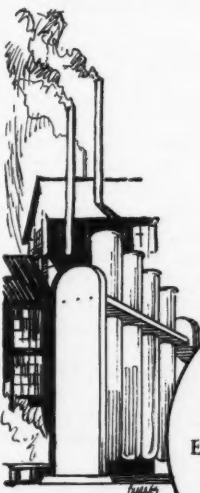
Advantages claimed for the gross sales tax may be stated as follows:

1. The tax flows uniformly with business conditions. The revenue bears a



*These Circles  
tell a Magic Story*

- A—Center of Population of the United States
- B—Corn Center of the United States
- C—Oats Center of the United States
- D—Wheat Center of the United States
- E—Geographical Center of the United States
- F—Cattle Center of the United States
- G—Center of Farm Production of the United States
- H—Lead and Zinc Center of the United States
- I—Cotton Center of the United States



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bilities

ONE naturally thinks of chemical industry as concerned with minerals and their treatment. Yet science goes much further today. Chemistry is utilizing every sort of raw material for new and better products.

Consider the lowly corn-cob. Until quite recently it had little use, except as fuel. Today it gives us "furfural", that strange, dynamic compound with a hundred uses. Some chemists turn it into high explosives. Others make from it the lacquer that coats our motor cars.

The corn center of all the nation is but a short distance from St. Louis. So, too, among other vital production centers, is the cotton center of America. Mark how, from one-time worthless cotton "linters", chemists have lately woven the romance of Rayon—the new silk-like fabric that all the world was seeking.

A nearby circle spots the wheat center of the country, another the oats center,—each with their vast possibilities in processed foods. Still others mark the cattle center, the lead and zinc centers, and the center of farm production. Just eastward is the national center of population.

What a strategic location for industry is this! Here, where such a wealth of resources and advantages augment the untold mineral treasures awaiting development!

*The Industrial Bureau of the  
Industrial Club of St. Louis*





**B**E it ever so palatial, be it never so humble, there's no place like home for wallowing one's thumb with a hammer—and who hasn't! Not all of us, however, will get off that easy.

Slipping in the bathtub, tumbling downstairs, stumbling over the children's playthings—such everyday incidents account for two out of every five non-fatal home accidents—while one out of every four *fatal* injuries occurs under the domestic roof.

But why all the gloom? You *can't* help what you *can't* help! But you *can* Aetna-ize—and make home, *sweet* home.

An Aetna Accident Policy will help keep you on your feet financially—and, of course, provide for the family should the accident prove fatal.

Why not see or phone the Aetna Agent in your community for details? He's a man worth knowing. Tear this out as a reminder.



Aetna Casualty and Surety Company  
Aetna Life Insurance Company  
Automobile Insurance Company  
Standard Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

**AETNA-IZE**

## States

relatively consistent proportion to the condition of business. During times of depression revenues will fall off; but because the sales tax is in actuality a tax on consumption, which fluctuates but never ceases, the tax is certain always to bring in revenue.

2. The sales tax is easily computed. The taxpayer merely keeps an account of his sales. He needs no complicated bookkeeping system. He does not have to employ experts and accountants to determine the amount of taxes due.

3. The rates of tax may be so adjusted as to impose in effect a severance or depletion tax. On fugitive substances such as oil and natural gas, which are being rapidly depleted, the rates can be high enough to reimburse the state for their extraction and exhaustion.

4. Because of its uniformity in application to all businesses and professions, the gross sales tax has a wider spread than many other forms of taxation. The successful dividend-earning business cannot complain that the careless, unsuccessful, unprofitable business does not pay for the protection of the state.

5. The products of business and industry on which the gross sales tax is levied are largely sold in interstate commerce, and the ultimate consumer therefore contributes something to the payment of the tax.

6. The tax is easily collected, under an unusually low administration cost. In West Virginia the cost of collection is less than 1 per cent. of the tax.

**O**PPONENTS of the gross sales tax bring forward, on their part, a series of arguments. They maintain:

1. That it is not sound economically. Perhaps the most obvious objection to the sales tax is that it taxes without recognition of the capacity to pay. In other words, it levies on sales rather than on profits.

2. That as applied indiscriminately to extractive and mobile industries the gross sales tax, while apparently allowing a pyramiding of taxes, does not allow these taxes universally to be shifted forward.

3. That its administration brings the problem of trying to fix equitable and proportional rates of tax as between different kinds of businesses and professions in the same class. For instance, a general rate is usually fixed on several classes of public utilities, but within those classes are often corporations or persons doing business in such a way that the general tax rate is actually a penalty. Rates are therefore fixed arbitrarily and necessarily allow some properties to escape their just proportion of taxation.

4. That the general sales tax is in reality a tax on consumption, and is not altogether just, because it falls primarily upon the necessities of life, such as food, fuel, clothing, and shelter.

5. That the gross sales tax is objectionable because it is always easy for the legislature to get more money by raising the rates in the different classifications, usually the easiest course in tax matters.

## Candidates for the M B DEGREE

Now is the time to start a course in Medicine Ball. No, it isn't like drinking catnip. It's a genuine sport, and, if you haven't played it, you are entirely out of style—healthfully and politically speaking. For aside from being a sport much approved by President Hoover, it is one of the most muscle-building, circulation-toning, fat-removing, blues-killing, back-yard or front-walk games ever invented for sedentary man. Read all about it in the October issue of *HYGEIA*, the Health Magazine of the American Medical Association. Minnie Martin, who has been a Medicine Ball addict for twelve years, gives in her vivid, humorous style a set of suggestions for making Medicine Ball a wholesome zestful recreation for exercise-starved men and women. Working for your M.B. Degree is real fun.



## WHOM Shall you consult?

Many people who have trouble with their eyes trot off to the jeweler, who is also an optometrist, and have a pair of glasses fitted. They never dream that the trouble with their eyes might arise from complications in other parts of the body, or that the eye, itself, might require medical attention. *Optician, Optometrist, Oculist, Ophthalmologist, or Ophthalmic Physician*, which one is the man you need? You know that each one has something to do with the treatment of the eyes, but—Dr. McCoy defines these titles for you in the October *HYGEIA*, helping to direct you to the right person for your eye troubles.

## Other Health Topics of vital interest to you

"Warm Water Healing" tells of a new treatment for paralyzed limbs; "The Antiquated Coroner System" explains a blunder in the legal processes of certain cities that is injurious to health and personal welfare; "Simple Lessons in Human Anatomy" is a "get-acquainted-with-your-body" series of articles that will help in health preservation; "Questions and Answers" is the monthly section of *HYGEIA* that clears up the health problems of its readers—these are only a few of the health problems treated in *HYGEIA*. Every topic is written by an authority who talks to you through *HYGEIA* as he would talk to a friend—in a personal heart-to-heart style that makes the reader want more and more of *HYGEIA*. Every issue is a gold mine of health information. Clip the coupon, fold a dollar in an envelope and start your subscription to good health now.

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# Investment and Banking Suggestions

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55. **THE REPORT OF UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION** for six months ended May 31, 1930, showing complete list of portfolio holdings, together with earnings statement may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

2. **WHAT IS THE CLASS-A STOCK?** An analysis of stock yield, the management, and the scope of the business is offered by the Associated Gas and Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

66. **CHEMICAL INDUSTRY**, a booklet dealing with the recent growth and expansion of the chemical industry, as exemplified by one of the industry's leaders, is offered by A. G. Becker and Company, 54 Pine St., New York.

50. **HOW MUCH SHOULD YOUR MONEY EARN?** One of a series of little books of information for investors. Offered by Caldwell & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

47. **WATER SERVICE—THE ARISTOCRAT OF UTILITIES**, is a booklet describing water bonds as a sound form of investment. Offered by P. W. Chapman & Company, Inc., 105 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

10. **6½% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST**, a booklet describing this is offered by W. D. Comer & Co., 1222 Second Ave., Seattle, Wash.

11. **COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK**, describing the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company of interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

12. **CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT**, a booklet describing the activities of Cities Service Company and subsidiaries with special reference to the common stock history and future possibilities. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.

13. **YOUR MONEY, ITS SAFE INVESTMENT**, a booklet about the bonds offered by the Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co., 657 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

42. **HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS**, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

58. **THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY** describes the guarantee that safeguards investments bearing the endorsement of the General Surety Company, 340 Madison Ave., New York.

17. **INVESTMENT GUIDE**, describing First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds recommended by one of the oldest Real Estate Bond Houses, Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

52. **LOOKING AHEAD FINANCIALLY**, visualizing the factor of age in the financial affairs of men and women, and helping in-

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41. **INVESTMENT REVIEW**. Current information on the selection of securities for investment is offered by Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

24. **SECURITY BONDS**, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

29. **INVESTMENTS FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL NEEDS**. Upon request, The National City Company will submit a list of recommended issues. The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

31. **THE FASCINATING STORY OF WALL STREET'S GREATEST SKY-SCRAPER**, a booklet describing the record-breaking construction of the Manhattan Company Building, by the Starrett Corporation, and attractive features of Starrett securities. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 36 Wall St., New York.

53. **STOCK AND BOND REGISTER**. A record for listing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior Street, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

36. **"HOW TO INVEST MONEY,"** describing various types of securities. A valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

62. **A RELIABLE INVESTMENT COUNSEL**. A 31-page booklet defining the functions of an investment banker. Address R. E. Wilsey & Company, 1225 State Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

39. **"INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE,"** Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., describes the various securities which are offered by the public utility interests which this company serves.

### Banking and Other Financial

4. **LOCATE IN BALTIMORE**. One of a series presenting the advantages enjoyed by industries locating in Baltimore. Offered by the Baltimore Trust Company, Baltimore Trust Building, Baltimore, Md.

65. **FROM LACLEDE TO LINDBERGH AND FORWARD**, a booklet explaining the major factors for greater profits on your output. Offered by First National Bank, St. Louis, Mo.

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43. **STABILIZING YOUR INVESTMENT ACCOUNT**. A booklet describing a new plan under which the investor is relieved of all details and, while retaining full control of his purchases, is given the protection of comprehensive securities analysis offered by the Guardian Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

63. **DIRECTORY OF MARINE MIDLAND BANKS**, including directors, senior officers and statements offered by the Marine Midland Corp., Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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# Travel & Exploration



Photographs  
by George  
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Ewing  
Galloway

## Panama—Gateway to the Past

By KATHERINE DRIGGS

**L**ANGUOROUS SUNNY DAYS and soft tropic nights at sea prepare one for a land that links the past and present as well as the East and West. For days we were lost in the great immensity of the Caribbean, an enormous melted sapphire, the blue broken only by the blinding silver shimmer of the sun. At evening, when the red ball dripped into the sea, the blue and silver turned to burnished copper, sullen crimson, and dull maroon. The dancing wavelets melted into one another, rolling in deep swells, as though breathing in slumber.

Night brought with it shining worlds hung low for our picking. Canopus, Eldeberon, and the Southern Cross shone on our oil-burning ship as untarnished as in the days of Columbus. They had guided the graceful Spanish galleons laden with the King's Fifth from the New World, and lighted the way of the long dead buccaneers, who so recklessly sailed these same waters. They still shine on, though now white smoke spreads to the heavens instead of billowing sails.

After these dreamy days the docks of Colon and Cristobal were a shock in their modern efficiency. Hurrying stevedores were dwarfed by tier after tier of bales and boxes, piled high in endless rows. Except for the fragrant tropic odors, the dusky faces of the laborers,



SUMMER DAYS IN MID-WINTER

Waters reminiscent of galleons sailing the Spanish Main, churches known to the buccaneers—these are to be found in the Canal Zone. Above is the cathedral in Panama City, and a street scene there.

and the scorching heat, one might have been on the bustling wharves of New York. From under the great storehouses numberless hoses ran out to the ship, making possible the simultaneous loading of cargo, fuel, and water, saving valuable time, a paradox in a land where time is counted in tomorrows.

The towns themselves drowsed whitely under the blazing sun. In a carriage we jogged slowly through the breathless streets. Sleepy-eyed shop-keepers,

lounging in their doorways, watched us indifferently. The shops looked dark and dingy, the few visible wares, old and mused. On first view the town looked almost deserted.

But once in a while half hidden nooks revealed interesting bits of life. Little shadowed alleys held families busy with various household tasks. Women nursed their babies or anxiously watched small iron pots simmering over a few coals, while the men sprawled snoring on the ground. At the entrance of one, an ancient, white-haired Negro, eye-glasses perched on the tip of his nose, sat on a dilapidated cracker box, reading from an old dog-eared book to a group of naked brown urchins. Their brown eyes were as big as saucers and made us wonder what marvelous tale was being unfolded to their eager ears.

Our coachman, speaking an incomprehensible language, made sure we should miss no unfamiliar sight. Finally, as though to show appreciation for our interest, he drew up with a great flourish before the most typically American building he could find; a Coca-Cola factory. The ensuing conversation consisted mainly of, "Yes, Coca-Cola?" "No, no Coca-Cola!" vigorous shakes of the head on our part, beaming smiles and emphatic nods on his.

(Continued on page 127)

# GARDEN OF THE WORLD



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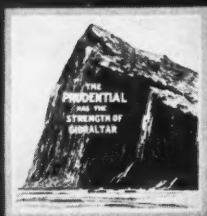
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## Travel and Exploration

(Continued from page 124)

Refusing to take "no" for an answer he disappeared into the building and shortly emerged with three heaping plates of ice-cream. With great dignity this surprising man climbed back on his seat, and from there did the honors with all the grace of a natural-born host. On the way back to the dock he filled our arms with flowers from every blossoming hedge. His courtly bows and smiles we could meet but not match with our halting Spanish.

**T**HE FOLLOWING MORNING we plunged into Yesterday. A drive through heat which seared our lungs, brought into view the great locks through which the commerce of the world passes. A small launch carried us across Gatun Lake. It was difficult to grasp all that had gone into the building of this lake of a hundred and fifty odd square miles, balanced on the top of a continental divide. In the mountainous backbone running from Alaska to Patagonia, through territory once famous as the pest hole of the world, the hand of man has gouged a canyon, ten miles long, three hundred feet wide, and in some places two hundred and fifty feet deep.

That lake is proof of the courage of men. There De Lessep failed after eight years of struggle with death and dishonesty. There Stevens and Wallace started the herculean task that Gorgas and Goethals were to finish. In the same place uncounted hundreds, whose names have been forgotten, gave their lives that the work might go on. Were it not for the great army of unknowns—the laborers who died in hordes, the surveyors and engineers who succumbed to wasting diseases—treacherous Mangrove swamps, stubborn rocks, and fearful jungle fevers would still hold sway. But now lumbering freighters pass in safety.

As we watched the banks slip slowly by, visions of the still more ancient past rose before our eyes. Somewhere under our keel lay the route of the old treasure requas. Straining over hills, through jungle growth, squelching through almost impenetrable swamps, the mule trains made their way, laden with golden plate from the Temple of the Sun, silver wedges from the mines of Potosi, and royal pearls from the Pacific. Every mile had seen the passage of some bold adventurer—Balboa; Drake, the scourge of the Spanish; de la Gasca, leading twelve hundred mules staggering under loot from the Peruvian rebellion; and most feared of all, Sir Henry Morgan, that enterprising Welsh buccaneer who made the epic march to Panama.

Disembarking at the locks of Pedro Miguel we started by car to Panama Viejo, the city of memories. The shimmers of heat on the dusty road were the only signs of motion. No faintest breath of air stirred the drooping flowers. Everything hung gasping under the merciless fire of the sun.

At last we reached the plain lying east of the once great city, and a reviving breeze blew from the Pacific.



Publishers' Photo Service

### A NATIVE OF PANAMA

What a city it must have been before its downfall for, "There belonged to this city (which is also the head of a bishopric) eight monasteries whereof seven were for men and one for women; two stately churches and one hospital. The churches and monasteries were all richly adorned with altar pieces and paintings, huge quantities of gold and silver with other precious things. . . . Besides which ornaments, here were to be seen two thousand houses of magnificent and prodigious building, being all of the greatest part inhabited by merchants of that country, who are vastly rich. For the rest of the inhabitants of lesser quality and tradesmen, this city contained five thousand houses more. Here were also great numbers of stables, which served for the horses and mules, that carry all the plate, belonging as well unto the King of Spain as to private men, towards the North Sea. The neighboring fields belonging to this city are all cultivated, and fertile plantations, and pleasant gardens, which afford delicious prospects unto the inhabitants the whole year long."

Always the bay was dotted with white sails of incoming ships. Into this treasure house of the New World had flowed all the wealth of the Incas, Atahualpa's ransom, precious stones from the Andes, pearls from the Pacific, treasures from the Orient and Spice Islands, raw gold and silver from Central America, and made famous Panama the Golden.

**N**OW ALL that remains are a few gaunt, brooding walls. Some rise starkly into the hot sky, and through the sides of others tremendous trees have broken, pushing great stones out of place. Still others are softened by clinging vines, close massed. In the gray ruin of the cathedral are gaping holes where once were carved doors and stained glass windows.

The brooding walls held ghostly echoes of the voice of Las Casas, pleading for

his Indian brothers, fiercely denouncing the hideous torture and death they suffered at the hands of his fellow Spaniards. Once the filtering light touched with crimson rays the kneeling figure of Pizarro as he made his votive offering before setting out upon his bloody conquest. His followers knelt in the shadows behind him, heads bent as befitted good Christians, minds and hearts filled with visions of golden plunder. Morgan brought fire, rapine, and ruin to Panama, and while fear-stricken masters and their women and slaves fled, he cursed the escape of one galleon loaded with church plate, nuns, and the richest merchants.

As we gazed silently a great army of umbrella ants crawled slowly down the wall. Holding their green banners triumphantly aloft they too were conquerors, but in a city of ghosts. Over one great wall standing proudly alone, untouched by vine or tree, slowly circled a lone black buzzard.

**N**EW PANAMA made a surprising contrast to the dead city. It was a day of fiesta. Crowds thronged the little winding streets gaily festooned with paper streamers. Soft Spanish voices called joyously from quaint out-jutting balconies, bright with flowers. But the huge sea wall was of the old days. Its strength had repulsed the extraordinary Captain Dampier, and from its battlements the inhabitants of the city had breathlessly watched their ships at battle with the English under Hawkins and Harris; the oldest houses were still grimly on guard with their iron-clad doors, the barred windows high from the ground, deep set in thick walls.

During our wanderings we came upon the ruin of San Domingo, one of the most interesting buildings there. Tradition has it that the Dominant monks, being well versed in the arts and sciences of the day, planned and built their own church. All went well until they came to the arch supporting the organ loft. Three times they built it; three times it collapsed when the framework was removed.

Then one of the brotherhood, who supposedly had no training along the lines of architecture or engineering, dreamed a dream. The next day he drew up a new plan and for the fourth time the arch was raised. It was almost flat. Nothing like it had ever been conceived before. When completed it looked as though a breath would crumble it. But he of the dream, trusting in the power of his divine guidance, stood calmly with folded arms under the heavy stones as the supports were torn away. It stood. And without any lateral support, through fire and earthquake, it has remained firm for nearly three centuries.

At dusk we found ourselves by "The Church of the Golden Altar." Its real name we could not find, nor did we know its authentic history. Some say the altar is made of solid gold, the offerings of hardy rascals. And in the old days, when danger threatened, the monks whitewashed it to conceal its



## Travel and Exploration

richness from covetous eyes. Once inside the portals everything was driven from our minds by the beauty before us. A mass of glowing gold, the altar rose from floor to vaulted dome, seeming to light from itself the whole interior. It touched with its soft radiance the form of a bent old woman kneeling, and the figure of a black-robed monk moving noiselessly among the shadows of the nave.

On the train going back to the Atlantic port we sat silent and limp, dazed by the years we had lived through in twelve brief hours. Dreamily we watched the gloomy swamps and hills sweep by, till we stepped into still another world, one of oriental splendor.

During our absence Colon had been transformed by some Aladdin's spell. Gone was all the sleepy languor of the day. Everything was brilliantly awake. The bazaars had opened their doors, flooding the darkness with the glamour of their wares, Hindu, Chinese, and Japanese merchantmen extolled the value of their goods in shrill Pidgin English. Sounds, lights, color, swept over us in a rainbow wave.

Here hammered brass from Persia's shore, Damascene work of beauty, robes and shawls for dusky princesses, carved ivory and milky jade, gold twisty dragons from far-off China, gems and dirks from India, lustrous silks, two shrunken human heads from the mountains of Colombia, a Malay kris, blue feather work, sweet sandalwood, shimmering satins, and honey colored amber.

We could hardly tear ourselves away from the magic scene. Especially as the coming day would see us leaving, perhaps forever, this strange land.

In the early morning light we watched the low coast line sink into the dim blue of the horizon. As we turned away a graceful yacht, all sails set, crossed our wake. It was the ship of Count von Luckner, the famed raider of the Great War. We wished him joy in the land where daring and endurance have done their utmost.

### On to Cuba

"ALL ASHORE! All ashore that's going ashore!" The bugle's notes float down the promenade deck. The gangplank is pulled in. Lines are cast off. Far below, at the bow, a tiny tug puffs out its white smoke. And the *Morro Castle* is off on her trial trip.

A ship without women she was on her first voyage. With a party of newspapermen aboard as guests, and representatives of the Ward Line as hosts, she sailed from Newport News, Virginia, where she was built, to New York. There were perhaps forty-five passengers in all. She looked oddly deserted; hundreds of deck chairs waited patiently for occupants; what seemed miles of clean-scrubbed decks were there to be walked on.

There is a grand ballroom. More appealing probably is the promenade deck aft, enclosed for dancing. Smooth and

shiny the floor, unusual and effective the lighting. Long narrow fixtures built into the walls near the ceiling give a quiet blue light; outside the ocean swishes quietly by. A special radio has been installed. As the ship goes between Havana and New York many stations may be obtained, and when no station pleases, records may be played. On regular runs now there is of course an orchestra.

Go out onto the open deck from the dance floor and you are under the sky. Alas, not a tropic sky this trip, but there are stars and a moon. Sit in a deck chair and look first into the quiet ocean, then at the deck about you. The huge ventilators are painted a brilliant red inside; the exterior is white. Through a skylight of a salon below issues light, bright enough to paint the colors. The rigging—if it is rigging—at any rate the ropes and cables that run up to the masts, slide along against the clouds and stars. Everywhere is a picture.

Through the glass you see into the dancing deck. From the radio comes a New York dance orchestra. The blue light shades and shadows the floor. Officers in trim white uniforms, gold-braided, walk back and forth. This is no real ship, you feel; rather it is Act II, Scene I of a musical comedy. Instinctively you look for the chorus. But you had forgotten: there are no women aboard.

For seventy-five years the Ward Line has maintained a continuous all-year service between the United States and Cuba. The new liner is the second to bear the name *Morro Castle*, its predecessor having gone into service in 1900.

Two years ago the Cunard Line unexpectedly and suddenly placed two of her transatlantic ships in the Havana-New York run. The United States Shipping Board lent the Ward Line the *President Roosevelt* to compete with the faster Cunarders, and the American company immediately began construction of two ships—of which the *Morro Castle* is the first.

She is American-built, American-designed. She is the fastest turbo-electric ship afloat, just as she is also the costliest liner built for foreign trade since enactment of the Jones-White bill. This, it will be recalled, authorizes the government to lend domestic companies money to build new ships. With her sister ship, the *Oriente*, which is to go into service in November, the new liner represents an outlay of \$10,000,000. Each liner has an overall length of 508 feet with a beam of 70.9 feet and a loaded draft of 26 feet; and each will accommodate about 500 passengers.

The liner started her maiden voyage from New York on Saturday, August 23, and arrived in Havana early the following Tuesday, beating the company's former mark by 10 hours 44 minutes, and the British competition as well—except for a single run by the *Mauretania*. It is, in fact, the fastest time for the run ever made by a ship in regular service. The average speed was 20.5 knots, and the best speed 21 knots.

Cuba is rapidly becoming a favorite rendezvous for tourists, with the big season from Christmas to Easter. Nevertheless more than 300 persons booked on the maiden trip of the new flagship.

### Travel Sidelights

JAPAN is becoming tourist-minded. Improved railroad service cutting distances between points of interest, the substitution of motor cars for the slower, if more picturesque rikisha, and modern hotels, are provided for visitors. According to statistics from the Japan Tourist Bureau, semi-official agency, there was an increase of 2,544 tourists in 1929 over the previous year. In all Americans numbered 8,257; British, 4,362; Germans, 940; French, 439; Russians, 1,587; and others, 2,600. Chinese are not included in the reckoning.

• • THE LARGEST air-transport company in the world was formed by the merging of the Pan-American Airways and the New York, Rio, and Buenos Aires Lines in September. Pan-American, the purchasing company, now operates a fleet of multi-motored planes and flies more than 100,000 miles weekly through every country in Central and South America. Routes for passengers and mail make a complete loop around South America, running as far south as Santiago and Buenos Aires, and connect with important Latin-American cities and Miami. Other lines operated run through Central America and Mexico, terminating at Brownsville, Texas.

• • THE MIMBRES VALLEY of New Mexico has yielded evidences of an Indian civilization dating to 1500 B.C., the oldest known in America. Professor Paul Nesbitt of the Logan Southwest Expedition reports the discovery of beautiful pottery, carving, turquoise jewelry, and a bell, cast and decorated according to Aztec design, in excavated dwellings. The Indians are said to have been pastoral and lived in a kind of apartment house. Dr. Nesbitt and his student companions are members of Beloit College.

### Travel Articles

VENICE, CITY OF LEANING TOWERS, by Clifford B. Culver; *Travel*, September. Corners of the city in early morning, noon, and night are described by one who advises long visits in place of fleeting glimpses of cities.

BOUNTIFUL BERLIN, by Helen Robison; *The Seven Seas*, August. The new-old city of Berlin, center of central Europe, is brilliantly modern in shops, cafés, jazz, and the theater.

PILLS OF TEN THOUSAND EFFICACIES, by James W. Bennett; *Asia*, September. Amusing and amazing stories of Chinese medicine and medical treatment.



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# Personalities

## A King and His Kingless Kingdom

FOR A THOUSAND years the Hapsburgs ruled their dominions, now small, now vast. Then came the war. But Archduke Otto, present heir, approaches manhood—and the crown of Hungary has no wearer.

**A**N ILLUSTRIOUS throng gathered at Tihany Abbey, Hungary, on August 10, 1930. There were proud Magyars, nobles, and aristocrats of the oldest families in Europe. There were members of the Hungarian Parliament, headed by Professor Eugene Ezettler, vice-president of the Chamber. There were archdukes and government officials, and even some royalists from Austria. They had come to unveil the stations of the cross at the Benedictine monastery where in 1921 the Emperor Charles and Queen Zita had been imprisoned.

Said Count Aladar Zichy, addressing the assembly:

"The Hungarian people committed a grave sin in allowing Emperor Charles's arrest, imprisonment, and deportation into exile after the failure of his second attempt to regain the throne. The only reparation that we who have awakened Hungary from powerlessness, and restored order to the country, can make is to place Charles's son Otto on the throne which belongs to him at the earliest possible moment."

"We swear this," shouted the people three times in unison. And the oath of fealty was taken to Archduke Otto, the Hapsburg heir.

For twelve years the sacred crown of St. Stephen has lain in a barred, closely guarded room in the palace at Buda. A regent holds sway in the kingless kingdom of Hungary, and year by year royalist agitation for the return of the Hapsburg family increases. One by one Otto's rivals for the throne have dropped out of the race. There was the Archduke Albrecht who forfeited his right by marrying a commoner, paying fealty to Otto.

And his cousin Johann, who after contracting a morganatic marriage changed his name to Johann Orth, and was on his way to South America when he and his actress bride were lost in shipwreck.

In November Otto will be eighteen years old. Will the nobles of Hungary then restore the crown of St. Stephen to the ill-fated Hapsburg dynasty? And if so will there be a reversion to the Hapsburg tradition in Hungary? To answer these questions one must look back a little.

**S**OME OF US remember Emperor Francis Joseph, war-time ruler of Austria-Hungary, as a benign old man with grandfatherly white whiskers. He was a lonely, tragic figure upon whose head the curse of his ancient line seemed to fall.

"I hold an unlucky hand," said the old man when the war clouds gathered about him in his old age.

But our grandfathers remember him as another Francis Joseph—an aloof, proud young king, extreme in his views and ambitious in his plans. He had been brought up in a severe monastic atmosphere. When he was eighteen, his uncle was persuaded to abdicate in the younger man's favor, and Francis Joseph ascended



Prince Otto, Hapsburg heir, now and with his parents at their coronation in 1916.

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the throne during the revolutionary days of 1848. A strong mother and the cardinal who was his tutor held their charge in leash. Many acts of cruelty and violence executed in the name of the emperor were forgiven on that score, as were the mistakes of statecraft which plunged the empire into difficulties. At thirty-six the emperor of Austria and king of Hungary had learned the futility of war. And so years later, in 1914, he said: "Austria will be lucky if she comes out with a black eye."



## The finer things



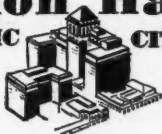
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## Personalities

With the Hapsburg credo of divine right firmly implanted in his nature, Francis Joseph ever refused to act constitutionally. He maintained and injured his power by playing off one party against another. But as the years of his reign unrolled, the world came to pity him because of his personal misfortunes. Estrangement from his wife, the beautiful Elizabeth of Wittelsbach, was caused partly by his domineering mother, and was followed by Elizabeth's assassination in 1897. A little earlier he had lost his brother Maximilian in the unfortunate Mexican venture. And his only son, never a joy to his father, committed suicide in 1889, leaving the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, unloved nephew, heir to the throne. It was he who was later assassinated at Sarajevo.

With all this the emperor was so cold, so intent upon his innate superiority over his fellow men, that he had few friends. In his old age he softened, enjoyed the company of his grandchildren, and people forgot his more severe days. He was revered, if never loved by his subjects.

WHEN THE eighty-six-year-old Francis Joseph died in 1916, the youthful, incompetent father of the present Otto ascended the throne. Charles, grandson of the late emperor, was thrice removed from the crown and therefore not educated for the kingship. After Sarajevo, the emperor with undue haste tried to stuff the principles of statecraft into his none too brilliant head. He had married Zita of Parma, a large-eyed, serious, and shy young Italian girl who developed into the power behind the throne.

Charles was never taken seriously. He did childish things, and though a jolly and amiable fellow was a weak monarch. Two days after his ascent to the throne he called up his friends to tell them that they were now councilors. It was his custom to telephone generals on the front line of battle to inquire the trend of events.

"This is King Charles," he announced to one.

"Yes, and this is the Pope," came the reply of an incredulous officer who considered joking a bit out of place while he was under fire.

The king was ignorant of the conduct of emperors, and could not command the respect of ministers and officers. Meanwhile two brothers of the empress were fighting in Belgium, and the people came to feel that their queen was disloyal. Their suspicions were not decreased by the unfortunate publication of the Sixtus letter, in which it was discovered that the king had, through his brother-in-law Sixtus, negotiated for a separate peace with France, admitting her just claim to Alsace and Lorraine. Revolutions and disaster came in quick succession in the Austria-Hungary of 1918. The king and queen took refuge in Switzerland; and finally republican government was established in Austria and a kingless monarchy in Hungary.

Twice the royal family made attempts to regain the crown, and in each Queen



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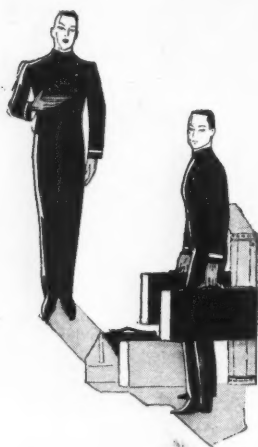
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## Personalities

Zita played a prominent part. In 1921 the king and queen flew from Switzerland to Oedenburg where they were joined by an army of loyalists and nobles. Hungary was uncertain how to receive her monarch, but the people cheered, while their rulers feared the little Entente—Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Jugo-slavia—most of whose lands had belonged to Austria-Hungary before the War. Admiral Horthy, regent of Hungary, implored the king to depart so that the country would not again be plunged into disaster. But Charles and his army proceeded to Budapest, were met by armed forces, and defeated. The king and queen were imprisoned at Abbey Tihany, where Zita saved Charles from attempted suicide. And the Entente finally demanded their exile and deposition. Switzerland refused to receive the royal family which had twice broken faith in trying to regain the crown, and had left a heap of debts unpaid in that country. Finally a British monitor carried them down the Danube, whence they were transported to Funchal in the Madeira Islands on the west coast of Africa.

Here the royal family lived in distress with no means of livelihood. The queen with her eight children, the eldest of whom is Otto—then a boy of ten—had no one to help her. She was forced to cook and wash for the family, and common necessities were often lacking.

IN APRIL, 1922, the ex-emperor died. Newspapers in Hungary appeared banded in black, and one journal devoted page one to the announcement of the death in the exact fashion it had used for Francis Joseph. There was general mourning throughout the kingdom, for although a regent occupied the throne nobles and aristocrats had never considered Charles other than king. Mass was held for King Otto II; for while it was declared illegal to address Otto as a Hapsburg, as king, the government saw no harm in holding mass for his health.

After the second revolution, the Entente had forced Hungary to pass an act stating that a king could be elected by the people and barring members of the Hapsburg family. In spite of this legitimists have never considered anyone but Otto as aspirant to the throne. A few years ago Count Androssy said that it was the policy of the loyalists to repeal the act of dethronement.

Count Bethlen, premier, speaking in Parliament in 1928, declared it legitimate to agitate for the return of the Hapsburgs. And persons speaking disparagingly of members of the ex-royal family are punished. As each year passes there is increased propaganda, and at present the nobles seem to feel that the time for a coup d'état is at hand.

Meanwhile Ex-Empress Zita and her children live in exile, shunning publicity. Zita was without resources on the death of her husband. No country was open to her until Alfonso, her cousin, offered refuge in Spain. Preferring to be away from the diplomatic circle the ex-empress chose to live on the seacoast in

the little fishing village of Lequeitio. Here above the semi-circular beach, red-roofed, bright Spanish cottages look down on the blue Bay of Biscay. There is a railroad twelve miles away, and from there one proceeds by mail bus. Village children, among whom members of the royal household are likely to be, gather to meet the coach—an event of the day.

The Hapsburg family live simply, and Otto has the advantage of a normal boyhood unspoiled by the luxury of Hungarian court life. His mother has never considered herself other than empress and even receives the gifts with which her house is furnished with queenly acceptance. A visiting American, finding her in a bare room without carpet, supplied rugs. Others have given whatever else is needed. The family live on revenue from the land which remains to them, an allowance from King Alfonso, and gifts from loyal Hungarians and Austrians. These come in various ways, some in great boxes at Christmas and Easter. Groups of loyalist women sew garments and linen; others supply toys; peasants send fruit and eggs; and there are small gifts of money included in the boxes. Sometimes wealthy nobles contribute silver and beautiful china and glass over which the family exclaim. Perhaps none of the gifts was more appreciated than bicycles on which the children could ride about the countryside. Otto is particularly fond of riding both on horseback and bicycle.

The family seldom entertains. The empress sits in the public park and chats with fishermen while the children play on the shore, building sand castles. The only mark of respect paid Otto is that he sits at the head of the table at meals. Otherwise he worked and played with his brothers and sisters until he entered the University of Louvain as a regular student.

Empress Zita is a devout Catholic. The family rises at seven, attends mass, and breakfasts at eight. There are studies with tutors from nine until eleven thirty, and then play in the garden or on the beach until lunch time. Afternoons are spent with their mother, walking and studying, and finally the household retires at nine o'clock. All of the children are now reported healthy and good looking. Otto is tall, strong and handsome, with his mother's large expressive eyes. While he appears in fantastic national costume in photographs, his usual dress is a soft shirt, tweed coat, and plus fours. He speaks several languages.

Often during the summer the ex-empress takes her family to Switzerland or elsewhere for a holiday, but there is little publicity about these journeys. Those who deal with the family say that bills are now paid promptly.

The Empress Zita holds it her religious duty to restore the Hapsburgs to the throne of Hungary. Today there seems to be but one obstacle—the opposition of the Little Entente. Whether or not they consider the Hapsburgs sufficiently chastened by adversity to rule constitutionally remains to be seen.

## Personalities

### The Only Woman Ambassador

ALEXANDRA KOLLONTAY, linguist, author, feminist, is plenipotentiary representative of the U.S.S.R. in Norway, the only woman ambassador in the world. Small, gray-eyed, energetic, she conducts her business in the complicated diplomatic circle with accuracy and dispatch demanding admiration, writes Katharine Anthony in the *North American Review*.

It was probably the training of Marie Strachova, the governess under whose tutelage Alexandra Kollontay was educated that roused her interest in socialism at an early age. In place of entering the university at sixteen, she chose to marry her cousin, a young engineer. They have one son. Later she left husband and child to attend the university at Zurich, in those days the stamping ground of the rebellious. And after three years of indefatigable study, she placed her talents at the disposal of the Socialist party.

Because of her views and activity, Kollontay spent much of her time living in exile. She was connected with strikes, youth movements, woman's rights, not only in Russia but in France, Belgium, Sweden, and in England. Among her scholarly books that on "Motherhood and Society," including a survey of maternity laws in Europe and Australia with recommendations, is known wherever social workers are interested in that subject. "No other author and no other country have produced its equivalent," says Miss Anthony.

More recently Kollontay has turned to fiction writing. Her novels are Russian stories with that stark realism and emotional quality which make them more acceptable at home than abroad. But even her fellow Communists were unwilling to accept her interpretation of the sex problem for modern youth. Persecuted, she retired from public office—Commissioner of Public Welfare—only to rally again, pack her trunks and set out for Norway. There as persona grata, able to converse in eleven languages with foreign diplomats, she has been tremendously successful. "The job which she has done there bears testimony to her youthfully expanding powers and is a precedent as well for envoys in general. She has turned a position which is often a mere mark of honor into a stiff employment," concludes the author.

### The Prophet of Emporia

IN 1895 the population of Emporia, Kansas, was increased by the arrival of a new citizen, William Allen White, newspaperman. With him Mr. White carried \$1.25 in cash, keen business ability, genius for interpreting politics, and vast nerve. At twenty-seven this young man preferred to run the

Emporia Gazette, circulation 485 and bought with borrowed funds, than to continue an anonymous editorial career on the well-known *Kansas City Star*, writes Augusta W. Hinshaw in *World's Work*.

To justify his intrepidity, in one year, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" had been reprinted in papers throughout the country; in four years he had paid off his \$3,000 debt, and shortly after the *Gazette* boasted a new two-story home.

The editor of the *Gazette* was not always held a seer and prophet by his townsmen. He was a bit forehanded in his ideas, and often his readers pronounced him "crazy," only to find that eventually they came around to his way of thinking. Mr. White is a friend of presidents, but has held himself aloof from office. It is only thus that he can praise republican ideals, but remind readers of the great qualities of a Woodrow Wilson.

Today the circulation of his paper is 7000 as against 485 in 1895, though population in its county has increased but 1000. *Gazette* fans are found all over the United States. And among his admirers are eminent editors who know that Mr. White has a finger on the American pulse and is a sure diagnostician.

### People of the Month

WHEN THOMAS LIPTON, immigrant Irish lad of seventeen, arrived in Castle Garden years ago, little did he dream that he would some day entertain royalty and millionaires. Recounting his early experiences in this country to Will Rogers in the *American Magazine*, Sir Thomas says that he came to New York with only a few shillings he had managed to pick up by writing letters for illiterates on the steerage passage over.

His first lodgings, in the lower part of the city, he obtained free by bringing twelve other boarders. After working at all kinds of jobs in different parts of the United States, Sir Thomas bought a rocking chair and a barrel of flour for his mother and returned to Ireland.

The boy who once earned half a crown a week in Glasgow is now the possessor of more keys to cities than any other living man. He has entertained the royalty of Europe, and is toasted wherever tea and water sports are popular.

• • • THERE IS a popular appeal about babies. Headlines and details about the Lindbergh heir had scarcely subsided when the press broke forth a bit prematurely with British prospects. The new Princess of York, fourth in line for the crown, was born at historic Glamis Castle during a Scottish deluge, weighed seven pounds, and cost \$40,000. If there was disappointment that the new heir is not a boy, it was lost in the enthusiasm of Scotch and English among whom the Duke and Duchess of York are extremely well liked.

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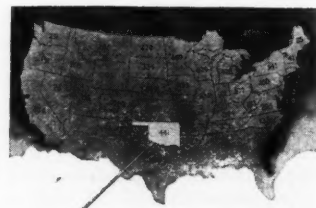
Another major contributing factor is Tulsa's position as "Oil Capital of the World," for the oil industry is, among all American industries, the heaviest user of air transportation.

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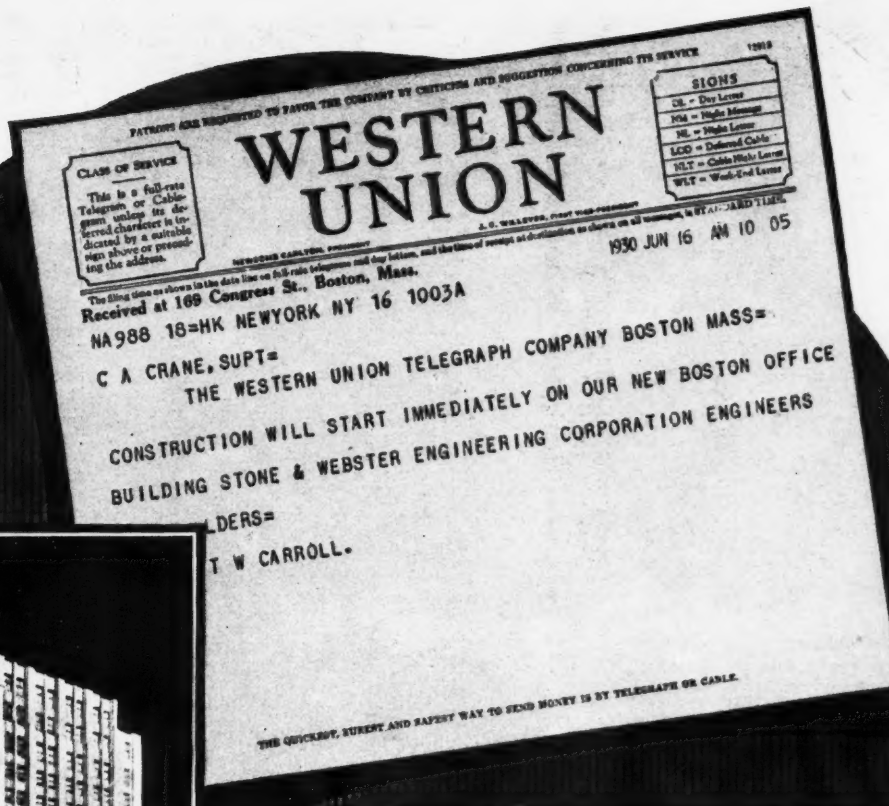
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